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ANITA



A GIRL OF THE PHILIPPINES

A N I T A

A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

By
P. H. J. LERRIGO
Author of "The Stature of a Perfect Man,"
"Rock-Breakers," etc.

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*This book
is affectionately dedicated
to the memory of*

Little Mary Robbins

*Those who knew her
will recognize her story
in that of little Agnes*

A WORD TO THE READER

THE intimate life of the missionary can rarely be fully told. But it contains more of interest, romance, adventure, and even excitement than almost any other career.

This volume is an effort to open a window for the reader into the experience of the Philippine missionary. The author has striven for fidelity in presenting the picture, but has felt that a thread of narrative through the whole would help to sustain the reader's interest. There is no reason why he should not frankly confess that most of the incidents of this story have been taken from his experience as a missionary at Capiz, P. I., and if his former colleagues (Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Robbins, Miss Margaret Suman, Miss Rose Nicolet, and others) should find themselves too clearly portrayed in these pages, he craves their forgiveness. At any rate the sorrow, service, sacrifice, and suffering depicted here are an all too meager picture of the devotion they gave to the work.

The story was started more than fifteen years ago in Capiz, but has gone haltingly through the busy years. Mrs. Lerrigo has contributed largely to it from her accurate recollections of our Philippine days.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.
June, 1925.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE SUNDAY SING. JOAQUIN'S FEET GET HIM INTO TROUBLE	1
II. JOSÉ AND THE IDOLS. CALIGULA CUL- TIVATES ANITA'S ACQUAINTANCE ..	12
III. MRS. WALLACE SERVES TEA. THE BOYS' DORMITORY	28
IV. ANITA GOES TO SCHOOL. THE BEG- GAR'S TRADE. CALIGULA INTER- VENES	46
V. JUAN GETS A JOB. THE HOME SCHOOL TAKES JUAN TO CHURCH	61
VI. PAZ PLUCKS A CABBAGE. ANITA SEES THE HOME SCHOOL. NEMESIO GETS INTO TROUBLE	73
VII. A NEW PATIENT AT THE HOSPITAL. CALIGULA FINDS CAUSE FOR THANK- FULNESS	89
VIII. CONCHING HAS A LESSON IN TAKING PULSES. MISS STEARNS PROVES HERSELF A MOTHERLY SOUL	99
IX. JOAQUIN AND JUAN MAKE CONTRIBU- TIONS. THE PROGRESSIVE DINNER. HOPE FOR CALIGULA	111

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
X. WALLACE AND MURRAY GO TOURING. THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE. DEACON TOMAS SWIMS THE RIVER	132
XI. THE MEETING AT SANTA PETRONILA. THE GOATS EAT THE PASTOR'S BREAKFAST. THE ROBBERS' CAVE..	149
XII. THE HOME SCHOOL GOES TO THE BEACH. NEMESIO GETS INTO MIS- CHIEF AGAIN	166
XIII. THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC. DOCTOR MURRAY DOES HIS BEST FOR JUAN .	181
XIV. JOSÉ TAKES A LITTLE NAP AND GIVES LIEUTENANT ROBINSON INFORMA- TION TO HIS ADVANTAGE	196
XV. THE DROWNED IDOLS. THE CAPTURE OF LUIS. ANITA ENTERS THE HOS- PITAL	205
XVI. LITTLE AGNES IS TRANSPLANTED INTO THE GARDEN OF GOD. THE TYPHOON	222
XVII. AFTER THE STORM. JOAQUIN TAKES A WIFE	240
XVIII. ANITA, JOSÉ, AND CALIGULA FIND HAPPINESS. THE BEGGAR'S HOARD. THE GENERAL BLANCO LEAVES PORT	249

FRIENDS YOU ARE ABOUT TO MAKE

ANITA, the little blind girl.

MR. and MRS. WALLACE, missionaries at San Jacinto (Hacinto), P. I.

AGNES, the Wallaces' three-year-old daughter.

DOCTOR and MRS. MURRAY, in charge of the mission hospital at San Jacinto.

MISS SHUBERT, in charge of the Home School at San Jacinto.

MISS STEARNS, superintendent of the Nurses' Training School.

CALIGULA CRUM, principal of the High School.

MISS BURTON, teacher in the High School.

JOSÉ (HOSAY) BUENAVENTURA, clerk in the Municipal Office, San Jacinto.

DOLORES SANTECILLA (SANTESILYA), the new teacher from Manila.

JOAQUIN (WHAKIN), Mrs. Wallace's house boy.

NEMESIO (NEMASEO), pupil in the Home School.

TIMOTEO, in charge of the Boys' Dormitory.

LIEUTENANT ROBINSON, Chief of Constabulary.

SOCORRO, CONCHING, and APPOLONIA, nurses at the hospital.

MACAW, a Chinese merchant.

REV. BRAULIO POBAR, pastor of the Evangelical Church.

SERAFINA, daughter of Señor Pobar.

SEÑOR MANUEL GREGORIO, builder of the church at San Jacinto.

SEÑOR PEREZ, a Spanish gentleman.

PERICOLA, a servant in the house of Señor Perez.

LUIS, the leader of a robber band.

DEACON TOMAS, father of Nemesio.



CHAPTER I

THE SUNDAY SING. JOAQUIN'S FEET GET HIM INTO TROUBLE

SPLASH! splash! splatter!

The screen-door of the little detached kitchen at the rear of the bungalow stood wide open, contrary to instructions, and Joaquin flung the dish-water (also contrary to instructions) far down the path and over the little garden-plot.

"Good for the flowers," he grunted to himself. "Why should these Americans be so particular about little things? Dish-water down the sink, clean water for the garden. Why not smash two mosquitoes with one slap by pouring the dish-water where it will nourish the flowers?"

But Joaquin had failed to observe the silent approach of a little ragged girl through the parting bushes, and he was suddenly assailed with shrill childish vituperation.

"Close relative of a pig! Why do you fling water upon me, and foul water, too?" scolded the child.

"*Ai, Ai,*" said Joaquin, "but you should look where you are going and not run heedlessly into trouble."

"Look where I am going," replied the child as she stretched her hand tentatively toward the rail bordering the path. "Oh, if I only could!" With this she turned full toward the open doorway where

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

Joaquin was standing, and he observed at once that the little face had that blank, sorrowful expression produced by sightless eyes.

"*Abaw*," said Joaquin, "I know who you are. You must be little Anita, the blind girl, who runs with the beggar crowd."

With all Joaquin's surface taciturnity his white cotton house-jacket covered a kind and sympathetic heart. Moreover, he was too much of a genuine democrat in spirit to feel himself at all superior to this little bundle of rags, most of whose waking hours were spent in the company of the beggar crew who made their regular mendicant visits from house to house through the town.

"Wait a minute," said he, "I have two fine ripe bananas." Slam went the screen-door of the kitchen behind him, and in a moment he emerged with two fat, red bananas, one of which he handed to the little girl.

"Come," said he, "sit with me on the door-step. I'm sorry I threw the water on you. I did not see you. I have been washing all the cups and saucers and there were a great many of them. Señora is going to have all the Americans here tonight for what they call 'the Sunday sing,' and I was getting ready for it."

"What's that?" inquired Anita.

"Why, all the Americans in town come here Sunday evenings and have a good time together. They sing a lot, and talk about all sorts of things. Then they drink chocolate, and eat hundreds and hundreds of sugar cookies, and go home."

THE SUNDAY SING

"What do they say?" asked the child, well-nigh breathless with interest.

"I can't tell you very much about it, for they almost always talk in English, but I know they talk about the schools and the government and religion and what to eat, and sometimes they talk about us."

"I wish I could see them and hear the singing!" exclaimed the little ragged child.

Joaquin looked her up and down with an expression of whimsical uncertainty. "Well," said he, "I'm afraid you wouldn't fit into the circle very well, but I'll tell you what we will do. You shall hide in the big cupboard in the kitchen. It will only be an hour or so until they come, and when they have all gathered and are busy talking, you shall steal around the house to the front veranda and hide among the big pots of foliage plants. You will be able to hear everything there."

Mrs. Wallace stood on the veranda at the front of the house awaiting her guests. The evening breeze from the sea stirred the strands of curling brown hair about her forehead, and wandered away to the bamboo thicket at the side of the house where it played among the myriad delicate spear-shaped leaves. With the coming of dusk the intense heat of the day had given place to the refreshing coolness characterizing the Philippine night. It had been one of those intense flaming days which result when tropical sun and cloudless sky have repeated themselves in burning succession for a period of weeks. It had brought, however, no cessation of labor.

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

Morning service, Sunday school, afternoon visit to a neighboring village, and now the evening gathering. A smile wreathed her lips, however, as she gazed out over the quiet town. The night was moonless, but the multitude of tropical stars shed a soft radiance which made clearly distinguishable the familiar landmarks of the picture. The bungalow stood upon an eminence at the edge of the town. A broad, white ribbon of roadway led to the banks of the river which curved through the center of the picture.

Upon the veranda within a very few feet of Mrs. Wallace crouched little Anita in the shadow of the great jardinières. Her whole being was absorbed in hearing, in her anxiety to lose no detail. At this moment the rasping scrape of iron tires on the sandy road was heard, and a horse-drawn carriage emerged from the darkness. It was San Jacinto's only public equipage, a two-wheeled, buggy-topped carriage with heavy shafts curving at the end as though to hold up the diminutive pony which might rather be said to amble ahead of the vehicle than to draw it after him. The white-coated driver seemed to have serious misgivings as to how long the animal might feel inclined to continue progress, and accompanied every step with the continuous encouragement of a throaty clicking and a forward motion of his heavy lips. The carriage stopped at the gate of the compound, and Mrs. Wallace met the first of her guests, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester, the superintendent of schools and his wife, at the top of the flight of steps leading to the house. In a few moments

THE SUNDAY SING

other guests arrived, until about twenty were assembled in the sala which occupied the center of the house and opened with large double doors upon the veranda.

One of the rare privileges of the week was this opportunity for the little company of expatriates to meet in informal social intercourse. The "Sunday sing" was valued by all of them. It furnished an opportunity to discuss the events of the week and the latest news from America. Moreover it was the nearest approach to a formal Christian service in English which any of them had the opportunity of enjoying.

Mr. Wallace was not himself musical, but he knew the value of hymns as an expression of Christian faith and valued these weekly opportunities of thus leading the thoughts of his fellow Americans toward God. He was already seated beside the little organ with a penciled list between his fingers ready to suggest the first number.

"Does any one know whether Cal is coming to-night?" said Mr. Wallace. He was beginning to grow a little anxious, for Cal usually played for the gatherings, and he was beginning to fear that it would fall to the lot of Mrs. Wallace to pump the tunes out of the little organ. Caligula Crum was undeniably fat and perspired easily, but it was a less exhausting task for him than it would be for Mrs. Wallace at the close of a fatiguing day.

"Here he is," was the reply. And indeed it became sufficiently evident that Cal was on his way, for he could be heard warbling sentimentally but

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

musically along the road "Stars of the Summer Night," accompanied in a high tenor by a young Filipino, Alfredo, whom he had invited to the sing for the improvement of his English.

The song was interrupted at the gate, and Alfredo and Cal ascended the steps together. It was Alfredo's good fortune that he was walking at Caligula's left, and in keeping with the malign star of the latter's destiny that he should be on the side chosen for Anita's hiding-place.

Joaquin's curiosity had finally gotten the better of his discretion, and he had stolen around the house and insinuated his bulky form between the potted plants by the side of little Anita, but failing to realize the length of his nether extremities and the magnitude of his bare feet he had permitted the latter to protrude from the hiding-place, so that although still in the shadow of the doorway, they impeded free ingress. Hence Alfredo's dignified entrance to the sala was accompanied by a somersault from his companion, and the ejaculation of "Howly murther," for Cal sometimes relapsed into his original Irish in moments of stress. Joaquin, for his part, rolled out into the light of the doorway, hugging one foot in his arms and uttering an emphatic *Abaw* which serves the Filipino for the expression of a great variety of emotions.

"What's all this?" exclaimed Mr. Wallace, hastening to the door and dragging to the light not only clumsy Joaquin still hugging his damaged foot, but also the shrinking little beggar child, who quailed like a frightened bird in his grasp.

THE SUNDAY SING

Restored to his two feet, Joaquin began to explain in voluble Visayan how it happened that he and little Anita had been thus ambushed, while Mrs. Wallace soothed the fears of the frightened child.

"Come, Anita," said she. "That's your name, isn't it? You shall sit by me in this little chair and listen to your heart's content."

An expression of wonder mingled with the fear written upon the child's face; wonder not only at the sound of her own language from the lips of a foreigner, but also at the kindness expressed in the tone.

"No, no, no," she replied, "I am afraid of all the Americans; let me hide in the dark. I am used to the dark."

"Why, she's blind," said Mrs. Wallace, turning the child's face more fully to the light. "Look, her eyes are covered with pale blue scars."

"I know who she is," interjected Caligula, who by this time had recovered his equilibrium, and his dignity. "She is the little blind girl whom one sees so often at the end of the bridge with the group of beggars."

"Well, whoever she is, she shall stay and listen to the singing, and if she does not want to sit by me she shall hide among the plants, and we will put some soft cushions there for her to sit on."

Thus it came to pass that little Anita listened to the singing which followed as an acknowledged guest instead of a palpitating eavesdropper, and nothing was said when Joaquin threw himself down full length in the shadow beside her, taking the

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

precaution to extend his lower limbs into the darkness behind the plants.

"Now folks," said Caligula, squeezing his knees beneath the diminutive keyboard of the little organ, "are you all ready? What shall it be? 'Rock of Ages,' or 'My Darling Nelly Gray?' You pays your money, and you takes your choice."

"Cal, old man," replied Mr. Wallace, "if you can sufficiently repress your ardent spirits, we will start with 'Fling Out the Banner,' and after that we will sing 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.' You and Miss Burton will sing the duet, and we will join in the chorus."

"You're the generalissimo," responded Caligula and immediately broke into the stirring notes of the hymn first suggested.

It detracted in no degree from the vigor and enthusiasm of Cal's leading that Mr. Wallace had suggested that he and Miss Burton sing the opening lines of the next number as a duet. Apart from the exquisite pleasure which he always derived from part singing with other trained voices, Cal had discovered a peculiar delight in singing with Miss Burton. Opportunities had been rare; once at a school concert, once before at the Sunday sing they had joined their voices, but Cal had recognized that the overtones of the two supplemented each other and blended to his utmost satisfaction. He did not yet realize that his particular approval of her voice and musical execution had extended itself to a general approval of her stature which was short, her eyes which were blue, her hair which was golden,

THE SUNDAY SING

her bearing which was dignified, and the shape of her nose which was slightly tiptilted and at times expressive of scorn.

The duet proved unction to Cal's soul and was thoroughly appreciated by the entire audience. "Haven't you something special to sing for us?" inquired one of the group, addressing Miss Burton.

"Oh, I knew you would want her to sing," said Mrs. Wallace, "and I persuaded her to bring some music. After Mr. Wallace has read from the Scripture I am sure she will be glad to sing for us."

In the back of the hymn-book were selected readings, and it was one of these which the missionary had chosen to read to the group, following it by a few words in which he spoke of the position of peculiar responsibility in which all those present were placed.

"We are a little group of Americans," he said, "away out here about eleven thousand miles from home. We represent the flag, the country, and American ideals in the midst of a people who are learning to look to us for moral and political guidance. Most of us are school-teachers or provincial officials and have peculiar responsibilities of our own, but there is one responsibility which is common to us all, and that is to show to the people among whom we are placed an example of Christian citizenship which will reflect credit on the country we represent. The Filipino people are bright, alert, and able. They have just emerged from a long period of repression and are ready for leadership in an uncommon degree. America has accepted this re-

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

sponsibility, and our own special task has broader implications than the mere duty of the day."

Behind the green and red laurels on the veranda Joaquin had been carrying on a running comment on the gathering for the benefit of little Anita.

"The long fellow is Mr. Wallace," said he. "He has a big, heavy jaw. You have to jump when he speaks. But he is always good-natured. He teaches us the American game called baseball. You hit the ball with a stick and run like a wild water-buffalo."

"Is he the man who talked a long time?"

"Yes, you see he's a preacher. And he has very long legs. Once when he was preaching in the Protestant chapel his little girl Agnes climbed on the platform behind him, put her arms around his knees, poked her head through, and smiled at the people. Señora was shocked, but Mr. Wallace laughed and went right on preaching."

"Why he must be just like us," interpolated Anita.

"Yes, he's a regular Filipino. The pudgy fellow who fell over my feet is the school-teacher, Mr. Crum. The other day when we played ball he fell down just at the end of a home run and rolled all the rest of the way."

"I thought you worked here."

"Oh, I do, but Señora sings a little song,

"Work all the time, never play,
Makes Joaquin a sour fellow."

"She must be very kind."

"She certainly is, but she's funny too. Queer how she objects to ants. The other day there were a few

THE SUNDAY SING

ants in the soup. She said it must all be thrown away. Oh yes, I threw it away. Ask Conching and Catalena and José."

The conversation about the room had suddenly stopped and Joaquin ceased his chatty comment too. Mr. Crum played a brief introduction, and Miss Burton's rich contralto suddenly filled the room with melody. It was a simple solo setting of the "Light of the World," but the throbbing sweetness of it held them all in the thrall of its enchantment. The refrain was repeated over and over again, softly and ever more softly,

Once I was blind, but now I can see,
The light of the world is Jesus.

"What is it? What is she singing?" eagerly whispered Anita in Joaquin's ear.

"I can't understand it all, but it talks about being blind and then being able to see."

"Oh, tell me about it, tell me about it," said Anita. "It is the most beautiful song I have ever heard."

As Miss Burton completed the last verse of the song, Joaquin had caught the words sufficiently to interpret them for Anita.

Once I was blind, but now I can see,
The light of the world is Jesus.

"Ah," sighed the child, "I don't know what it means, but it sounds good. 'Once I was blind, now I can see.' Blind, blind. They know nothing about it, but I know, I know. I wonder what that means, 'The light of the world is Jesus.'"

CHAPTER II

JOSÉ AND THE IDOLS. CALIGULA CULTIVATES ANITA'S ACQUAINTANCE

AT the open window of a rather well-built house on Calle Tréce de Mayo sat a Filipino man of some thirty years of age chewing the cud of sad reflection. His face and figure expressed the tenor of his reverie; his shoulders were bent and his brow was contracted, and every now and then he would rise and pace to the back of the room, returning to take his seat again at the window, muttering to himself the while, very strangely.

"The Santiago is worth fully fifty pesos. I paid sixty to the carpenter who made it. And is it not in perfect repair? True, the nose is a trifle broken, but we do not value our saints for their beauty alone.

"Then there is my Santa Maria. Last week Señor Perez offered me thirty pesos just for the mantilla of velvet and gold embroidery which I gave her when mother had cholera.

"Then there is the beautiful image of Jesus. It is surely worth three hundred pesos. *Ay!* One cannot buy such workmanship nowadays. The faces are wooden and without expression. They put heart into their work in the old days.

"Then the shrine; it has real glass and a border of gold. No one in San Jacinto has such a shrine.

JOSE AND THE IDOLS

Altogether they are worth five hundred pesos. Perhaps I could get more.

"But the pastor says I must throw them away. *Ay de mi!* I could do a great deal of good with five hundred pesos. It would enable me to offer a large subscription to the new chapel.

"They will worship images anyway, and if I do not sell Señor Perez my image of Jesus, he will send to Paris, and perhaps not get nearly so large an image and one which will be of very much less holiness."

At this point footsteps were heard on the stairway. The newcomer was an elderly man with lined and wrinkled face. His skin was of a sallow brown color and upon the right side of the nose there was a deep cavity resulting from an attack of smallpox suffered many years previously. His coarse hair, originally black, now presented a large admixture of white, looking like a shoe-brush with alternate white and black bristles.

The young man first introduced, whose name was José Buenaventura, was delighted to see his friend Perez, of whom he had just been thinking, and together they entered into a protracted course of question and counter-question, polite interest and deprecatory deference extending to the remotest ramification of each other's family connection.

One matter which was touched upon in the conversation was of absorbing interest to José, albeit he did not allow himself to display too deep a concern.

"Have you heard," inquired Señor Perez, "that

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

there is a new teacher in the public school, sent from Manila to teach English to the children? Her name is Señorita Dolores Santecilla.

"I was at the wharf," he continued, "when the Manila boat came up the river yesterday, and saw her disembark. She has the face of an angel, hair as deep as the night, and eyes like shining planets to light it. I shall certainly hope to cultivate her better acquaintance."

José was not especially pleased to hear such sentiments from the lips of his friend Perez, for he himself had encountered the young lady in question, shortly after her landing.

He had been visiting in the house of the American pastor, Mr. Wallace, when she arrived, bringing a letter of introduction. Mr. Wallace had presented José to the new *maestra*, and the luminous eyes and raven hair which had proved too much for the impressionable heart of the Spaniard, Perez, had produced also a profoundly disturbing effect on José's peace of mind. Hence he responded shortly:

"Yes, I have seen her," and rose to accompany Señor Perez, who was now about to leave, to the door.

Having by this time, at least to his own satisfaction, conveyed the impression that his visit was prompted by no ulterior motive, Señor Perez felt that it was time to broach the real object which had occasioned his call.

"By the way, my friend," said he, "how about your image of Jesus? Have you decided upon a price?"

JOSE AND THE IDOLS

José had been awaiting this moment, being well versed in the native method of barter and trade.

"I really do not know that I care to part with the image," he replied. "You see, it has been in the family so long. We are much attached to it. Then too, we are under so many obligations to it for help in difficulties. We are in sore need of money, however, and our grief at parting with it might be partly compensated by the payment of three hundred and fifty pesos."

"Ay! That is a great pity," replied Señor Perez. "I have but two hundred and fifty pesos. It is all I have been able to raise by borrowing from the members of my family. I am afraid we shall have to continue praying to the little shabby image we have had so long that it is almost worn out."

Upon this Señor Perez took his leave, followed by José's "*Vaya con Dios*," fully satisfied that he could have the image for three hundred pesos whenever he cared to buy it, while José remained in the comfortable assurance that here was a customer for the image for which he had no further use.

José had but recently become convinced of the truth of the Protestant teaching and had learned to pray to the God who is worshiped in Spirit and in truth. It may seem singular to the reader that José should have contemplated the possibility of selling his images to others, but it must be borne in mind that he had been habituated through long custom to regard them with veneration, and knew that others still did so. Besides which, José was a man of experience and thrift and could not lightly make

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

up his mind to sacrifice so much negotiable property. Hence the struggle within his soul.

As José lingered at the head of the stairway, responding to his visitor's last *Adios*, a slight, childish figure fluttered around the post of the door below and up the steps toward him. There was nothing uncertain in the gait of the little one, and yet the deft fingering of the banisters and the evident feeling for familiar landmarks, as she made her way swiftly upwards, might have told one that she was blind. From the street behind her came the shrill cries of a number of street children who had been tormenting her: "*Abaw, pobre! Imol! Yawa!* Go and tell your *Protestante* confessor that the goat bucked you."

"Hallo, Anita," called José from the upper story, as the child panted her way toward him. "What's the matter, little one? What have they been doing to my little blind pickaninny?"

The little girl threw herself into his protecting arms and told him that the children had set the goat upon her and persecuted her for coming to his house and making a friend of a *Protestante*.

"Why don't they like you, José? They call you *Protestante* and devil, and say that the American pastor has taught you to poison wells, and yet you are so good to me and have fed me so many times when I have been hungry."

"It is like this, Anita," responded José, "a long time ago, when the good Jesus, our Saviour, was here in the world, he was the friend of all those who were sick and sad and miserable. He fed many and

JOSE AND THE IDOLS

many a hungry one, and made the lame walk, and even gave sight to those who were like you and could not see, dear little Anita. And yet the proud people hated him and called him *Yawa* (devil) and flung stones at him. There were only a few people who loved him, and he told them that they would surely be persecuted for his sake, and since that time, my little one, those who truly love Jesus and try to serve him have always suffered."

"How strange," said the child, "that they should call him such names and fling stones at him when he was so good and helped so many, even curing the blind. How I wish he could cure me!" she passionately added.

"Child, who knows but Jesus might make you better if we were to ask him; perhaps he has been waiting for you to tell him your need."

"I'll tell him now, José."

No need for the little one to close her eyes. Clapsed in José's arms, she bowed her head and said:

"Jesus, I am blind, and sometimes my eyes hurt very much. Please make them all right again, so that I can see Señor José and all the flowers. Amen." And then, "Do you think he will do it, José?"

"We must trust him, little one. He never refused any one in the old days." And thus, seated beside the window Señor José repeated to the child stories of the divine, unchanging love and of him who laid his healing hand upon so many in those old days.

Suddenly Anita sat up straight in José's lap and

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

said: "José, I believe you are telling me the very same story which Miss Burton sang about at Mr. Wallace's house last night. Listen, José, it was a beautiful song. I'll sing it for you."

For a child Anita's voice was singularly strong and pure. She had memorized the refrain quite accurately, and the sweet words and music rang in the rafters of the quiet room:

Once I was blind, but now I can see,
The light of the world is Jesus.

"Who sings of Jesus?" called an old cracked voice from beyond the partition. "Come, mother," answered José, raising his voice, "come and hear little Anita sing her new song."

The creaking of an old rocker was followed by a shuffling step in the next room, and a bent and wrinkled dame made her appearance at the entrance to the room.

With the ready courtesy derived from his ancient Spanish forebears José rose at once, met her at the door and imprinted a kiss upon her hand. Little Anita who evidently entertained a deep affection for the old lady, followed his example and drew the wrinkled hand lovingly across her cheek.

"Ah, child," said the old lady when she was seated, "I am becoming almost as blind as you. Sing me the song about Jesus the light of the world."

Again the childish voice rendered the sweet refrain.

But apparently the mother's attention had wandered.

JOSE AND THE IDOLS

"José," she said, when Anita was silent, "I overheard your conversation with Señor Perez. Why did you not close the bargain with him? You know how much we need the money."

"Mother," he answered, "I have not yet been able to make up my mind to do it. The words on the wall of the chapel come to my mind constantly: 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them.' Shall I tempt Señor Perez to sin?"

"My son, it would not be you, but his own evil heart and darkened mind."

"Yes, mother, I know the argument, and perhaps you are right, but I want to think about it further."

Anita had meantime been listening carefully to the noises from the street. Turning now to José she said: "The children have all gone, I think. Can I go now?"

"Yes, dear," he replied, "your persecutors have left."

Rapidly and unerringly she made her way down the stairway and out into the street, singing softly as she went the happy refrain of Miss Burton's song.

Passing the corner of the high school she brushed the coat of a passer-by in the other direction.

"What is that?" said a surprised voice; "what are you singing?"

It was Caligula Crum, principal of the high school, who was making his way home in the late afternoon.

Anita stopped and turned to him. "You were at Mr. Wallace's house. You fell over Joaquin's feet and played the organ."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"Yes, so I did," said Caligula. "Clumsy, wasn't it? I'm always doing something like that."

"I like you though," answered Anita. "You are kind and good-natured, and always laughing. I think you are fat too, aren't you? You sound fat."

"Yes, I'm fat," sorrowfully added Cal. "Nobody loves a fat man."

"Oh yes, they do. I think I should love you if I knew you well enough."

"Would you? Well, let's get acquainted right off."

"Why don't you like to be fat? Our people love it. When Señorita Aldeguilla came out of the American doctor's hospital she got very fat, and all the handsome young ladies wanted to go there at once."

"You must have learned that song from Miss Burton."

"Yes, I love it, but I know only a little of it. I sang it to José, and he told me what it means."

"What did he say about it?"

"He said that when Jesus was here he touched blind people's eyes and made them see. I asked him to do it to me."

"Do you think he will?"

"Yes, I do. There is a lot more to the song. José says some people's hearts are blind too, and Jesus can make them see, but I don't understand that very well, do you?"

"Why no, Anita. I can't say that I do, although I ought to, for I used to hear that story over and over again when I was a child no older than you in the Sunday school."

"Can you teach me the rest of the song?"

JOSE AND THE IDOLS

Caligula Crum was an astute young man and as ready as another to seize a good opportunity.

"No," said he, "I am afraid I do not know it well enough. But I tell you what, we will go and look up Miss Burton. I am sure she would be glad to teach it to you."

It was not a difficult task to find Miss Burton, for that little lady was at that very moment emerging from the side door of the school building and came upon the two as they stood talking together.

"Miss Burton," said Caligula, happy to have any plausible reason for addressing her, "you are just in the nick of time. This is the little blind girl whom we saw at Mrs. Wallace's house last night. Her name is Anita. She was very much taken with the song you sang and wants you to teach it to her."

"Why, I should love to teach it to her. The dear little thing! Tell her to come right after school tomorrow morning, and we will go over it."

Caligula blessed his lucky star which had led him to learn sufficient of the native dialect to interpret this to the little girl for Miss Burton.

Anita asked him to express her warmest thanks to the beautiful lady and to say to her that she would learn quickly.

"Perhaps I might come and learn it also," he added in transmitting the message of the child.

"I should judge that your repertoire was already sufficiently extensive," replied Miss Burton with just the least possible upward tilt to the member already mentioned.

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"Squelched again," groaned Caligula, and began to hum under his breath:

My girl's a high-born lady.

Miss Burton placed her hand under Anita's chin, turned her face to the light, and looked thoughtfully into her eyes.

"I wonder," she ruminated, "whether they are quite hopeless. She seems to be able to see the light. See how they react to the bright sun."

Then turning to Caligula, she said: "Tell her that there is a good American doctor here who has come to San Jacinto on purpose to try to make sick people well. Tell her that I will take her to see him tomorrow."

The effect which this produced upon the child was electric. She sprang to Miss Burton's side, tears filled her scarred eyes, and with trembling voice she said as she grasped the young woman's sleeve:

"It is the answer to my prayer. He will cure me. I know he will cure me."

"Hush, hush," said Miss Burton, "you must not be too sure about it. But come tomorrow, and we will go to see the doctor."

Caligula, the *preux chevalier*, nothing daunted by past mishaps, was ready again with the suggestion, "Don't you think I had better bring her to you, Miss Burton, and then I can help to find the dispensary."

Inasmuch as the dispensary was upon the mission compound, and it would have been difficult for a blind idiot to miss it at midnight, perhaps Miss

JOSE AND THE IDOLS

Burton may be forgiven for rebuffing Caligula's excess of zeal by replying:

"Oh, we shall surely find it all right, Mr. Crum. I do not think we shall need to trouble you." However, she softened the blow with a smile, and Cal went upon his way lugubriously whistling to himself,

Oh why should the spirit of mortal be sad?

The fat and happy seem to be the recipients of heaven's special favor. It chanced later in the afternoon that Cal fell in with Doctor Murray, the mission doctor. The latter was visiting a patient in the house adjacent to the home where Cal had his lodging. The broad windows were flung wide in the rear room of the upper story where Cal was preparing for a walk before dinner. Across the narrow alley which separated the two houses similar windows closed tightly hid the interior of the chamber where the doctor's patient was confined. Suddenly Cal's attention was arrested by the grind of the heavy oyster-shell windows on the grooves in which they ran, and as the sash was pushed back the sound of Doctor Murray's voice came to him from within:

"Fling them open. Let in the light. Give the patient air."

"But, doctor, the evening air will kill him."

"No, no, nothing better. Just what he needs. Keep the window open night and day. Except when it rains."

"But there is another thing," the other voice went on, "the *aswang* (spirits) will enter and injure him."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"Nonsense. He is suffering from lack of fresh air and light. Give him this medicine and let him breathe deeply. He will get well in a week."

At this moment the doctor caught sight of Cal whose curiosity had brought him to the adjacent window.

"Hallo, Cal," said he, "why don't you make these neighbors of yours keep their windows open? This lad here needs fresh air and sunshine."

"Righto, Murray my lad. I'll see that he gets it after this."

"By the way, Cal," continued Murray, "I am planning to enlarge my dispensary. The patients are crowding me out. Come down tomorrow morning after school and give me the benefit of your wisdom about the new plans, won't you?"

Would he? Oh boy! Did ever the stars in their courses fight for their favorite as at present? Cal's reply to Doctor Murray was characterized by such enthusiasm as to evoke some surprise in the latter's mind, especially when Cal insisted upon twining his legs around the leg of the great four-poster by the window, and leaning far out over the alley. Thus anchored he was able to clasp the doctor's extended hand over the chasm, much to the amazement of the patient and his relatives.

A light dawned upon Doctor Murray the following morning after the two had gone carefully over the plans for the rearrangement of the dispensary. They were standing in front of the dispensary door when Miss Burton appeared leading by the hand little Anita.

JOSE AND THE IDOLS

"Ho-ho, my lad," said Doctor Murray, turning to Caligula, "I think I understand your enthusiasm yesterday when I asked you to come to the dispensary this morning. You evidently had advance information as to probable visitors."

"Doctor Murray," began Miss Burton, "I have brought you a little patient. I do not know whether you will be able to do anything for her, but it is such a pitiful case that I thought I ought at least to ask you to look at little Anita's eyes."

"I am glad you brought her to see me, Miss Burton," replied the doctor. "The case may be quite hopeless. These cases of congenital blindness usually are, but I will do my best." So saying, he led the way into the consulting-room, placed little Anita upon a chair opposite to himself, and began a careful scrutiny of the child's eyes while Cal and Miss Burton looked on with interest and suspense.

There was silence for a brief space while the doctor everted the child's lids and examined the pupils.

"This is no common case," he said finally. "I do not believe this child was born blind. I am going to ask her about it."

Turning again to the little one, he said in Visayan, "Anita, you were not always blind, were you?"

"No," replied the child, "long ago I used to be able to see just as well as you can. Then my eyes became sick and hurt terribly, and by and by I could not see any more."

"See," said the doctor turning to Cal and Miss Burton, "scars on the mucous membrane, distortion

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

of the lids, opacity of the cornea extending over both pupils. Of course, she can't see, but she certainly has perception of light."

"What made your eyes sick?"

The child's face suddenly became the picture of mortal terror. "Oh," said she, "don't ask me. I must not tell you. I must not tell you." Tears coursed down her cheeks, and she turned her head from side to side as though seeking opportunity for flight.

"There, there," said the doctor, "we will say no more about it. Don't cry, little girl. Forget the pain which you suffered so long ago, and we will see what can be done for the future."

"Is the case quite hopeless?" inquired Miss Burton softly.

"Perhaps not," replied the doctor pondering. "There is still a certain area of clear cornea. It is possible that a slight operation might help her, and gradually the growth of the eye may shift the scar so that it does not so completely cover the pupil."

"Won't you take her into the hospital and do what you can for her, doctor?" said Caligula. "I should be glad to help with the expense."

"I will certainly do what I can for her. But I cannot take her in just now. The hospital is full, and besides there is a certain amount of irritation and inflammation still present. I shall need to treat the eye and get it into better condition before operating."

The ebullient Caligula expressed his satisfaction

JOSE AND THE IDOLS

by seizing the little girl, hoisting her to his shoulders, saying, "Cheer-o, chicken, there is hope," and breaking into song,

Oh let us be joyful, joyful, joyful.

"That will be about enough, Cal," remonstrated the doctor. "This is my busy day and you'll frighten the patients. Didn't you see that great mob waiting outside in the anteroom? Good day, Miss Burton. Thank you for bringing Anita to me. It was like your kind heart to think of it."

CHAPTER III

MRS. WALLACE SERVES TEA. THE BOYS' DORMITORY

MRS. WALLACE was serving afternoon tea. The occasion furnished an opportunity to meet many of the bright young men and women of the high school who were making rapid progress in English and enjoyed using it.

A dozen or more of them had already gathered. Felipe and Domingo were passing the cups and practising their English, not only on Mrs. Wallace, but also on each other. Their minor errors detracted in no way from the intelligibility of their language, but furnished a good deal of amusement.

"Miss Anastasia," said Felipe, balancing the tray precariously upon his hand, "shall you take some tea?"

"Thank you very much, Mr. Felipe, I not take any. I think it shall keep me awake."

"Mr. Alberto, will you tea?"

"With much pleasure. I will take also Miss Anastasia's cup. My sleeper work too severely already. I wish to be wide-awake person."

"Look at the lovely birds on this cup. This bird, he come from Japan. He have very long leg. His name is stork."

"Look out for my lovely china!" cried Mrs. Wallace, for Felipe had been performing artistic evolu-

MRS. WALLACE SERVES TEA

tions with the tray, thus placing in jeopardy the beautiful egg-shell china which she had conveyed with such care from Japan.

"There are only a few of those cups and saucers left out of a dozen," continued Mrs. Wallace. "When we were in the hotel at Yokohama Mr. Wallace undertook to pack them for me. He had placed them carefully on the floor beside the trunk and in reaching for something to wrap around them he stepped back into the set, smashing five cups and four saucers. I do not think he has entirely recovered from the shock yet."

Hardly had she finished speaking when crash went the tray and its contents, and Felipe, relapsing into Visayan, uttered a dismayed "*Abaw!*"

"Save the pieces," ejaculated Mr. Wallace, entering the sala at that moment. "Who is breaking up housekeeping?"

"Just what I feared might happen," answered Mrs. Wallace as she joined Felipe and Domingo in picking up the broken pieces.

"Never mind, Felipe, you did not cause such havoc as Mr. Wallace. Only one saucer is broken, and that makes the cups and saucers even again."

The kindness of the hostess moderated Felipe's chagrin, and he continued the task of passing the teacups with a manifest determination not to permit a similar mishap to occur.

Caligula Crum was the first of the Americans to arrive. He took his seat beside Mr. Wallace and greeted Felipe enthusiastically.

"What, ho, servitor, bring on the nectar."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"You should not joke, Mr. Crum," said Felipe, firmly grasping the tray with both hands. "I have already encountered one catastrophe and do not wish to make acquaintance of more serious accident." Felipe's English was painful but elaborate. He had a natural gift of speech and was rapidly acquiring a broad vocabulary.

A gentle rain which had begun the evening before had developed during the previous night into a heavy downpour. It was very welcome and somewhat unexpected as the heavy rains had ended some weeks before, and it was but seldom that a rain of any consequence came after the close of the rainy season. Fortunately it had ceased early in the afternoon. The rain-storm now furnished Mr. Wallace with a topic of conversation.

"I want you young people to see my new cistern," he said. "There is no well on the compound, and we were in a good deal of a quandary as to what to do for water. Six weeks ago, at the close of the rainy season, we had only the comparatively small quantity contained in our galvanized iron tanks."

"We were in the same fix," interjected Caligula, "the family where I live had almost exhausted the water in their tanks when it began to rain last night. It is a godsend."

"At the same time," said one of the quieter of the young men who up to this time had remained silent, "we have bought our water. It has costed twenty centavos a pail."

"Well," continued Mr. Wallace, "I determined not to be caught again in such a predicament, and I have

MRS. WALLACE SERVES TEA

been building a cistern. Simon, the cement man, did the work for me. It was quite a task, for he had never before undertaken such a large piece of work."

"Where have you made the cistern?" inquired Felipe.

"It is out back of the kitchen. You know the hill upon which the house stands is almost entirely rock. But fortunately it is a loose-fibered rock which is easily excavated. We dug down about eight feet below the surface, using dynamite once or twice to loosen the rock."

"But aren't you afraid that the water will run away?"

"No, because the cistern is well lined. Simon is a pretty good carpenter, and he made arched forms and carried the walls about five feet above the surface. We reenforced the sides and roof with iron rods and filled in concrete so as to make a flat top."

Little Agnes, the three-year-old daughter of the house, had been playing with her dolls' house on the floor by Mrs. Wallace's chair, but a few moments before had slipped out of the sala and through the dining-room to the rear of the house. Just as Mr. Wallace finished speaking her silvery laugh rang out, and at the same time there came an unspeakable hullabaloo from the direction of the kitchen. Deep, reverberating shouts, hollow laughter, stentorian halloos, and shrill shrieks rent the air. It sounded like pandemonium let loose. Crum and Wallace bounded from their chairs and followed by the group of students hastened through the dining-room and kitchen. There upon the roof of the newly con-

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

structed cistern they observed little Agnes leaning over the cement parapet which protected the mouth of the cistern, laughing heartily and stamping her little foot with glee.

"Come, see," she said, "Joaquin swim."

Mingled shouts and splashings proceeded from the cistern, these sounds reenforced and magnified by the confined space in which they were produced.

Mr. Crum was the first to diagnose the difficulty. Standing beside little Agnes, he thrust his head into the mouth of the cistern, and in a moment his hearty laugh augmented the uproar.

"Three of them," he shouted, "having a swim. How I should like to join them. All in your lovely cistern."

The case presented another aspect to Mr. Wallace, however, and replacing Crum at the mouth of the cistern, he sent a stern command in vigorous Visayan down into its depths.

Sudden silence ensued and then three dripping forms emerged, clad only in the meagerest of native bathing costumes about the waist. Joaquin, the arch sinner, was the first, and following him came Donato, the *muchacho* from the house of Doctor Murray, and Eustaquio, who drove the calesa in which the doctor made his rounds.

Lined up in a row upon the edge of the cement cistern they presented a sorry spectacle to the hilarious shouts of the student group.

"Joaquin," sternly said Mr. Wallace, "what does this mean?"

"We were doing our best, Señor."

MRS. WALLACE SERVES TEA

"Doing your best? What do you mean?"

"Did you not say that when the rain came you would want to clean the cistern? Well, I tried to do it for you, and got Donato and Eustaquio to help me."

"Do you think the cleanliness of the cistern has been added to by three great lads like you bathing in the water?" was Mr. Wallace's exasperated inquiry.

"But, Señor, we were wiping the roof with a piece of cloth, and we had to swim because the water was so deep. I am afraid we made a little noise, but that was because we were trying to see who could stand up straightest in the water and reach the roof first."

"Don't you realize that you have made the water unfit to drink?"

"Why, Señor, we washed our hands and face before going in. You know, Señora always insists on my doing so before cooking."

"Well, Joaquin, you ought to have known better, and I shall have to teach you a lesson," said Mr. Wallace. Turning to the group behind him, added, "Tell us, boys, what shall be the punishment?"

"Make him drink the entire contents of the cistern," said Caligula.

"No," said Domingo, "but the three boys shall pull up pails of water until the cistern is empty, and then shall wash clean its walls." The boys had reason to remember the lesson, for it was long before the cistern was emptied and cleansed.

Not least among the attractions of the mission compound was its tennis-court, the only one in San Jacinto. Indeed, there was no other in the entire

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

province. It was situated on the lowest part of the mission compound, behind the hospital. The western side was bordered by a beautiful row of bamboos, growing in massive clumps.

As the sun declined toward the close of the afternoon the bamboo thicket threw a grateful shade over the tennis-court, the delicate tracery of the fronded heads dappling the sunlit sward beyond the court. Miss Burton, who had arrived during the excitement occasioned by the discovery of boys in the cistern, accompanied Mrs. Wallace and Mr. Crum to the court. The two teachers had come prepared for the game, and Mr. Crum was well satisfied that fate awarded him Miss Burton for a partner, while Felipe had the pleasure of practising his tennis terms in company with their hostess.

In the meantime Mr. Wallace had turned off at the hospital door to hunt for Doctor Murray. The latter was to accompany him to the boys' dormitory, and as he had not put in an appearance at tea it occurred to Mr. Wallace that some serious case might have detained him.

He found the doctor in the little laboratory in the lower story of the hospital bending over the microscope.

"Wallace," said he, so absorbed in his task as hardly to respond to the other's greeting, "has it ever occurred to you that we may be in for a pretty serious time if cholera gets started in this province. They have had quite a bit of it over in Tablas, and I have seen several cases lately which seemed mighty suspicious to me."

MRS. WALLACE SERVES TEA

"I had not supposed that we were in any danger of it," replied Wallace. "Haven't the new sanitary measures succeeded in getting it pretty well under control in the Islands?"

"A good deal of progress has certainly been made, and the young men who are coming from the University Medical College in Manila lately take most readily to sanitation. But the trouble is there is a lack of trained helpers to combat the epidemic when it gets started."

"Do you fear any immediate trouble in that direction?"

"No. Fortunately the rain came last night. It will be a great help. The wells were getting pretty low, and a long continued dry spell would have been unfavorable."

"Can you leave your laboratory work now? It is time for the Bible class at the dormitory."

"Yes. I will put away the microscope and be right with you."

"By the way, Wallace, I asked José Buenaventura to join us at the dormitory. He is a little older than the high school boys, but he is greatly interested in the Bible."

"I'm glad you did that, Murray. José impresses me very favorably. He is having a severe struggle about those images of his."

"What do you refer to? The old saints which the family used to worship?"

"Yes. Perhaps you may know that his aunt who died recently was a very ardent Romanist. She had an unusual collection of images. Some of them were

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

quite costly. They were imported from Spain and Paris in days prior to the American occupation."

"I suppose it is a good deal of a struggle for him to give them up."

"It isn't that so much. José is soundly converted and knows well the futility of image-worship. But he has a naturally thrifty soul. Gets it from his mother. They cannot help thinking about the cost of the images. José hesitates to destroy so much valuable property."

During the conversation the two friends had left the hospital and were making their way toward the center of the town. As they approached the better part of the town the huts gave way to more substantial dwellings. It was one of these which had been hired by Mr. Wallace and transformed into a boys' dormitory. It was a building constructed fifty or more years ago in the old Spanish style. The lower story was of stone, while the upper story was built about a hardwood frame supported by massive hardwood tree-trunks roughly hewn and joined by great joists which were mortised into them. It was an unusually extensive building, more than a hundred feet in length. Besides the great hall there were two very large bedrooms, a dining-room, and several smaller chambers. The kitchen was a separate structure at the rear of the second story and was united to the main building by a short bridge.

The building had lent itself admirably to the use designed for it by Mr. Wallace. He had very soon recognized the great need existing among the boys and young men attending the provincial high and

MRS. WALLACE SERVES TEA

normal schools for a proper home. At San Jacinto was the only high school in the province, and in connection with it was conducted a normal school. More than two hundred young men came from the grammar schools in the larger towns each year to enter the higher schools of San Jacinto. Those who possessed relatives in the capital were fortunate, but many of them found it necessary to fend for themselves, and to these the dormitory opened by the Mission was a godsend.

It was conducted on very simple lines. The boys slept on canvas army cots, a quite sufficiently comfortable bed to those accustomed to sleeping on the native bamboo cot. Each one cared for his own bed. A native cook was employed, and a boy to clean the house. The furniture was sufficient but not elaborate. There were comfortable chairs and tables at which the boys studied at night. Mr. Wallace was able to provide this entertainment at such a moderate price that even the poorer boys could enter the dormitory. The sum of ten pesos (\$5.00 gold) per month defrayed the entire expense of board and lodging, and the dormitory proved to be a self-supporting enterprise.

The real values of the institution were that it kept the boys from evil companions, provided them with pleasant comradeship, wholesome food, and hygienic surroundings. In addition Mr. Wallace found it possible by means of the dormitory to enter heartily and intimately into the life of the students and bring to bear the vigor of his own Christian personality upon them at their most impressionable

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

period. The qualities of manhood possessed by the Christian leader were such as to fit him eminently to mold the lives of these young men. He had been a leader in America during his college days. There was a fine vein of simplicity and earnestness united to a frank, ingenuous good comradeship about him that made him their friend at once, and many a young man owed his salvation from moral shipwreck and his development in a decided and vigorous Christianity to this man who in his modest and winning manner was making himself the friend of them all.

Hardly had the footfall of the two friends echoed in the great vacant stone-paved storeroom below than there came shouts of welcome from above, and a group of the boys appeared at the head of the stately stairway leading to the upper story.

There was a note of comradeship in the greeting:

"Halloa, Mr. Wallace. Halloa, Doctor Murray. Come on up."

"We are all ready for you. The table is arranged, and the boys have all returned from school."

"Halloa, boys," responded Mr. Wallace. "How is the ball-ground getting along?" He was an athlete and ball-player himself, and was genuinely interested in the work of preparing an old rice-field on the outskirts of the town for use as a ball-ground.

"It is getting along fine," replied one of the boys. "We have leveled it and taken out the rocks. To-day we had Señor Buenaventura's water-buffaloes drag the roller over it."

The Bible class was to be held about a long table

MRS. WALLACE SERVES TEA

in the sala. The boys gathered around the table with Bibles—Visayan, Spanish, and English. Several of them had come from families where Spanish was spoken; all spoke Visayan as their mother tongue. Their knowledge of English varied considerably, according to the length of time they had been under instruction and their individual ability as linguists.

Coming, as most of them had, from Catholic homes, it might have been supposed that there would be considerable reluctance upon their part to join in evangelical services and the study of the Bible. The contrary, however, was the case. The trend of events during the previous decade or two in the Philippines had tended to weaken the hold of the Church upon both young and old. The oppression of the friars had been deeply resented, the growth of the schismatic body inaugurated by Bishop Aglipay had prepared the minds of many to harbor questions which would formerly never have entered the range of their thinking. José Rizal, the great Philippine hero who ranks in their estimation beside Washington, had openly criticized and ridiculed the practises of the Roman Church in his great novel, "Noli Me Tangere," and had incurred martyrdom at the hands of the friars for his temerity.

The lads approached the Bible therefore with open minds and some degree of curiosity, for many of them had been told by the priests that the Protestant Bible was a wicked book which would lead them astray.

There was a reverent bowing of every head as

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

Doctor Murray at the request of Mr. Wallace opened the little gathering by prayer. Mr. Wallace then made a brief statement of the purpose of the meeting for the benefit of several new members, after which they proceeded with the lesson.

"Boys," said he, "last week I asked you to bring me your idea of what the church really is. The church has had a tremendous influence upon the course of the world's history. Here in the Philippines it has absolutely dominated the social order in the past. Give me, if you can, a true definition of the church."

In making the suggestion the previous week the leader had hardly hoped to elicit a very intelligent response, but he had thought that the question would at least tend to introduce a subject of profit. What was his surprise, therefore, when the young men demonstrated a remarkably keen interest in the matter and were prepared with definitions showing a surprisingly clear understanding of the question.

José Albay was the first to present his definition: "The church," he said, "is a group of those who though separated are one in aim."

"Well, José," responded the leader, "you have the glimmerings of an idea there, but your definition is not very comprehensive. Let us see if we cannot improve upon it. What have you got to say about it, Severin?"

The young man addressed was one of the newcomers. He answered without hesitation, "The church is the place where you go to mass and confession."

MRS. WALLACE SERVES TEA

Severin had recently come to the capital and had been for such a short time under evangelical influence as to be but little affected by it.

"Is that all you hear at church, boys?" inquired Mr. Wallace.

"No," replied the lad at the end of the table. "The priest preaches sometimes."

"What does he preach about?"

"On the days of the various patron saints he preaches on the life of the particular saint who is being worshiped that day."

"Yes," put in Severin, "last week they celebrated the *fiesta* of the Santo Niño in the town where I live. They had a fine procession and a band, and the Padre preached on the miracles which our patron the Holy Child had performed."

"Well," said the leader, "what have the rest of you to say about it? Timoteo, what is your definition?"

The young man just addressed had been in the dormitory from the beginning of the work and had displayed a great deal of real interest in these informal discussions. He was now acting as manager of the dormitory.

"The church," said he, "is the congregation of faithful men in which the pure word of the Lord is preached."

"Where did you get that definition, Timoteo?" inquired Doctor Murray.

"I don't know, Doctor. I suppose I must have gotten it from going to the services in the chapel. I have been listening to what was said, and it seemed

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

to me that the preaching was very much like the words of the Lord which we find in the New Testament."

Still another definition was presented before the close of the service. A young man by the name of Juan Advincula, a retiring lad with keen intellectual face and high forehead, diffidently ventured: "The church is a place where men gather to hear the words of Jesus Christ and to follow them."

"I think," concluded Mr. Wallace, "that Juan's definition sums the matter up as accurately as possible, for the very essence of Christian discipleship is hearing and doing."

The conversation about the table had been carried on in a mixture of English, Spanish, and Visayan although the boys had tried for the most part to express themselves in the first-named language and indeed, with no small measure of success, for the Filipino has a gift for languages.

Señor José Buenaventura had taken little part in the discussion at the table, but had followed it with absorbed interest. Occasionally the lads, who retained a sincere respect for one who could use Spanish fluently, had turned to him for a Spanish rendering of some point at issue. His English was less ready, but he had been able to grasp most of what had been said. The comparison of meanings and interpretations in the different texts added both to the interest and the profit of the group study, for where the English might not readily be grasped in its archaic form, the Spanish often proved illuminating, and the boys displayed an unflagging interest

MRS. WALLACE SERVES TEA

in the rugged Visayan phrasing of the colloquial New Testament but recently translated.

Toward the close of the lesson, however, José's attention had seemed to wander somewhat, and he might have been observed to consult his watch under cover of the margin of the table. When the books were closed he sauntered casually to the broad windows which overlooked the street and cast his eyes toward the great bridge which continued the highway over the river.

Whether there was any element of expectancy in José's actions may be left to the conjecture of the reader, but certain it is that in a moment he quietly approached Mr. Wallace and whispered a few words in his ear, whereupon the latter made an announcement to the group of young men:

"Fellows, I have asked the new *maestra* from Manila, Miss Dolores Santecilla, to help us in preparation for the dormitory concert. Miss Santecilla is an accomplished pianist and is accustomed to drilling choruses."

It was perhaps pure malice which led him to add, much to José's confusion, "José tells me she is just coming over the bridge and will be here in a moment."

Freed from the restraint of the meeting the students had broken up into smaller groups and were already making tentative efforts at the college songs which they were learning for the concert, so that when Dolores ascended the staircase to the upper story she was greeted with the confused hubbub of mingling tongues. Snatches of song, light laughter,

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

and youthful badinage gave an air of cheer and good fellowship which was a true index to the affection which the dormitory lads entertained for their home and those who made it possible.

As Miss Santecilla entered the room there was an immediate and respectful cessation of the merry tumult, and Doctor Wallace presented her to the group.

"Boys," said he, "this is Miss Santecilla who has just come from Manila to have charge of the school in the *barrio* this side of the river. This is her first visit here. She is a stranger in a strange land, but I am sure you will all help to make her feel at home. She has kindly consented to help us with the concert."

José Buenaventura responded for the boys in stately Spanish, welcoming Miss Santecilla to San Jacinto and assuring her of their desire to be of service to her and to render her stay in San Jacinto agreeable.

Dolores was ready with a suitable reply which proved her mastery of the beautiful Castilian speech, but broke at once into English, which she spoke with a clear and precise intonation and with an accent peculiarly agreeable and winning.

The piano, for the dormitory boasted such an instrument, was specially constructed for tropical climates. It had been purchased in Hong Kong and had a frame guaranteed to withstand the severities of extreme temperatures and high humidity. Inasmuch as it stood in the dormitory sala by grace of its owner, one of the leaders in the evangelical

MRS. WALLACE SERVES TEA

movement who had loaned it to the Mission, one should not be unduly critical of its quality.

Dolores proved herself at once a *maestra* of the piano as well as in other respects, for seated at the keyboard she rendered song after song with both accuracy and taste.

A student double male quartette was to take part in the concert. After having profited by Miss Sante-cilla's helpful criticism and aid in the more serious selections which they were to render, there arose some considerable discussion as to the choice of selections for encores.

José ventured to suggest something in the line of the sentimental and tender. Perhaps his frame of mind affected his judgment, but the general opinion of the students favored one or other of the humorous college songs.

The Filipino might well be called the American of the East. His quick perception and ready adaptability assimilates more clearly to the American type than do the characteristics of any other Eastern people. He readily accepts new ideas, is prepared to employ new methods and to improve upon old ones. Besides this he has the American sense of humor and is prepared to join heartily in every type of American sport and amusement. Hence the college songs brought by the teachers from America appealed in an unusual manner to the boys. Miss Dolores was able to join and even lead in the hilarity.

CHAPTER IV

ANITA GOES TO SCHOOL. THE BEGGAR'S TRADE. CALIGULA INTERVENES

THE school of which Dolores was principal was situated in the river *barrio*. Only the earlier grades were taught in this school. The *barrio* was a turbulent one, and much difficulty had been experienced by the authorities in organizing it to their satisfaction. It was for this reason that the Provincial Superintendent had written recently to Manila for a specially trained young woman to take charge of it. The school was held in a stone building in the center of the *barrio* having three rooms. There were two associate teachers besides the principal.

Anita had never been to school before, but today the municipal officer to whom had been assigned the unwelcome task of stimulating the attendance at the school over which Dolores presided, had found her wandering in the street and had decided that her education ought no longer to be neglected.

This was the first time Dolores had met blind Anita, and her heart instantly went out to the helpless little one. She led her gently to a seat and inquired kindly as to her name and friends.

Anita sat wearily upon the hard seat during the two-hour session which completed the morning tasks, amazed at the vast learning displayed by her more fortunate sisters.

ANITA GOES TO SCHOOL

The session over, the boys and girls filed out and Anita was left alone, not knowing which way to go. Dolores sat down by her side and commenced to question her kindly:

“Where do you live, little one?”

“On the outskirts of the *barrio*.”

“What do they call you?”

“My name is Anita.”

“Anita what?”

“Now that I am blind they sometimes call me ‘Anita, the blind girl.’”

“Have you no one to care for you, child?”

“There is grandmother, but she was very angry this morning, and was going to whip me, and I ran away; then the man found me and brought me here.”

“Doesn’t your grandmother love you?”

“*Abaw!* No. A long time ago, before I was blind she used to beat me dreadfully, but now I bring her more money, and she does not do it so much.”

“How long have you been blind?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Many years I think. A very long time.”

“How did you become blind?”

“Ah, I mustn’t tell; don’t ask me,” cried the child. Into her face came a look of strange terror as though she were recalling some dreadful experience.

“Well, you have not always been blind?” questioned Dolores.

“Oh no, and at first it was very dreadful. It was always night, and the dark was cold, and often my eyes hurt so that I could not cry, and I just

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

had to cry inside, and it was terrible, worse than the crying when grandmother beat me—but I must not tell you about it. I must go away quick, or she will catch me and beat me again.” And the child rose from the seat and groped for the wall. Dolores gently led her to the door, and telling her to come on the morrow, said good-by.

On the street without, the child seemed to find familiar surroundings, and darted off down a side street until she came to a little shop having an open front, with palings running half-way up to protect the goods. It was the Chinese bakery, and inside the door stood a portly Chinaman presiding over the sales. His honorable name was Li Chong Hwe, but he was commonly called Macaw, that being the only intelligible word upon his sign-board and in reality standing for his native town. Beneath his yellow features old Li harbored a warm heart, and as the little one was hurrying by, he called to her, “Anita, Anita.”

“*Abaw!* Macaw!” she answered, “is that you?”

“You plenty lun. What for, little girl?” he asked.

“Half the day has gone, Macaw, and I haven’t any coppers to take to grandmother; she will beat me and not give me anything to eat.”

“Maybe you hungry, pickaninny; you eat this,” and Macaw handed out a large roll to the little girl. It was hard and dry and had not been properly raised, but was eagerly seized by the child.

“Thank you, Macaw; the Holy Maria and José be good to you,” she answered, and hurried along toward the bridge.

ANITA GOES TO SCHOOL

When she came to the end of the bridge, Anita took her place on the ground among a number of beggars in various stages of decrepitude and disease. There was a little grass-plot beside the river and there seemed to be some unwonted excitement there just now, for a crowd had gathered and an American officer was looking on with pity in his eyes. Two men had come with a straw litter hung upon a bamboo pole, and were raising from the ground a thin, gaunt, meager figure. The legs were stiffened upon the body, and it was impossible to straighten them out. It seemed that during the morning David had died. Ah well! He had been long coming to it; for months he had begged beside her, and the pains and aches he had suffered had often made her cry. Perhaps he was feeling better now.

The American had turned away from the sight and was about to go over the bridge. Now was the time; and from all the mendicant company arose the whining, wailing cry: "*Ako, imol, bulag ako*; for the mercy of Christ, for the sorrows of the blessed Virgin, for the love of all the holy saints, give us alms." None of them thought upon what they were saying. It was the old, old cry which they had had upon their lips from childhood, to which their parents had brought them up, and the wail and entreaty of it were born and bred in their blood. Anita was the only silent one among them, but the pitiful sadness of her face was a constant appeal, and as the American went over the bridge, he put a coin in her hand.

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

Immediately a snarl and growl went up from the remainder of the company.

"It is always that little brat who is lucky."

"No wonder her grandmother can sit around at home in idleness."

"Why should they always give to her when I am twice as bad?" growled an old man with bent back and tottering limbs. "How much did he give you?"

"A *duco*," answered Anita, and rising, left the company of evil-lived and evil-minded beggars.

It was not a *duco* which she had received, but Anita had learned in a hard school the devious ways of trickery and lying. It was a *peseta*, and worth sixteen *ducos*, so that Anita felt she might justly seek a shady spot and lie down for a nap.

When she awoke, the short twilight was rapidly darkening toward the night, and Anita, feeling the coming darkness, took her way toward the hovel which she called home. Through the main business streets she threaded her way, and finally, near the river road, she came to her destination.

It had once been a house, but in the tornado of the previous year, it had been almost entirely demolished, and the roof of nipa-palm leaves had been laid flat upon the ground. Little incommoded by the event, the inhabitants had simply cut a hole through the side of the roof and closed it with a piece of rough sacking, by which simple means it had again been converted into a house.

Anita pulled aside the sacking and climbed in. All was dark within, but dark and light were as one to Anita, and she knew enough to cower and shrink

ANITA GOES TO SCHOOL

from the blow aimed at her by a shriveled old hag who emerged at her entrance from one of the corners.

"Here you are, you little beast of the field. How many years have I waited for you this day? Let me see what you have got?" Tremblingly Anita drew forth the *peseta*.

"Ah, this is something like. Now you stay here till I come back;" and away the old woman hurried to change the money for good *bino*, dear, warm *bino*, which should fill her old bones with youth again and stir up the blood which had been shivering all day and almost stopping in its flow. This was Anita's home and this her grandmother.

No sooner had her grandmother left than Anita sought the corner where she was accustomed to pass the night. In the familiar surroundings of the dilapidated roof which she called home there remained no need for the uncertain groping which characterized her movements in stranger localities. Under the very eaves of the crazy dwelling was spread a worn and frayed mat made of palm fronds. This was all that protected the tender limbs of the little one from the bare earth floor.

The weariness natural to an active child with the fall of night was increased by the unwonted experiences of the day and the languor induced by malnutrition. Notwithstanding the hardness of her couch, she soon fell asleep and slumbered heavily until after midnight.

Awaking suddenly in the small hours, she became keenly conscious of the unyielding ground beneath

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

her as well as of the damp which made its way through the mat. The roof was not far from the river, and the ground, which was practically a marsh in the wet season, still retained some measure of moisture which was elicited by the warmth of the child's body. Besides this, a section of the roof torn away in the last storm had never been mended, and the night breeze blew upon her unpleasantly, protected as she was only by the thin cotton dress worn during the day.

Anita moaned and stirred uneasily. Then finding herself wide-awake and intensely uncomfortable, she arose to stretch her aching limbs. Leaving the shelter of the roof, she made her way without definite intention in the direction of Calle Tréce de Mayo. More than anything else she wanted a place where she could be warm and comfortable. Feeling her way along the street she came to an open doorway in the basement of one of the larger houses. Entering almost by instinct, she came upon a large pile of coarse empty gunny sacks behind the stairway. They were redolent with the pungent odor of copra, or dried coconut meat, for the reception of which they had been used, but Anita had learned to steel the olfactory sense against a variety of unpleasant odors, and their softness appealed to her. The stillness of the night was about her. Not a sound could be heard either in the house or the street without. She thrust aside the upper sacks, snuggled down upon the thick pile which still carpeted the board floor, and drawing several of the thick, coarse bags over her, prepared to sleep again. Soon she found

ANITA GOES TO SCHOOL

herself warmer and cozier than she had been for many a night, a delicious drowsiness crept over her, and even the sudden k-chuck, k-chuck, of a big tree lizard harbored in the rafter immediately above her was not sufficient to keep her from losing herself in dreamless sleep.

Anita had designed to awaken early and be away before the people of the house could discover her, but the unwonted comfort of her bed locked her senses in sleep for a longer period than she had bargained for; hence it was that Caligula Crum, returning from his early constitutional, espied the little one asleep among the sacks behind the stairway just as he was about to ascend to the upper story where he had his lodgings. If it should be inquired why the ease-loving Caligula was abroad thus early, it might be replied that his habits, both mental and physical, were undergoing a severe scrutiny these days in the light of the ideals held by the fair idol of his dreams.

Miss Burton detested sloth, hence Caligula, contrary to ancient custom, rose early. Miss Burton was somewhat of a blue stocking, hence Caligula had embarked upon a perusal of the entire fifteen volumes of "Beacon Lights of History." Miss Burton was prejudiced in favor of the masculine straight front, hence Caligula employed the early morning hours in cross-country running with a view to the reduction of his waist-line.

He was just entering the house, perspiring freely notwithstanding his light equipment of running suit and sandals, when his eye fell upon the bundle of

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

sacks revealing the tousled head of the little child who still slumbered.

"Mother of me!" ejaculated Caligula. "What have we here? If it isn't my little friend, Anita," he added as he gently lifted the sacks from the lower part of her face.

Anita awoke with a start and sat up, but recognized at once the voice of the man by whom she had already been befriended. Her fears were allayed, and she began to explain her presence:

"It was cold, and I wanted a good sleep."

"Well, have you had it?"

"Yes, indeed, I have, and I feel better. I must go out and try to find some breakfast."

"Why seek further, lady mine?" said Caligula, and bowing low over the hand of the child, he continued with mock dignity, "Allow me to state in the classic language of Castile, that this entire palace and the appurtenances thereof are at the disposal of your majesty."

Cal's high-flown persiflage was entirely beyond the understanding of the little one, and she looked at him with an expression both amused and inquiring.

"In other words, come and eat"—this was added in Visayan, and was readily comprehended by the child and as readily acceded to.

Taking the little one by the hand, he led her up the steep staircase. It opened above into a broad hall. Facing the stairway was a long, handsome pier-glass framed in gilt, relic of the expansive days of Spain's dominion. Even with the new interest which the discovery of the child had awakened, Ca-

ANITA GOES TO SCHOOL

ligula could not refrain from stopping a moment before the glass, and making a careful examination of his appearance, both in full face and profile, with especial reference to the prominence of his figure amidships. The study seemed to cause him some satisfaction, for he immediately broke into song:

I'm a sylph-like creature
And I'm going strong;
We shall see the preacher,
And it won't be long.

"What ho, varlet," he added at the top of his voice, "array the festal board." At this the head of a young Filipino boy appeared at the double door, at the other end of the room, saying in Visayan, "Breakfast is ready, Mr. Crum."

Caligula ceremoniously drew Anita's thin arm through his own and conducted her into the adjoining room, which was a small dining-room at the side of the house.

"Your majesty," said he, "the banquet waits."

Seating the child at the table, he left the room by the rear door and proceeded to take his morning shower.

In a few moments Caligula appeared in the dining-room dressed in white duck, seated himself opposite Anita and proceeded to do the honors of the table. It was a simple enough meal, but to Anita the term banquet which Caligula had jestingly applied to it was fully justified. It began with *papaya*, a fine ripe fruit which grows at its best in the Philippines. The *papaya* was followed by an American

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

dried breakfast food eaten with milk and sugar, a delectable dish to Anita, who had never tasted anything like it. Then came eggs, toast, and coffee. Caligula's ebullient spirits enlivened the meal with a running comment. Most of what he said was quite incomprehensible to Anita, but she could feel beneath the light and airy banter the genuine feeling of compassion with which the young man regarded her. It aroused a correspondingly warm affection in the heart of the little waif into whose life had come so little that was tender and compassionate.

"When you are waiting on royalty," said Caligula to the boy who was placing the *papaya* before Anita, "you should do so with a proper sense of the dignity of your office. It is unbecoming for the servitor to appear in the banquet chamber arrayed merely in trousers, shirt, and suspenders. You will immediately invest yourself in your robes of office, namely, a clean jacket."

Benito retired grinning, for he was accustomed to his chief's humor and found it a constant delight to serve the cheerful American teacher. When he again entered the room he had donned a clean white collarless jacket.

"The article at your right," continued Caligula, now addressing little Anita, "is known as a spoon and is used in polite society for various purposes, chiefly in conveying food to the mouth. True, ruder and hardier peoples are accustomed to use nature's implements, the fingers, for that purpose, but your majesty will perhaps wish to experiment with the instrument indicated."

ANITA GOES TO SCHOOL

Anita had been about to carry the half melon to her mouth and bury her face in it, but Caligula stood behind her and showed her how to use the spoon. By the time the breakfast food appeared she was well accustomed to it.

Caligula was curious to know why Anita should have been using the bags below stairs as a couch, and abandoned his court language presently to put some plain questions to the little one.

"How did it happen that you were asleep downstairs, little one?"

"It was cold at home, and I had nothing to cover me."

"Where is your home, child?"

"It is the river *barrio*. Our house was blown down in the last typhoon and we are living in the roof. But there are holes in it, and the wind blows in."

"Whom do you live with?"

"I live with my grandmother, but we are very poor. I beg for her daytimes, but she takes the money and buys *bino*."

"And does she give you plenty to eat?"

"She does not give me anything. I get food wherever I can. Yesterday the Chinese baker, Macaw, gave me a roll. He often does."

"Macaw is a good sport. We will chalk up a good mark for him."

"I should like to see your home, little girl. I tell you what. Come around to the school at the close of the morning session, and we will go to see your grandmother. I want to have a talk with her."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"It wouldn't do any good. She is a bad old woman."

"Tut, tut, your majesty. You mustn't speak evil of dignitaries. 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' you know." But this was over Anita's head. She agreed, however, to seek out Mr. Crum when school was over.

Faithful to her promise little Anita was waiting for Caligula not far from the high school entrance later in the morning, and the two made their way to the *barrio* where the wreck which Anita called home was situated.

Anita pushed aside the curtain of sacking, and Caligula bent his head in order to obtain a glimpse of the gloomy interior. At first his eye, accustomed to the brilliant sunlight without, could discern nothing, but in a few moments he made out a rough bamboo bed on one side of the room and upon it a disheveled woman lying at full length. She was fully dressed, and had loosened her outer skirt at the waist after the custom of the country, pulling the garment up over her head.

As Caligula's gaze took in the sordid surroundings the woman awakened and raised herself upon her elbow. Her dull eyes discerned Caligula in the doorway, and amazed by the intrusion she snapped out,

"Well, *Americano*, what do you want?"

"Ah, good morning, Señora," said Caligula, "pardon the intrusion. I should like to have a few words with you."

"What may you have to say to the likes of me?"

ANITA GOES TO SCHOOL

said the woman, albeit somewhat mollified by the respectful tone and the term "Señora."

"I want to talk to you about little Anita."

"Well, wait till I get up," replied the woman.

"Very well," said Cal, "I will wait out here in the sunshine."

In a few moments the woman appeared; she had made some effort to improve her appearance, twisting into a knot the gray hair which had been flowing about her neck in a disordered mass, and pulling the garments in which she had been sleeping into some semblance of order. Her face had evidently not been washed for days, and the marks of last night's debauch were upon her.

"What about Anita?" she began abruptly.

"I am interested in her," said Caligula. "She seems to need aid. She ought to be going to school."

"How can a poor woman like me send her to school?" whined the woman.

"Have you no one to work for you?"

"No. My husband died years ago, and I am the sole support of the child." If she had reversed the statement it would have been nearer to the truth.

"Well," said Caligula, perceiving his advantage, "you would be able to make your living more easily if you were relieved of the care of the child."

"Would you separate a loving grandmother from her child?" whined the hag in a piteous tone.

"Only for her good," said Caligula. "Let me take her and send her to school."

"No, no," replied the woman, "she would get to despise her grandmother. She sha'n't go. Be off

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

with you," and suddenly she turned her back and retired again within the house.

"Well," said Caligula to Anita, "we seem to be unsuccessful."

"Oh, I could have told you what she would say. I beg for her, and she beats me if I do not bring her enough money."

"Look here, little one, remember where I live and come to me when you are unsuccessful in begging, or when you need something to eat, and especially when you are cold and need a warm place to sleep."

Regretfully Cal left the *barrio* and returned toward his house, ruminating on the probable future of the poor little waif to whose miserable condition was added the additional burden of blindness.

CHAPTER V

JUAN GETS A JOB. THE HOME SCHOOL TAKES JUAN TO CHURCH

"THE floors shine beautifully this morning, Joaquin," said Mrs. Wallace, "you must have taken special care with them."

"It's the banana stalk, Señora. We rubbed them with coal-oil, and afterwards polished them with the fleshy part of a thick juicy banana plant."

"Well, they look fine. But what do you mean by 'we'?"

"Oh, Juan helped me."

Mrs. Wallace dropped helplessly into an armchair in the corner of the sala where this conversation had been carried on, and threw up her hands. There was history behind the little pronoun "we." At times Joaquin was aggressively benevolent, and where he conceived it desirable that his mistress should be generous he was apt to be rather insistent.

Juan had been introduced to Joaquin by his new friend Anita, who did not fail to pay him a visit at least once a day. Juan belonged to the company of beggars with which Anita consorted. His particular affliction was paralysis of the lower limbs from the knees downward. It had doubtless come from an attack of infantile palsy suffered in childhood. The limbs had never developed below the knees and were those of a child of five, although

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

Juan himself was about eighteen years of age. The joints were flexed and stiffened so that Juan was forced to go about on his knees. He had manufactured two thick pads of leather which served to protect the skin from the earth. His advance was slow, but long practise had given him a considerable degree of dexterity in this mode of progress. His crippled condition had unfitted him for ordinary work, and he had joined the company of beggars following the line of least resistance.

But Juan had recently fallen under the influence of the evangelical teaching and had made a friend of Joaquin. He was earnestly desirous of finding some means of livelihood more in accord with his new-found faith. It occurred to him that he might prove of service to Mrs. Wallace, and he had discovered in Joaquin a ready advocate. The latter, besides harboring a genuine friendship and compassion for Juan, thought he saw the opportunity of lightening his own burdens, and had several times spoken to his mistress of the desirability of adding Juan to the household staff.

The reluctance which Mrs. Wallace had shown had grown more from her unwillingness to bring the crippled youth into the intimacies of the home than lack of inclination to lighten Joaquin's duties. She feared the effect upon little Agnes. The latter was a frail fairylike child, and might easily be frightened by the grotesque appearance of the cripple.

Between the two of them the young men had carried on an undiscourageable campaign to sell Juan's stock to Mrs. Wallace. On one occasion she

JUAN GETS A JOB

had found Juan pulling weeds in the garden, a task set for him by Joaquin. The previous day Mr. and Mrs. Wallace had risen to discover the sidewalk in front of their house neatly swept. In fact, Juan's diligence had led him to extend his administrations as far as the middle of the road. Mrs. Wallace had thus far proved adamant, however, refusing all Joaquin's pleadings that Juan be added to the staff.

There was something so amiable and at the same time respectful about Joaquin's persistence, that Mrs. Wallace felt her heart softening in spite of herself.

"Well, Joaquin," she said, "you seem determined that we should adopt Juan."

"He is a very good boy, Señora."

"But he has been traveling for years with that dreadful beggar crew."

"Oh yes, Señora, but he has left them. Juan has become a Christian."

"Do you think he is genuine in his conversion?"

"Why, Señora, Juan has not begged for a month. He has had a very hard time. He has tried grinding rice in Señor Albay's rice-mill, but the pay will hardly keep him."

"But what could we do with him, Joaquin?"

"He is very strong in the arms and can do all sorts of things. Look at the floors! He has gone over them with the banana stalk again and again."

Just then a clear, merry little laugh came from the adjoining room, and a silvery voice exclaimed,

"Horsey, horsey, me got horsey."

As Joaquin threw open the door little Agnes was

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

revealed seated astride Juan's back as he bent to his task of polishing the floor.

"Oh Mamma, Mamma, come, see. I'se dot horsey. It's Juan, Mamma. Agnes likes Juan. He plays horsey lovely."

As for Juan, recognizing the strategic strength of his present position, he raised his face to Mrs. Wallace with a respectful but most ingratiating smile. His broad mouth seemed to bespeak a kindly nature, and his large brown eyes were as gentle and faithful as a dog's."

"You win, Joaquin," laughed Mrs. Wallace. "If Agnes has joined your forces, it is useless for me to resist. We will pay your friend four pesos a month, with his living and proper clothes. He shall do the floors, weed the garden, and lighten your labors in whatever other manner your wisdom deems proper."

Hence it was a very happy Juan who prepared a half-hour later to accompany his friend to the Sunday-school service which was held in the provisional chapel of bamboo next door to the boys' dormitory. With his new-found dignity he had become somewhat solicitous about his personal appearance. The problem was solved by the loan of one of Joaquin's clean white house-jackets, with which Juan showed himself as pleased as a child, for it was the first decent garment he had ever donned.

Thus garbed, and with an old straw hat belonging to Mr. Wallace upon his head, he started happily upon the journey to the chapel somewhat in advance of the rest of the family.

JUAN GETS A JOB

As Juan stumped along the road he was overtaken by a group of small boys white-coated like himself, full of fun and frolic, and thoroughly enjoying themselves in the bright morning sunlight.

Nemesio was the foremost of the group. Indeed this was his customary position. He was a little demon. Excuse the term, but life ran high in his little soul, and if there was mischief to be plotted or adventure to be sought, Nemesio was sure to be among those present.

"Hello, Juan," called he as soon as he was within earshot. "Are you going to Sunday school?"

"Sure, I'm going to Sunday school, and you can't tell what's happened."

"What is it, Juan? Tell us."

"I'm going to work with Joaquin for Mrs. Wallace, and I started in this morning."

"Hey, boys," shouted Nemesio, "Juan's got a job," and, turning to Juan, "they dressed you all up, didn't they? But your trousers don't match your coat. Look fellows, look at Juan's pants."

But Juan's equanimity was not to be disturbed by the laughing of the boys.

"What's the matter with my pants? They are perfectly good pants. I made them myself last week. Joaquin gave me two empty flour-sacks and I sewed them together." Juan's veracity was fully attested by the three X's of a certain well-known brand of flour still legible in spite of many washings upon the seat of his nether garments.

"Come on, boys," said Nemesio, "we will celebrate Juan's job with a procession. He shall march

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

ahead and be captain." Thus saying he rapidly formed the lads into a military column, and they proceeded on their way singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

It was a difficult thing to adapt the marching air to Juan's slow progress, but fortunately they were not very far from the chapel, where they arrived in a few moments, Juan's cheerful face wreathed in a grin of appreciation.

The chapel was a provisional structure which was being used by the church of San Jacinto until such a time as funds should be forthcoming for the erection of a permanent building.

The boys and girls of the Home School were accustomed to sit together in the middle block of seats during the morning service which preceded the Sunday school. Having adopted Juan, they insisted on escorting him to the front of the chapel and giving him a seat in the middle of the row immediately facing the platform, much to his satisfaction.

The congregation had reverently gathered. There was silence in the chapel although the meeting had not begun, for the Filipino has a great respect for the house dedicated to the worship of God. The service was not conducted on this occasion by either of the missionaries, but was in the care of the Philippine pastor, Rev. Braulio Pobar. The latter was a man of perhaps fifty-four years of age. He was rather above the usual stature, presented strongly marked features, keenly intellectual, with a high forehead surmounted by abundant iron-gray hair.

Pastor Braulio's sermon was adapted to the needs

JUAN GETS A JOB

of his hearers. He knew that many of them were suffering inconveniences, business difficulties, and even real persecution for the sake of their new faith, and he spoke out of his own experience in an effort to show them the real meaning and value of the present sufferings.

“Brethren,” said he, “I have been speaking to you of the compensating glory which shall be revealed to those who suffer with and for the Master. But the glories which are in store for us in the life beyond are not the only benefits which will accrue because of these light sufferings of ours. In a box at home our family preserves the gold ornaments and the few jewels which decked the images we worshiped in former days. As you know, we put those images away and destroyed them when we found the one and only mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus. But the stripping of those images meant to us averted faces and cold looks. I well remember the day when he who had been my best friend passed me by without a word. It cut me to the heart and I pondered whether the cost were not too great, but I remembered the words of the Master, ‘Blessed are ye.’

“As a nation we are making progress in human knowledge and understanding. Our young men and women are acquiring a better education than ever their fathers had, and our schools are introducing them to subjects the names of which we never heard. But there is one thing absolutely certain, and that is that righteousness must be the basis of any real national progress, and that character in the young

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

men and women who must shortly assume the reins of power is the one prime essential for the true glory of the Philippines.

“This is why we are flinging aside the teachings which make religion a matter of money and salvation an excuse for sin, and are returning to the simple faith of Jesus Christ.”

Following the morning service the Sunday school was called to order. The attendance was practically identical with that which had made up the morning congregation, for great interest in the Bible is manifest among all classes and ages in the Philippines. Timoteo was superintendent of the Sunday school. He had made a study of several recent textbooks on Sunday-school methods, and had introduced a good many features found in advanced American Sunday schools. The school was divided into classes and graded. Timoteo inaugurated a new class on this particular Sunday. He grouped together a number of young men and older people who up to the present had never had the opportunity to learn to read. This was largely for Juan's benefit. The latter had approached him immediately after the church service,

“Señor Superintendent!”

“Yes, Juan, what can I do for you.”

“My mother could not read. She was one of the beggar gang and died in poverty and misery. My father could not read. He drank himself to death with *bino*. I cannot read myself, but I have just learned a little about the true story of Jesus. They

JUAN GETS A JOB

tell me his very words are in the book called the *Bagong Katipan* (New Testament). If I could read those words it would almost seem as though he were talking to me. Do you think I could learn to read?"

"Most assuredly, Juan. We will start a class today for you if you will find others to enter it."

"I'll do just that, Señor Superintendent;" and Juan was as good as his word, for in the interim between the morning service and the Sunday school he drew together some half dozen men and women who were anxious to join him in a New Testament reading-class. Among the members of the new class was Juan's friend Joaquin, who although he had been associated with the Sunday school for two years, had never felt the stirrings of an ambition to read. Juan was already having a good effect upon him.

Perhaps the opposite intellectual end of the Sunday school was the class in English for the young men and women of the high school. This was well attended, not only because of the students' inherent interest in the Bible, but also because it gave them an additional opportunity to practise their English.

This latter class was conducted by Mr. Wallace, who greatly valued the occasion for the contact it gave him with the brighter students of the school. Walking home with Doctor Murray after the Sunday school was over he spoke of the permanent results in the lives of the young men which he believed would be effected by the class.

"But isn't it true," inquired Doctor Murray, "that a good many of the students come simply because it

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

adds to their relatively few opportunities to talk with one who speaks English as his mother tongue?"

"Indubitably," replied Mr. Wallace, "but to my mind that does not detract from the value of the occasion in any degree."

"Some of them are quite bigoted Romanists, are they not?"

"Certainly, and they are placing themselves in a position of very serious danger if they are anxious to preserve the integrity of their old superstitions and practises."

"Do they ever challenge your opinions and attitudes?"

"Constantly. I invite inquiry and am always glad to have them compare view-points with me or frankly criticise any statement I may make."

"Do you find them altering their opinions in any degree?"

"That is one of the most encouraging things about it. They change insensibly. The simple teachings of the Scripture carry irresistible force, and before they know it they have drifted into a favorable attitude toward our view-point, and those who were at first most opposed will often find themselves joining me in making clear our attitude to newcomers."

"They seem greatly to appreciate what you are doing for them in the class."

"There is no doubt but that not a few of them will be among the real leaders of the Philippine people in the days to come. They may not all become evangelical Christians, although quite a large number have already done so, but it is quite certain that

JUAN GETS A JOB

their entire future activity will be more or less governed by the views they are now forming."

While the friends were pursuing their way to the Mission compound, Señor Braulio, the Philippine pastor, had remained behind and was in earnest conference with José Buenaventura, who had sought him out after Sunday school for counsel.

"Pastor," said José, "your words went straight to my heart today. I have a problem similar to the one you solved so bravely in your own experience."

"What is troubling you, José? I should be glad to help you, if I could."

"It is about my images. You know my aunt was a devout Catholic and had a collection of remarkably fine saints. They have fallen to me, and now that I have learned to worship the God who seeks for those who will worship him in spirit and in truth, I do not know how to dispose of them."

"That problem should not be a very difficult one to solve, José. Why not make a bonfire of them. Invite your friends, if you like. They will rejoice to know that you have escaped from bondage."

"But the images are very valuable, Pastor. We are not so well off as we once were. The bandits stole ten head of water-buffalo from us a few years ago. We have had other losses."

"Be very sure, José, that you will never be so poor as when you decide to profit by the sale of idols. Besides, who would buy them?"

"I have a purchaser all ready. Señor Perez is willing to pay me quite a fair price for them."

"What would Señor Perez do with them? Would

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

you be willing to encourage image-worship in others by putting idols in their hands?"

"But, Pastor, they will worship others if not mine. The images represent valuable property. Have we any right to destroy things of such intrinsic value? I could give a substantial contribution to the new church if I sold them."

"José, you must settle the matter with God. We have no father confessors in our church." With this they parted, and the pastor turned toward home accompanied by his wife and daughter.

CHAPTER VI

PAZ PLUCKS A CABBAGE. ANITA SEES THE HOME SCHOOL. NEMESIO GETS INTO TROUBLE

TERRACED gardens flanked the long Home School building. They lined the sides of a little valley in the shape of a horseshoe. A young girl of about twelve was working upon one of the upper terraces, weeding the garden. She was a well-grown child, with straight lustrous black tresses tied with an old yellow ribbon and hanging down her back.

This particular section of the garden had evidently been tended with great care. Its appearance did not offer much promise of a crop, however. There were some twenty or more pale and anemic-looking cabbage-plants, their leaves limp and straggling. Only one of them, and this occupying the very center of the patch, showed any evidence of prosperity. Its leaves stood up firmly, and there was an attempt at heading about its center where the crisp leaves curled tightly in together. It might have been taken for the queen of the little cabbage community, holding lordly sway over its lesser companions.

Paz appeared in a preoccupied and meditative frame of mind. She examined the queen cabbage with some curiosity and then turned to the poorer plants surrounding it. There were round holes in the leaves, and Paz turned them over to search for

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

the guilty worms, shaking a shower of dewdrops from each in the process, for it was the early morning hour. Finding a worm here and there, Paz ruthlessly destroyed them and turned again to the plump plant in the center. This time she gave it an even closer scrutiny, turning the outer leaves over and feeling the gnarled bulb in the middle.

Turning once more to the remainder of the patch she completed the examination of the lesser plants and then sat squarely down beside the queen cabbage, her bare feet encircling it.

"Now I wonder," said Paz to herself, "whether there are not more worms in the center of this plant. Here is a curled-up knob of leaves, just the sort of a place which worms seek to hide in. Mamma Shubert always tells us to be thorough in our work. I really think I ought to look inside. This may be the nest of the worms, and they will breed here and destroy the other plants."

So saying Paz deftly removed the outer leaves from the curly ball.

"All right, so far, but the worms would probably hide in the very center."

Leaf after leaf was uncurled, the outer ones breaking away in the process. It was just as Paz had reached the heart of the cabbage, finding it, much to her surprise, uninhabited, that Miss Shubert made her appearance.

Miss Shubert was clad in a blue print morning gown. Let it be told, she had high rubber boots on her feet and gardening gauntlets on her hands, one of which clasped a kitchen knife. Miss Shubert was

PAZ PLUCKS A CABBAGE

ready for business, and she approached the cabbage-patch with a pleasant smile of anticipation upon her face. Frankly, the cabbage-patch had been a disappointment. The seed from America had sprouted, and during the early days of their growth she had expected great things of these little cabbage-plants. Malnutrition had set in soon, however, and Miss Shubert had by this time become habituated to the thought that most of the plants would prove a failure. Her anticipatory smile was due to the fact that in the very center one plant out of the entire sowing showed promise. Tenderly she had watered and cared for it day by day. Perhaps it was her assiduous attention which had brought about the happy result. The day before she had made up her mind that on the morrow the cabbage might be cut, and she had conceived the generous thought of sending it to Mrs. Wallace as a tribute of affection.

"Paz!" ejaculated Miss Shubert. "What have you been doing?"

"I've been picking worms off the cabbages, Mamma Shubert. I was very careful to get them all, just as you said."

"But what have you done to the one big cabbage in the middle of the patch?"

"I was afraid there were worms in the middle of it. It was quite hard, and the leaves were curled up. I thought there must be worms in it, but there weren't."

Paz's last statement was sufficiently attested by the leaves which lay scattered about and the exposed heart of the outraged vegetable.

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"But Paz," wailed Miss Shubert, "this was the only cabbage which was amounting to anything. I wanted to give it to Mrs. Wallace, and you have spoiled it."

"I am sorry, Mamma. I did not know. I was looking for worms."

"Well, well. It is useless to fret about it now. But I am so disappointed. Here, take this knife into the kitchen."

The loud ringing of a bell summoned not only Paz and Miss Shubert, but the whole group of children who found a home in the Home School to the morning meal. There were nearly a hundred of them, boys and girls, in almost equal numbers. They filled the dining-room and took their places at the long tables. For the smaller children, some of whom could not have been older than three or four years, there was a low table suited to their diminutive stature.

After the children were seated and a simple grace had been said by the child designated by Miss Shubert, there was a slight confusion at one of the tables.

"What is the matter?" asked Miss Shubert.

"No spoons," responded Eugenio, who was captain of the boys' group during the present week.

"Why are there no spoons? Who set the table this week?"

"Benito," again responded Eugenio, indicating a bright little child of five years who stood with round eyes at the small table, an interested spectator of the disturbance.

PAZ PLUCKS A CABBAGE

"Benito," asked Miss Shubert, "why are there no spoons for the boys at the big table?"

"Not enough, Mamma Shubert."

But "Mamma Shubert" was wise in the ways of youth. "Eugenio," she said, "go up to Benito's bed in the dormitory and see if you can find them."

Benito subsided uneasily into his seat as Eugenio left the room, and in a few minutes the latter came back with about twenty spoons in his hand.

"Benito," said Miss Shubert sternly, "why did you hide the spoons in your bed?"

"Please, Mamma, I thought it would be nice to have a picnic with the other children this afternoon under the bamboo trees at the back of the school."

"It was very naughty of you, Benito. The next time you want a picnic come and tell me about it. As a punishment, Benito will be tied by the leg to his bed during the baseball hour and will spend the time polishing all the spoons."

Benito having been thus effectively disposed of, the meal proceeded in relative quiet.

After breakfast a brief period was given to morning prayers. Miss Shubert who fully recognized the deadening effect of a dull routine in however worthy a cause, varied the program considerably from day to day. Sometimes she asked the children to recite Bible verses referring to a particular subject or containing a chosen word. Their naturally retentive memories had been further cultivated by these tests and the quantity of Scripture memorized by some of these little ones was quite surprising. At other times she would conduct a brief question-box,

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

permitting the children to ask any question they desired on religious subjects. Once a week the prayer period was conducted in English, but Miss Shubert's familiarity with the native language was such that beginning her prayer in English she would be very likely to lapse unconsciously into the Visayan language during its course and finish with a devout "*Kabaypa*" instead of "Amen," in which she would be joined by all the children.

The dining-room which was in the lower story of the Home School building, opened into the large assembly-room, and here the children gathered a little later, for it was Saturday, and in place of the usual classes held on the other days of the week, it was customary on this day to assign to the children the responsibility for the tasks which were to occupy them during the week. The school was conducted upon a very low estimate of expense, and almost all the work of the home was done by the children themselves. This plan combined with economy the additional advantages of giving the children orderly habits and teaching them the care of a home.

The tasks were assigned by classes, and the monitors of each class acted as captains, receiving the assignment and dividing the class in its execution.

Seated in orderly array in the assembly-room the children awaited with a good deal of interest the announcement of the tasks. Some classes of work were more popular than others and each child hoped to receive his favorite assignment.

"Paz," said Miss Shubert, calling up the monitor

PAZ PLUCKS A CABBAGE

of the girls' sixth grade, "your class will be cook's assistants this week."

"Oh goody," exclaimed she of the black tresses and yellow ribbon, for it was the heroine of the cabbage-patch, "that is just what we wanted to do."

"Eugenio," continued Miss Shubert, "you and your boys will tidy up the ground and pick up papers and leaves."

"Yes, ma'am," responded Eugenio.

"Nemesio, you will do the sweeping this week."

A groan from Nemesio and a lugubrious sigh from the group of boys about him.

Thus Miss Shubert continued until all the classes had been given their appropriate tasks. She was about to dismiss the assembly when a little mite of a child not yet two years old started up from the little bench on the front row of the assembly and held up his hand. He was a funny little fellow with a big round head and appealing eyes. His dress consisted of a suit of blue rompers. Toddling forward to Miss Shubert's side as she concluded the assignments, he pulled her skirt gently with his little chubby hand.

"Mamma!"

"Yes, Miliano, what is it?"

"Mamma, you haven't given me any work."

"You, Miliano! Why you aren't big enough to do anything."

Two great oily tears started from the appealing eyes and began their course over the rounded cheeks. Miliano was the youngest child in the home. He had been abandoned by his mother the previous year

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

when he was but a baby of nine months. Miss Shubert had felt it almost an impossibility to undertake the care of such a very young child in view of the exacting routine of classes and domestic cares connected with the older pupils. The little waif was so helpless, however, that she had assumed the added burden, and he had very soon made a warm place for himself in every heart.

"You dear lamb," said she, "of course you shall have something to do. Paz," she added, turning to that young lady, "let him carry the spoons out to the kitchen when you clear the tables."

Paz and her companions repaired at once to the kitchen and were soon engaged in the congenial task of washing greens. Joaquin thrust his head in at the door of the kitchen.

"Paz," said he, observing the girls at their task, "I've brought you a visitor."

"Who is it?" she asked, her curiosity promptly aroused.

"It's little Anita, the blind girl," replied Joaquin, producing the timid little child from behind him.

"Oh yes," said Paz, "I know all about her. Miss Shubert told us about her being at the Sunday sing at Mrs. Wallace's and how Mr. Crum fell over your feet. Miss Shubert said it was very dreadful not to be able to see and taught us to thank God for our eyes."

"Well," said the matter-of-fact Joaquin, "here she is, and she's hungry. That's why I brought her. There wasn't anything left from breakfast at our house today. Have you got anything?"

PAZ PLUCKS A CABBAGE

"I don't know. We will ask Cook."

Cook was in the outer room caring for the fires. Her ready sympathy was elicited in behalf of the little blind girl, and she produced a large plate of rice and two small dried fish, all of which Anita disposed of promptly and appreciatively.

Having seen his little friend comfortably seated at her meal, Joaquin hastened away to his own morning duties. Paz kept up a running chatter with the little blind girl, asking her many questions about the beggar group, how she lived, and whether she liked to go to school.

When the plate was entirely emptied Anita sat by Paz and talked with her until the completion of the work, after which Paz volunteered to show her the house.

Notwithstanding her lack of vision, it was with the liveliest interest that Anita accompanied her new friend over the house and grounds. Paz explained to her the use of each room and described as well as she was able its appearance. Anita was particularly interested in the playground and the dormitories.

"Ah," sighed the little one, "how lovely it must be to live here and play with all the children every day. You must be very happy."

"Oh, we are," replied Paz, and then she was seized with an exciting idea which found expression in the sudden question,

"Couldn't you come and live here?"

"No, no," answered Anita, "Grandmother would never let me. She hates any one who speaks about

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

taking me away. The other day the kind American teacher, Mr. Crum, talked to her about it, and she became very angry."

"Perhaps we could persuade her. Miss Shubert could, I am sure. She can persuade anybody to do anything. Let's go and see her."

Reluctantly Anita accompanied her to the front room in the upper story where Miss Shubert sat sewing. It was the principal's sitting-room and reflected the personality of its mistress. There were touches of home on every side, a few choice pictures, several vases, sofa cushions on a long Japanese cane lounge, photographs of friends, and a phonograph.

"Mamma Shubert," began Paz, "excuse me for disturbing you, but I want you to see little Anita. Joaquin brought her. She is blind and poor. She has no one to take care of her except her grandmother, and she is cruel and beats her."

"Yes, I know little Anita," responded Miss Shubert. "I saw her at the Sunday sing."

"Don't you think it would be nice if she came here to live?" hinted Paz.

"I am very sorry, Paz, but you know we haven't very much money to take care of the children here. It comes from the children in America. Many of them are quite poor and give all they can afford. I am afraid we cannot take her just now."

"But Mamma, she is so poor and she wouldn't eat very much."

"I have taken child after child, Paz, beyond the number for which the support has been provided,

PAZ PLUCKS A CABBAGE

and I do not see how I can afford to take another. I am sorry we cannot take dear little Anita." There were tears in the principal's voice as she spoke.

Anita, recognizing the note of sympathy, said with a sigh:

"Never mind, Señora. I am very sure my grandmother would not let me come any way."

Sorrowfully Paz turned away and leading Anita by the hand left the room. Upon the floor below she encountered Eugenio and told him the whole story.

"Ay," said Eugenio, "I'm sorry Mamma Shubert cannot take Anita. I'll tell you what let's do. We'll get the rest of the boys and girls to agree to eat plain rice three days every week, and go without the fish or sauce we usually have with it. Perhaps we could save enough this way so that Mamma Shubert could take Anita."

"No, no," said Anita, "it is good and kind of you to want me. But I could never leave my grandmother." With this she ran hurriedly along the road leading to the entrance to the compound and so out toward the city.

In the meantime Nemesio had been conducting the operations of the class of which he was monitor after a different fashion. Nemesio was in that particular stage of development when his constructive possibilities as a leader strove with the tendency to mischief of all kinds inseparable from the gift of initiative in a boy of his age and cheerful spirits.

Nemesio was not lazy, but often gave the impression of being so. This was because he acted upon

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

the principle of never doing any work himself which he could get any one else to do. His decisions were as quick as lightning. Gathering his associates about the broom-rack, he speedily assigned the whole task to them.

"Listen," said he, "every fellow take a broom and sweep the room I tell him to. Rufo and José, you take the dining-room. Basilio and Gil, the assembly-room, David and Pedro the dormitory," and so on through the entire list.

Obedient to the command the group scattered, failing to observe that like a true captain Nemesio had assigned all the rooms to others, leaving himself at leisure. As in other countries it is sadly true also in the Philippine Islands that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Nemesio looked around for some interest upon which to bestow his abundant leisure. In assigning the sweeping of the upper-story rooms he had been led by the task up-stairs. Leaning over the balcony, he made the interesting discovery that he could just touch one of the bamboo poles which had been placed against the walls to enable the workmen who were mending the roof to carry on their task more easily. Miss Shubert had solemnly warned the boys and girls to leave the bamboo scaffolding strictly alone, but the Philippine boy has as much of the monkey in him as his American brother, and where was there ever a boy who could resist the temptation of a climb?

Nemesio reached out from the veranda, balancing himself perilously but skilfully by his naked toes

PAZ PLUCKS A CABBAGE

twisted beneath the balcony railing. A little more, and he had seized hold of a short branch which had been left in the stout bamboo pole. Swinging his whole weight on it, he was soon astride the branch, and from this vantage-point quickly made his way upward to the roof where the men had ceased work for the noon hour. Here he seated himself on one of the cross-pieces to which the thatch is tied and took a leisurely survey of the town which was stretched out attractively before him. The school was on a hill and the two stories and a half of vantage gave him a magnificent view over the surrounding country. He could look far away over the plains and rice-fields to the sea.

Nemesio began to think of the great ships which plied in these broad waters, of the countries whose shores were washed by them, and the cities adorning those far-away lands. Nemesio had the soul of a dreamer. He thought of America whence his friend and teacher, Caligula Crum, had come. He wondered whether he himself would ever see that wonderful land. Why not? Many a Filipino young man had gone to America for an education, why not he? He resolved that he would do his utmost to bring about such a longed-for result. He would study hard and get to be a teacher. He would save his money and embark in a great ship. He would go to a great American college. He would become learned and famous. At this point his companions below descried Nemesio in his airy retreat and called to him to come down. Throwing his leg over the cross-piece on which he was seated astride, he lowered

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

himself gently to the pole by which he had ascended, but suddenly the branch on which he had taken a firm hold snapped, and Nemesio came sliding and tumbling down the great bamboo trunk far more rapidly than he had ascended.

His companions below helped him to his feet, and Nemesio took stock of his injuries. His hands were lacerated from the nodes and broken branches of the pole. His body was bruised severely in several places, but the most serious wound was a deep cut on one leg. With the aid of his fellows he limped over to the hospital, where they were fortunate enough to find Doctor Murray at liberty. He placed soothing applications on the boy's lacerated hands and took several stitches in the wound in the leg after cleansing it thoroughly, and Nemesio went back home congratulating himself on having escaped with a comparatively light penalty from a situation which might have entailed much worse results.

But Nemesio was not to get off so easily as he supposed. In due time Miss Shubert heard of the escapade and read the culprit an appropriate lecture. The sequel developed about ten days afterward. The wound had healed perfectly and without incident, but Nemesio was suddenly taken with peculiar cramps and spasms, and in the course of a very few hours was in violent convulsions. Doctor Murray was sent for hurriedly, and at once pronounced the case one of tetanus or lockjaw.

"The wound was doubtless infected with the tetanus bacillus. It has healed up perfectly, but the present condition is very grave."

PAZ PLUCKS A CABBAGE

"Is there danger, Doctor?" inquired Miss Shubert.

"There is great danger. For some time to come he will require constant care, and I am afraid none of my little Filipino nurses is yet sufficiently advanced to give it."

"Then he must stay with me," said Miss Shubert. "I will place his bed in my sitting-room, where I can go to him at once night or day."

"It will wear you out," replied the Doctor. "You are already carrying burdens too great for you."

But Miss Shubert was firm. "His health is my responsibility," she said, "and I could not be happy without doing my best for him." So the cot was placed in her sitting-room.

It was a long and fierce battle which she fought for his life under the direction of Doctor Murray. Anti-tetanus serum was entirely unavailable. The spasms came on at frequent intervals and continued for long periods. The jaw would be rigidly locked and the extensor muscles so set as to force the boy's body into a backward bent bow, causing him the most intense agony. Repeatedly it was necessary to administer chloroform to break the spasm. Every noise or jar was sufficient to set the patient's muscles into tense contractions.

During the first few days of the child's illness Miss Shubert found it needful to delegate much of her work to native assistants, but she was aided by the real consideration shown by the boys and girls in the school who did their utmost to avoid causing the slightest disturbance.

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

Day after day the condition continued, and all through the long nights it was needful for the watcher to be on the alert. It was only after a week had passed that the spasms became less severe, and there was some indication that the patient might recover.

It was in the third week that Nemesio awoke from a light sleep one day and called to Miss Shubert:

"Mamma Shubert!"

"Yes, Nemesio."

"I've been sick a long time, haven't I?"

"Yes, Nemesio."

"Am I going to get well?"

"Yes, Doctor Murray says he is sure you will get well now. But there was a time when he was afraid you would not live."

"Mamma, I've been watching you. Night after night you have been up with me. I'm very much ashamed."

"Why are you ashamed, Nemesio?"

"I'm afraid I have not been a very good boy, Mamma. So many times I have disobeyed you, and even this sickness came because I was disobedient."

"Are you sorry, Nemesio?"

"Yes, Mamma, I am very sorry."

"Well, the New Testament teaches us that Jesus always forgives us when we are sorry, and I forgive you too."

"Mamma, you are very good. I shall try to do better and be more obedient after this."

CHAPTER VII

A NEW PATIENT AT THE HOSPITAL. CALIGULA FINDS CAUSE FOR THANKFULNESS.

AGAIN Caligula Crum's attention was called to the house next door by the grinding of the heavy oyster-shell windows in their frames as they were flung open, it must be confessed with some violence.

"Cal, come to the window. I want to talk with you." The vigorous accents of Doctor Murray awoke the echoes in the little alley.

"Halloa, man dear, why this vehemence?" replied Cal, speedily revealing himself at the window overlooking the alley.

"Didn't I charge you to see that this lad got plenty of air and sunshine? Here he is, with the doors and windows closed, and this thing they call a mosquito-net pulled down about him. It isn't mosquito-netting at all. It's a tent. Look, it's made of twilling." Doctor Murray indicated a cloth canopy which hung from a frame above the bed. It was presumably designed to keep the mosquitoes at their distance. In this it succeeded only too well, since it rigidly excluded not only mosquitoes but every breath of fresh air, being made of calico sheeting.

"Fact is, I've visited the family three times a day for the past week and labored with them on the subject."

"Well, come on over here. I want you to help me

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

talk to the family. I'd go down-stairs and come up the usual way if I were you." This was added to forestall the attempt to jump from window to window across the alley which Cal seemed about to make.

In a moment or two Cal appeared in the bedroom across the way where Doctor Murray was in conversation with the father and mother of the sick lad.

"I want to take him to the hospital," said Doctor Murray, turning to Caligula, "but they are reluctant to permit me to do so."

"You let me talk to them," returned Caligula.

"Señores," said he, "take the advice of my friend, the doctor. He is a medical man of eminence and discretion. He has cured thousands of people, many of them far worse than your son. He has even prescribed for me for the purpose of reducing my girth, and I am rigidly following his advice."

"Sir," replied the father, "we had a young daughter, the sister of this lad. She was a dear sweet child. She became ill with the very symptoms from which her brother suffers. We did everything in the world for her; shielded her from every draft; carefully shut all the windows and kept her from exposure, but in spite of all we could do, she went into a decline and died. We greatly fear lest Andrez should follow the same course."

"Did it ever occur to you that your treatment may have been wrong?"

"Sir, it may be so. But the wise ones all tell us to fear drafts and night air. We are very fearful of new methods."

A NEW PATIENT AT THE HOSPITAL

“ Friend, look at me,” said Caligula. “ Do I look healthy? ”

“ Sir, you are most divinely fat. Would that our son had half your proportions.”

“ Well, it was fresh air and sunshine gave it to me. Let Doctor Murray take your son to the hospital, and we will guarantee that he will show improvement in three days.”

After some further persuasion the old couple gave in, and the town carriage was called to convey the patient to the hospital.

Doctor Murray's medical work had had a most wholesome effect upon the evangelistic work throughout the province. It presented a vivid illustration of the spiritual healing found in the gospel. Just as Jesus went about preaching and healing so the two missionary friends were able to present together the same joint message. There was a grateful response on every side. The first attraction might often be the physical relief found in the dispensary, but this was often followed by the formation of spiritual ties which bound the patient firmly to the new faith.

The patients who attended the dispensary had many ways of expressing their gratitude. They sent bunches of ripe bananas, mangoes, rice, and occasionally a pig or goat. These gifts were used to help in the support of other patients too poor to provide their own living while under treatment. Doctor Murray particularly treasured a quaint letter which had been received from a grateful patient living in a neighboring town. It read thus :

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

ESTIMABLE SIR: I have the honor to inform you that I have cured with your eye-water the inflammation of my eyes and with your ointment the dandruff of my head. With the eye-water I have also cured Señores Aducinta, Simon, and two chickens. I profit by this occasion to ask you to send me some more ointment and eye-water and also a medicament against rheumatism. With thanks in advance, forgive the trouble,

Your affectionate friend and servant who kisses your hand.

Doctor Murray and the mother of Caligula's young neighbor accompanied the latter in the calesa to the hospital while Mr. Crum and the boy's father followed on foot.

It was perhaps fifteen minutes after the arrival of the calesa when Mr. Crum and his companion reached the hospital. A rather serious dispute seemed to be in progress on the side veranda. Doctor Murray and the head nurse, Miss Stearns, were standing beside the patient while the mother was gesticulating freely and uttering vigorous and voluble protestations. Caligula gathered the cause of the difficulty at once. Indeed, it was not difficult to do so, for the lady made the matter abundantly clear.

"But, Señor Doctor," cried she, "it is quite out of the question for him to be bathed. You do not seem to realize that he is a sick man."

"I assure you, Señora," responded the doctor, "that it will not hurt him in the least. On the contrary, it will do him good. We bathe all our patients upon entrance, even when they are much worse than your son."

"I am sure you must be mistaken, Doctor. My old grandmother used to tell me that water must

A NEW PATIENT AT THE HOSPITAL

not be applied to a sick person's body. Andrez has been in bed for a month, and we have been extremely careful not to bathe him all that time."

Miss Stearns, the superintendent of the nurses' training-school, who had been standing quietly by after receiving the doctor's instructions as to the necessary bath and preparations, now made an effort to soothe and reassure the distressed old lady. Speaking gently in Visayan she said,

"Do not be alarmed, Señora. We have just admitted a dear little baby. We bathed her as we do every patient, and the little one is as happy as can be and already seems better."

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed the distressed old lady. "What shall I do? Where is the carriage? Let us take our boy home again at once. He will surely die."

At this point the husband intervened. "Mother," said he, "I do not understand all these new ways, but we have brought the boy to the hospital. The doctor says he will be all right. We had better let them do what they think best and trust that he may get better notwithstanding it all by the mercy of God."

Seizing the advantage thus afforded, Miss Stearns gently took the weeping mother by the arm.

"Come, Señora," she said, "I will show you the little baby which has just been washed, and I am sure you will understand that we are not going to hurt your son, but make him well." Realizing the futility of resistance, the mother suffered herself to be led away, and was soon in raptures over the little

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

children, to whom she was introduced by Miss Stearns in the children's ward.

The hospital contained two stories. The lower was devoted to the dispensary rooms and laboratories and a little chapel where meetings were held for the walking patients and those attending the dispensary. After consigning the new patient to the care of a young orderly who took him away for his bath, followed by his solicitous father, Doctor Murray invited Mr. Crum to accompany him below for further consultation as to the improvements in the dispensary which were now nearly completed.

"The new arrangement is very much more commodious," said the doctor to his companion. "I am able to assign the patients to the proper rooms for treatment. Miss Stearns cares for all the dressings in this small room which is fitted up as a surgery. The next room is devoted to women patients, and the one adjoining it is a dark room for eye work."

"I should think you would find yourself overwhelmed with work," said Caligula.

"We have the thing pretty well organized," was the reply. "Miss Stearns takes the dressings, Mrs. Murray, who is also a trained nurse, cares for the women patients, and that leaves me all the new cases and those needing special prescriptions."

"Where did you get the money for the hospital?"

"Mr. Wallace secured it while he was in America. We had just succeeded in purchasing the land. He told the story of the work at San Jacinto, and several good friends who heard him were so interested that they gave the needed funds. His interest in

A NEW PATIENT AT THE HOSPITAL

the hospital has been keen from the beginning, and we are greatly indebted to him for his aid in many ways. He helps very much in carrying on the religious work which is done in the dispensary and hospital wards."

As the doctor and Mr. Crum completed their conversation Miss Stearns descended to say that the bath was completed and the patient put to bed.

"Where have you put him, Miss Stearns?"

"We have put him in the semiprivate ward." This was a small room capable of containing three patients where those who were able to pay for a relative degree of privacy were received.

"His parents are with him," went on Miss Stearns. "They seem to have come to the conclusion that the bath will not prove fatal. He is much brighter, and says he feels more comfortable than he has for a long time."

At this moment a loud knocking was heard at the closed door of the dispensary. It was not the hour for the reception of patients, but Doctor Murray went to the door and opened it. Without was an excited little barefoot man in a transparent jacket of native cloth and a pair of blue-jeans trousers.

"We have brought you a patient," said he.

"This is not the hour for the dispensary," replied the doctor.

"Ah, but he is very, very bad and we could not wait any longer. We have carried him in his chair all the way from Kasangalang."

In the roadway without Caligula noted a group of three men and a woman surrounding a native

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

armchair made of bamboo. In it was a young man of eighteen, heavily built, and originally a man of sturdy frame. He was now emaciated, worn, and pale.

"What is the matter with him, and why did you not carry him on a stretcher so that he might lie down?"

"It is his foot," replied he of the blue-jeans trousers. "He scratched it on a thorn three months ago. It became very painful and swollen, and he almost died. He could not bear to have us touch it, so we put him in this chair and tied his leg to the chair with cloths so that it could not move. He has been that way for weeks."

"And the smell has grown worse every day," added the woman.

Truly the odor which came from the affected limb could only be described as terrible. Doctor Murray was able to diagnose the case at once as gangrene even before seeing the wound.

"How have you been dressing it?"

"At first we washed it with some medicine one of the neighbors gave us, but lately we dared not touch it and have only put on fresh leaves."

The patient was carried into the dispensary. Miss Stearns called the orderly and antiseptic solutions were prepared. Then Doctor Murray undertook to examine the limb.

With the patient still seated in the chair in which he had arrived Doctor Murray cut the rags which bound the limb to the leg of the chair. An ejaculation of pain escaped the patient. An outer cloth was

A NEW PATIENT AT THE HOSPITAL

removed and a bunch of foul-smelling and blood-smeared leaves, when even the doctor fell back with an exclamation of dismay. A piece of bamboo had been nailed to the chair for the support of the foot, but with the loosening of the bandage the entire foot fell away, severed above the ankle by the gangrenous process.

The doctor carefully sponged the stump, removed the foul discharge, and applied clean bandages soaked in antiseptic solutions with layers of absorbent cotton for the protection of the limb. It was then possible to lay the patient out upon a stretcher and give him the bath of which he stood in such sore need.

His companions stood by during the process of the examination and dressing, lost in wonder and many a fervent *abaw* attested their admiration for the skilful attention given by the doctor and his assistants.

"Now," said the doctor, "he will do until tomorrow, and then we shall have to cut off the end of that leg and make him a good stump." Turning to the group which had accompanied him, he continued:

"Your friend is remarkably fortunate to have escaped with his life. Are you his relatives?"

"I am his mother," responded the woman. "These men are friends who helped to bring him from our village. We live away up in the hills. There is a little evangelical church in our village, and the deacon told us that if we would bring him here, the American doctor would be able to do something for him."

"We will certainly do our best," replied the doc-

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

tor. "Antonio," he continued, addressing the young man who assisted him in the dispensary, "take these people to the guest-house, and let them stay there for a few days until the patient commences to recover from the operation." Whereupon Antonio led them away to the rear of the hospital where was a native house of bamboo in which Doctor Murray was accustomed to house friends and relatives of patients.

"Well, Doctor," said Caligula Crum, "I have seen some horrible sights in my time, but frankly, I think that beats anything which I have ever witnessed." With these words he said good-by to the doctor and Miss Stearns, and went on his way whistling lugubriously a familiar tune to which, had he been singing instead of whistling, he would have attached these words:

This is a world of pain, and so
I have my share of sorrow;
But that poor fellow's load of woe
I do not wish to borrow.

CHAPTER VIII

CONCHING HAS A LESSON IN TAKING PULSES. MISS STEARNS PROVES HERSELF A MOTHERLY SOUL

ONE lone fly which had somehow succeeded in passing the screen-door guard, buzzed about the patient's head and made tentative efforts to alight upon his lips, in which it was constantly thwarted by the little nurse who stood at the head of the bed, fan in hand, and watched the patient as he slowly and painfully emerged from the influence of the ether.

Conching was thinking about the operation at which she had been present. She was a pleasant little girl. Pleasant is the right word, for there was such a cheerful placid air about her that she produced an effect both pleasing and salutary upon the patients. In stature she was not much to boast of. Indeed Miss Stearns, the superintendent, had been of two minds as to taking her into the training-school. It seemed impossible that she could ever grow strong enough or big enough to undertake the heavy tasks which sometimes fall to the lot of a nurse; but in the end her winsome smile and the little air of quiet confidence about her prevailed. Miss Stearns had so far found no reason to regret her decision. Conching looked very attractive in her costume of blue print, with white apron and bib adjusted neatly over it. She had not yet earned

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

her nurse's cap but was looking forward to it as a very great honor.

She fanned the persistent fly away from the patient's face again and felt his pulse. The pulse did not convey anything very definite to Conching's understanding, but she knew it was the proper thing to do, for she had seen Doctor Murray and Miss Stearns do it repeatedly. Besides she must learn about pulses sometime, and she might as well begin to practise. There was so much to learn.

While she stood deep in thought another nurse entered the room. Her name was Appolonia, and she was even newer than Conching herself. Approaching the bed, she inquired,

"How is he getting on, Conching?"

"All right, I think. Miss Stearns came in to see him a few minutes ago, and she said he was all right."

"Did you see the operation?" asked the second nurse curiously.

"Yes, indeed. It was the first I have ever seen."

"What did they do?"

"Ever so many things. I couldn't possibly remember them all."

"Did it hurt him?"

"Of course not. He was even sounder asleep than he is now."

"But didn't he wake up? I don't see how he could have stayed asleep when Doctor Murray cut him. My sister stuck a pin in me, and I waked up right in the middle of the night, it hurt so."

"It was the medicine which made him sleep. He

CONCHING HAS A LESSON IN TAKING PULSES

breathed it through a towel. Miss Stearns held it over his nose and mouth."

"What else happened?"

"Doctor Murray washed his hands."

"That's nothing. He's always doing it, isn't he? I never saw anybody wash their hands so much."

"Yes, but this was extra special. He scrubbed and scrubbed them till I thought he would never stop. Then he scraped out his finger-nails until there couldn't have been much left. Then he washed his hands again. Then he put them in some stuff that made them dark brown away up to the elbow. After that he put them in some white water, and they got all clean again. He made me do it too, although I was only handing him gauze sponges. He was very particular that I should do it right, and spoke quite sharply to me once. I never knew Doctor Murray to speak sharply before."

"Did he have any one else to help him besides you?"

"Yes, nurse Socorro helped him. She has been here so long she knew all about it and just went right ahead. They put towels about the leg, and Socorro painted it with iodine."

"Did you see them do the cutting?"

"No. I shut my eyes, and when I opened them there was a dreadful spurt of blood like a fountain. It spattered over Socorro's white gown. Doctor Murray said it was an artery and grabbed it quickly with a little instrument. Then they tied it up."

"My, I wish I could have seen it."

"You wouldn't have liked it. I was glad when

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

it was all over. It was so funny. They sewed it up."

"What do you mean by 'sewed it'?"

"Just exactly that. They took thread and a needle which was shaped like a new moon, and stitched it just the way you stitch your apron."

"*Abaw!* What was that for?"

"So it will heal up well. Don't you think it was wonderful? The man would have died without the operation. It was dreadful, but it is a wonderful thing to be able to save life. I should think they would hate the work, but they do it to help those who are sick."

Just then Doctor Murray entered.

"Well, Conching, how is our patient?"

"Very well, I think, doctor."

"Don't you know? Why don't you feel his pulse?"

"I did, doctor, but it didn't talk to me."

"Try it again, Conching, and we will see if we can make it talk. No, not your thumb. Feel it like this."

Placing her fingers in the position indicated Conching was glad to feel the throb of the pulse beneath them.

"Count the beats," said the doctor, handing her his watch. Conching did her best but without great success.

"You can at least feel the beats, steady and regular, beneath your finger? Well, they mean that his heart is doing good work. Listen to it now with your fingers. It says, 'All-right-all-right-all-right.'"

CONCHING HAS A LESSON IN TAKING PULSES

The patient had now recovered consciousness, and his friends were permitted to see him, but were cautioned to refrain from conversation. The two nurses had been called to the noonday meal.

In the opinion both of Miss Stearns and Doctor Murray the nurses' training-school constituted one of the most important phases of the hospital work. Popular knowledge of hygiene was practically non-existent in the Philippines, and such ideas as were current were based often on the grossest misapprehensions. The importance of fresh air, exercise, properly regulated diet, and regular bathing were not understood even as applying to health, and in sickness the suffering of the patient was often aggravated by superstitious practises handed down from older generations. Miss Stearns believed that some knowledge of domestic medicine and nursing was essential to a happier and healthier condition in the archipelago, and it was her ambition to give a real nurse's training to as many young girls as possible. It may be added that she found many of them well adapted to the work. The intelligence and capacity which some of them displayed gave her much encouragement.

The nurses' home was a bamboo building at the right of the hospital in the grateful shade of a mango tree. It was well constructed for its purpose. The floors were of wood, and the roof a thick palm-leaf thatch. There was a commodious sitting-room well supplied with books, magazines, and games for the entertainment of the young women when they were off duty. Each of the bedrooms was arranged for

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

the reception of three, and was provided with iron cots, clothes-presses, tables, and comfortable chairs. Miss Stearns' own rooms were in the right wing of the hospital. They consisted of a small bedroom with an adjoining sitting-room, the doors of both opening on the broad veranda which Miss Stearns had adorned with potted plants and ferns. Shading the veranda was the heavy foliage of the moon-vine which grows luxuriantly in the Philippines.

Conching repaired to the diet-kitchen and emerged in a few moments bearing in each hand a tray. Upon the veranda outside the door two men were waiting for her. One was a sturdy and robust man of middle age, the other, emaciated and meager, but they were alike in having each lost an arm above the elbow and in having reached about the same stage in convalescence.

"Good evening, Makario and Benigno," said Conching to them. "What are you doing here?"

"We were waiting for you, Missy," replied the elder of the two men. "Your little feet must get tired running all over the hospital all day for all of us. Let us help you."

"But you can't help. You are not well enough."

"Oh yes, we can, Missy. We each have a good arm, and if you tie us together you could make one good man. See! It is Benigno's right arm and my left which are gone."

"All right. You shall help, but you must be very careful not to drop the trays." With this she disburdened herself of her load by handing one to each of the maimed patients.

CONCHING HAS A LESSON IN TAKING PULSES

"Come," she continued, "you shall carry the trays, and I will show you what to do with them."

The first contained a bowl of thin rice gruel and was for the patient on whom the operation of the morning had been performed. He was very much brighter but had little stomach for food. His mother and friends were with him, and they greeted Conching with profound respect. The operation was in their opinion little less than miraculous, and they endowed all who had even the smallest part in it with well-nigh superhuman attributes.

The other tray contained a more substantial diet and was for a small patient who occupied a bed in the semiprivate ward with Caligula's friend Andrez.

Pedro was up and seated beside his bed. He was a lad of about fourteen years, but undersized for his age. His eyes were dull and his face puffy. He had been in the hospital for some weeks suffering from a severe form of cardiac trouble.

"Good evening, Pedro," said Conching, "see! Makario has brought your supper. Wasn't it kind of him?"

"I'm not hungry, Señorita," replied Pedro.

"But you must try to eat. Here is some well-cooked rice and a lovely little fish. I am sure you will like it."

"I cannot eat, Señorita. Did you know that I must go home tomorrow?" This the child asked, well-nigh weeping.

"Yes, Pedro. I had heard so. We shall miss you very much."

"But Conching, I don't want to go. I love it here."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"We are all very sorry, Pedro. But you know the hospital isn't very large, and there are lots of sick people who need help."

"But I am just as sick as they are. Why can't I stay?"

"What did the doctor say to you, Pedro?"

"He said he was very, very sorry, but that he had done everything he could for me, and that he wanted to put another patient in this room, and I must go."

"Well, you believe the doctor, don't you?"

"Yes, yes. He is very, very kind. But I do so want to stay. What is the matter with me, Conching?"

"It is your heart, Pedro."

"I don't understand it. So many people come into the hospital very ill. The doctor puts them to sleep and takes them into the little room and cuts them open, and then after a while they get well and go away. Why can't he make me well?"

"Your case is different. It is your heart."

"Conching, will you say something to the doctor for me?"

"What is it, Pedro?"

"Will you tell him I want him to put me to sleep and take me into the little room? Then he can take out my heart and make it well and put it back."

"Pedro, dear boy, the doctor would have done that long ago if it were possible. Tell me, you are glad you came to the hospital, even though we cannot cure you, aren't you?"

"Yes, yes, Conching. I have heard so much that

CONCHING HAS A LESSON IN TAKING PULSES

is good here. The doctor says that although my heart is too bad to get well, Jesus will heal my spirit, and by and by when I go to be with him I shall be as strong as any one else."

A light had crept into the lad's dull eye and a more contented expression appeared upon his face.

"You will not forget those words, will you, Pedro? And you will pray every day to Jesus?"

"I surely will. Look! Conching, at the little New Testament Miss Stearns gave me. I am to take it with me, and I shall read it to my father and mother."

As Conching left the room accompanied by her two retainers, Doctor Murray appeared upon the veranda outside the window and with him Caligula Crum, who had come to inquire as to the welfare of his friend Andrez.

"Halloa, Andrez," called he, through the open window. "How are you getting on?"

"Fine," replied the young man, who was reclining in bed, propped up by a back rest, "the windows and doors have been open all day, and tomorrow Miss Stearns says I may lie out on the veranda on a long chair."

"What does your mother say about it?"

"Mother says she isn't quite certain whether the doctor has used magic or whether the Blessed Virgin has listened to her prayers, but since she has been praying and burning candles ever since I got sick, and there was no improvement until I came here, she rather inclines to the first view-point and hopes it is not black magic but white."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"Well, you take my word for it. It isn't magic, either black or white, but God's clean air and a little horse sense. They make a good combination." Miss Stearns had approached while Caligula was speaking and now addressed him:

"Mr. Crum, it is just about dinnertime. Miss Burton is taking dinner with me tonight. Won't you stay too?"

Would he? Well, rather. It was with the utmost difficulty that Caligula prevented himself from going down on his knees and kissing the hem of Miss Stearns' beautiful white uniform. He actually did take both her hands and, shaking them with great empressement, rendered thanks of the most enthusiastic character.

"Miss Stearns," said he in his usual extravagant fashion, "I am a miserable lone bachelor. The doctor tells me that I am suffering from an expansion of girth. I admit it. I am familiar also with the popular dictum that no one harbors sentiments of affection for the portly. It reflects therefore even greater credit upon your kind heart that you should take pity on the unfortunate; but I know that it is your nature to minister to the needy. I shall stay with the utmost pleasure."

Had Miss Burton been entirely honest with herself she would have confessed to a similar sentiment of pleasure upon hearing that Mr. Crum was to make a third at the little dinner-party, but having taken up a critical attitude toward her fellow teacher she was not quite magnanimous enough to rise immediately above it. However, she greeted Caligula

CONCHING HAS A LESSON IN TAKING PULSES

pleasantly, and her smile immediately translated him to the seventh heaven.

Miss Stearns had herself taken the place at the table which required the turning of the back to the windows so that her guests might have the pleasure of the pleasant views visible through them.

"Look at my fire-tree, Mr. Crum," said she. "It is just beginning to break into bloom. Isn't it magnificent?"

The fire-tree, sometimes called the *dab-dab* or flame-tree by the Visayans, was adorned by splashes of brilliant crimson where the new blossoms broke from its bare limbs. But Caligula had little attention to spare for the fire-tree.

"Adorable," responded he, keeping his eyes fixed upon Miss Burton, whose seat commanded the view through the window in the wall at right angles to Caligula's.

"That's rather a strong adjective, Mr. Crum, and not entirely appropriate," said Miss Stearns.

"Have a heart, Miss Stearns. I was thinking of something else," replied Caligula, flushing a deeper red than was common even to his fresh complexion. Probably it was the latter circumstance which called to Miss Burton's mind an occurrence of the day at school which she proceeded to relate.

"Did you hear of the complimentary reference which one of the children in the fifth grade made to you?" she inquired, addressing Mr. Crum.

"No," he replied. "I am glad to know they were able to say anything good of me."

"Ah, but that depends on the point of view," she

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

continued. "In the geography test the children had been asked to name the various races, giving an example of each. One of the children wrote: 'The white race live in Europe and America; the black race, in Africa; the brown race live in the Philippines; the yellow race, in China; the red race live in America. Mr. Crum is an example of the red race.' It was a natural error. He had never seen a red Indian, and Mr. Crum has kept his American complexion longer than most of us."

"Thank you for that at least, Miss Burton. Coming from you it possesses additional value."

"Oh don't thank me, Mr. Crum. I was merely passing on the ignorant comment of the child."

Caligula rose from the table humming under his breath "Tell me why you scorn me so," and was only partially comforted by the opportunity which occurred after dinner of joining with Miss Burton in the singing of several duets to Miss Stearns' accompaniment.

CHAPTER IX

JOAQUIN AND JUAN MAKE CONTRIBUTIONS. THE PROGRESSIVE DINNER. HOPE FOR CALIGULA

JUAN was down on his knees, not praying, though he did that often enough too, but bending his back to his daily task. Never had Mrs. Wallace's floors borne so high a polish and Juan's face shone almost as highly as his work. He was singing as he rubbed the floor with the oil-soaked cloth:

*Oh kalag, paghimulat
Nga magabyan ka kay Kristo.*

It was a native hymn adapted to the tune "When He Cometh to Make Up His Jewels." Like most Filipinos Juan was naturally musical, and although his reading was still very defective he added weekly to his repertoire of hymns.

The dining-room completed he pushed and oiled his way through the connecting passageway to the detached kitchen where he found Joaquin preparing vegetables for dinner. The latter was preoccupied with a subject to which he had evidently been giving considerable thought, and with Juan's entrance he broached it at once.

"Juan!"

"Yes, Joaquin."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"Señora gave you your first month's pay yesterday afternoon, didn't she?"

"She certainly did, friend of mine, and they were the first shining pesos I ever had;" with this Juan continued to sing perhaps with double meaning:

Happy day, happy day.

"How much did she pay you?"

"Four pesos. I never had so much in my life."

"What will you do with it all?"

"Well, I owe two pesos to the tailor who made my trousers. Señora said she didn't like my flour-sack pants for Sunday."

"Listen, Juan. I was down at Macaw's dry-goods shop yesterday and saw a fine silk handkerchief. It was a beautiful bright yellow with a green border. Macaw said they had just come from Manila. I think I shall buy it. Why don't you get one like it too? Macaw has lots of lovely things. When I go to the market, you ask Señora to let you go with me, and we will go to the shop and have a look at the things."

"That sounds fine," replied Juan wistfully. "I should like something of that kind. I never had anything new and bright. But there is something else I have quite set my heart on."

"What is it, Juan?"

"Well, I've got two pesos left." Juan felt in his pocket and drew out a dirty piece of rag which he slowly untied, drawing out two shining Conant pesos, new specimens of the recent Philippine coinage. "You know this week Señor Braulio and the deacons

JOAQUIN AND JUAN MAKE CONTRIBUTIONS

of the church are asking for contributions to help them to complete the church which has been so long building."

"What is that to you? Let the rich people give the money."

"But last Sunday Señor Braulio read the story of the poor widow who had two cents and gave them both. I am lots better off than she was, for she had nothing else to live on, and Señora gives me my living so I shall not go hungry anyway."

"Well, how much are you going to give? A peseta?"

"I thought I should like to give the whole two pesos."

"What! give all you have left from your pay! Why, you must be crazy."

"Now, look here, Joaquin. I don't think you've got this thing straight. What's the church for?"

"How should I know? I've never thought about it."

"Yes, you do know. You only think you have never thought about it."

"Well, I suppose it's for the pastor to preach in."

"All right, what do they preach about?"

"They preach about Jesus and salvation."

"Well, what is salvation?"

"Why it's being forgiven for the wicked things you've done."

"I suppose you never did anything wicked."

Joaquin's memory conjured up certain decidedly unsavory passages of his previous life. "Oh yes, I have. I guess everybody has."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

“Well, Christ gave all he had to save me from my sin. I guess I can afford to give these two pesos to help build a place to tell about him in. Do you remember how he suffered, Joaquin?”

The ready sympathy of the younger lad was at once elicited. “You’re right, Juan. I guess I’ll give too. I can wait for the handkerchief until next month.”

Juan had enough of the instinct of the insurance agent to desire to secure the bargain at once.

“Fine, Joaquin,” said he. “We’ll ask Señora if we can go to the market at once, and then we will stop at Señor Braulio’s house on the way and give him the money.”

The two lads were soon on their way to the town, Joaquin accommodating his pace to Juan’s slow shuffle.

There was a good deal of excitement among the members of the evangelical church at San Jacinto this week. It marked the culmination of two years of effort. The church still worshiped in a provisional structure of bamboo, but the new building was under construction upon the corner of the same lot. It was being built of stone, with large windows of glass and a cement floor. Its façade presented a portico with four beautiful Corinthian pillars with stone steps leading up to it. The building was roofed with corrugated iron, and such timbers as had been required to support the roof were of hard and enduring wood.

Señor Manuel Gregorio had been more responsible than any one else for the progress made with the

JOAQUIN AND JUAN MAKE CONTRIBUTIONS

chapel. Very soon after the beginning of the evangelical work in San Jacinto he had perceived the importance of a suitable place in which to worship, and had one day brought to Mr. Wallace two sheets of drawing-paper upon which he had roughly outlined the front and side elevations of a possible house of worship.

Mr. Wallace had recognized at once the practicability of the plans. They were quite simple, but the lines were good, and it seemed manifest that if they could be carried out the resulting building would be well suited to the needs of the little church. Moreover, Mr. Wallace was delighted to see this evidence of strong interest and initiative among the members. Señor Manuel had from the beginning been the warmest friend of the evangelical work. He had displayed a broadness of vision and kindness of spirit which had made it a constant delight to work with him. He was small of stature, but had a high forehead and a round cheerful face which it was a benediction to see. He was not by profession a builder, but in the course of numerous business negotiations had acquired experience which fitted him to take charge of the building enterprise.

Caligula Crum was again on his way to visit his friend Andrez in the hospital. Passing the new church building he was interested to note that considerable progress had recently been made. The words *Iglesia Evangelica*, meaning "Evangelical Church," had been carved in the stone over the portico. The iron roof was now completed, the doors had been hung, and the workmen were engaged

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

in putting in the glass windows of alternate green and white panes.

In front of the building two lads were engaged in rather a curious proceeding. They were spanning the front of the building with their hands, and talking together with a good deal of interest. One of the young men was a cripple and shuffled along haltingly upon his knees.

"It's about here, Joaquin," said the cripple to his companion.

"No, Juan," was the reply. "I think it is two spans this way." Upon this the lads made their way to opposite sides of the building and began the task of spanning toward the center. Meeting about the middle of the building their tally fortunately proved to agree.

"This is certainly the place," said Joaquin.

"Yes," replied Juan. "And here is a beautiful big square stone marking it."

"What are you up to, boys?" interjected Caligula. "Are you searching for hidden treasure? You surely don't expect them to let you remove that stone, do you?"

"No, Señor," replied Juan eagerly. "But we have just been to the pastor's house to take our contributions for the completion of the church. We thought we should like to put our initials on the stone which our money pays for, and the pastor told us we could pick out any stone we liked, only we mustn't write so large that any one could see it."

Caligula smiled as he inquired,

"Well, have you found the right stone?"

JOAQUIN AND JUAN MAKE CONTRIBUTIONS

"Yes, this beautiful square stone is right in the middle. Juan has chosen this one. Mine is the smaller one just above it. I gave one peso and Juan gave two."

"You must be rich young men to be able to give your money away so freely."

"No, not at all. But this week all those who are interested in the evangelical work are bringing their gifts. Every time the preacher tells the story of Christ from the pulpit in this church, I shall feel as though I were standing by him." This from Juan.

"Do you think the pastor would accept any help from the Americans?" inquired Caligula.

"Would you like to stand by the preacher too?" responded Juan.

"I have never tried anything of the kind," said Caligula, "but I rather think I should."

"Well, you stop at the pastor's house, it is the fourth on the other side of the street, and talk to him about it. I think he may be willing to let you help."

With this Juan turned to the task of scrawling a rude "J" with a rusty nail upon the face of the stone which he had chosen. Having completed it to his satisfaction he contemplated it with an admiring expression.

"Here is the nail," said he to Joaquin. "You go ahead and make yours."

"Juan, that's a beautiful 'J.' I think you had better make mine." Joaquin had good reason to be somewhat diffident about his calligraphic powers.

"All right," responded Juan, nothing loth. In a

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

few moments a similar "J" adorned the face of the stone above Juan's.

"There," said Joaquin, "now you and I know which part of the building we paid for."

"Hold up," said Caligula who had been an interested spectator. "How will people know which is which. You have put 'J' on both of them."

"Oh, that's all right," promptly responded Juan. "God and the angels will know."

This answer being quite conclusive Caligula went on his way, and as it led past the house of Señor Braulio Pobar he took the opportunity of ascending the broad staircase and entering the sala, where he found several people gathered, among them Señor Manuel Gregorio, the architect and builder of the church.

He was received with the fine courtesy which many of the Filipinos have learned from their Spanish fathers.

"Good morning, Señor Pobar," he began. "I think I have never had the pleasure of visiting you before, but there is a matter concerning which I should like to have a word with you."

"I am your servant, Señor," replied the pastor, "and my house is at your disposal." He was then presented to Señor Manuel and the group gathered about the little table by the window.

"I am very much interested in the church you are building, Señor Manuel," he continued. "I wish you would tell me about it."

"I am afraid the work is very defective," said Señor Manuel. "I am not a builder by profession,

JOAQUIN AND JUAN MAKE CONTRIBUTIONS

but I have had some experience in erecting other buildings, and when the Master sent us the gospel and our little group learned what it meant to have access to God through the one and only Mediator, Christ Jesus, I felt at once that it would be a great privilege to build a permanent house of worship where the Word of God might be preached freely each Lord's Day."

"It must have been a difficult task for you to undertake without the services of a contractor."

"Not so difficult as you might suppose. Most of the houses and buildings in San Jacinto have been erected in this way. I have had to do with the building of a good many of them. Besides, all the brethren were ready and anxious to help."

"How long have you been at work on it?"

"Nearly two years. You see we are a more leisurely people than you Americans. I was anxious that the work should be well done and that all the materials should be good."

"It looks to me like a fine piece of work. Where did you get the materials?"

"The stone came from the village of Balagay up the coast. It is a soft coral rock, but very durable. Most of the stone buildings in San Jacinto are made of it, and some of them have been standing for decades."

"How did you get the stone here?"

"That has been one of the greatest difficulties. It has to be brought in dugout canoes from the village, down the coast and then up the river. It could only be done in fine weather, as the canoes are very

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

heavy when laden, and even a moderately rough sea might swamp them."

"Who did the masonry work for you?"

"We have a very good stone mason named Basilio, who is a member of our church. He has contributed freely a good part of his work."

"I noticed you had some fine timbers in the roof."

"Yes, we got them in the hills in the interior of the province. They are of *nara* wood and will last practically forever. There is a house on the river-bank with posts made of this wood. They are set in the mud and water. The house is a hundred years old, and the posts seem to be as good as new."

"What about the white ants? Aren't you afraid of them?"

"No," responded Señor Manuel with a smile. "The white ants will reduce ordinary woods to a fine powder, but this seems to be too tough for their teeth, and they leave it alone."

Caligula had had some experience with the white ants himself, and recalled that Mr. Wallace had told him laughingly a few days before of their having invaded a box of his goods, thoroughly pulverizing his books and even digesting a bundle of old sermons.

"The building is nearly done now, is it not?" he continued.

"Nothing remains but the ceiling and interior decorating," answered Señor Manuel.

"What sort of a ceiling are you going to have?"

"It is a very remarkable ceiling," replied Manuel. "It is made of *amakan* or native matting, and is woven without seam throughout like the seamless

JOAQUIN AND JUAN MAKE CONTRIBUTIONS

garment of our Lord. We have it rolled up in the church ready to put up."

"There must have been a great deal of expense connected with all this work," said Caligula turning to the pastor.

"It has been done at a minimum cost on account of there being so much voluntary service, but I suppose the expense has not been less than five thousand pesos."

"I met two lads down the street who were evidently among your contributors. They were endeavoring to earmark the stones which their money had paid for. The cripple seems to be quite a character."

"You may well say that," replied the pastor. "Juan shows remarkable spiritual perception. A very few weeks ago he was among the group of beggars who make their weekly mendicant rounds of the town. The gospel seems to have entirely transformed him, and he is now influencing many who have been familiar with the evangelical message much longer than has he."

"Juan said you were planning to raise the money needed to complete the building this week."

"Yes, the friends have been coming in all day bringing their contributions; many of them have been quite generous."

"I asked Juan if he thought you would let me contribute. He put the whole matter on a high spiritual basis, and said if I really wanted to support the preaching of the gospel you might let me."

"We should be greatly honored and should ap-

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

preciate your generosity, Señor," replied Señor Braulio.

"How much more do you think you will need."

"With another thousand pesos I believe we can complete the building without debt."

"Well," replied Caligula, "I should like to bring the matter to the attention of the other Americans, for I believe all of them would wish to help. Tonight we shall be meeting together, and I will speak with them about it."

The gathering of which Caligula had spoken to the pastor was of rather an unusual nature. The little colony of Americans in San Jacinto was composed of very busy people. Each one had his specific task which in most cases fully occupied both time and attention. America's experiment in the Philippines is one which has elicited a remarkable degree of loyalty upon the part of most of those having part in it. In the earlier years of the American occupation large numbers of young men and women were sent to the Islands to assist in the reorganization of the social and political life. At one time upward of two thousand school-teachers, both men and women, were employed by the insular government. Besides these there were officials in various departments, including the constabulary, the treasury, and the coast and geodetic survey. The stipends paid were very nominal, and few able men and women would have been attracted to the service for financial gain. A number of motives operated to draw, on the whole, a very desirable class of young Americans into the service. There was the opportunity of immediately

JOAQUIN AND JUAN MAKE CONTRIBUTIONS

placing oneself upon the completion of the college course; there was the love of adventure; there was the privilege of visiting foreign shores, for the journey to the Philippines usually made it possible to see something of China and Japan on the way, and last, but far from least, there was the realization upon the part of many that America's honor was pledged in having assumed the guidance of the little infant nation during the turbulent years which must intervene between the cessation of Spain's domination and complete independence. The Stars and Stripes temporarily floating over the archipelago is the flag of the elder brother, and America's representatives usually felt pledged to offer their best efforts to bring about such development as should soonest lead to the desired goal.

Coupled with the privileges of Philippine residence there were many deprivations; perhaps the most serious being the relative isolation suffered by those living away from the two great centers, Manila and Iloilo. The members of the little colony at San Jacinto were thus thrown closely together, and were largely dependent the one upon the other for social life. For the present evening a joint progressive dinner had been arranged. Mrs. Wallace had frequently entertained the larger part of the American group and the progressive dinner had grown out of a laughing suggestion of Caligula's that they ought to reciprocate, and that for his part he should be glad to provide the soup. He was a little nonplussed upon being taken at his word, but being a young man of resource had made shift in his slender

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

ménage to provide in rather a novel way for his guests.

When the laughing group of guests arrived at Caligula's lodgings at the appointed time he received them gravely at the foot of the staircase and led them solemnly to the large room which he occupied in the upper story. It had been carefully prepared for the occasion. All the furniture had been removed with the exception of one small table, which was placed in the center of the room. Upon this table was an enormous bowl which contained a savory and steaming soup.

The individual soup dishes had been placed in orderly array on the window-sills on two sides of the room, the windows having been flung wide for the purpose.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Mr. Crum, "permit me to introduce you to the Crum cafeteria. The lunch counters are ready for your use. Señor Benigno, the celebrated chef from the New York Bowery, and your humble servant will serve."

"Your product certainly does credit to the institution, Mr. Crum," said Lieutenant Robinson, after he had tasted the savory compound, "where did you get the recipe?"

"Sh!" replied Caligula in a stage whisper. "It is a great secret. I got it out of a text-book on the science of gastronomics."

"You might give me a little more," went on the Lieutenant.

"With the greatest pleasure in the world," responded Caligula. "The fact is I hope each of

JOAQUIN AND JUAN MAKE CONTRIBUTIONS

you will take three or four plates. I fear I may have overestimated the required quantities of the ingredients."

"How did you make it, Mr. Crum?" inquired Mrs. Wallace. "It is excellent."

"Well, the fact is I didn't know just how to proceed, but I thought I had better start with the basic ingredient. I decided on pea soup, and as there were to be fifteen of us present I bought ten cans of peas."

"Ten cans," laughed Doctor Murray. "What did you think you were about? Getting up a meal for a regiment?"

"You know I suspected afterward that perhaps I had used a can or so too much."

"Well go ahead with your story, Mr. Crum," said Wallace. "What did you do next?"

"I put the milk in next. Six cans of it. Then the salt and pepper. Somehow it didn't seem quite right. It took such a lot of water to make it the right consistency. Benigno and I have been working on it for quite a while. We got it all cooked at last. Had to do it in three instalments. I hope you like it. Do have some more," he concluded anxiously.

"No, no," protested Mrs. Murray. "We must save room for the other courses."

The Captain had finished his second plate by this time and approaching the center table, he said, "You certainly seem to have a good deal left."

"Oh, that's nothing," replied Caligula anxiously. "I have a wash-boiler half-full in the other room."

"Then I can see where your lad Benigno invites

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

all his friends and relatives to a soup feast after we leave tonight," said Lieutenant Robinson, laughing.

At this moment the door opened and the little blind girl entered from the adjoining room bearing a tray with small dishes of olives, almonds, and salted peanuts.

The guests who recalled having seen Anita at the Sunday sing had many a kind word for the little blind girl and her face was radiant with the pleasure and novelty of the occasion.

"Come," said the jovial lieutenant, "let's take Anita with us." Lifting the little one upon his shoulder, he led the way down-stairs and across the street to his own residence which was on the opposite side of the street not far distant.

A very different scene was presented for the second course. The dining-room was tastefully decorated with flowers and ferns. The lieutenant had expended a great deal of care upon the preparation of the fish course. A long table was covered with a snowy cloth and in the center was an enormous fish cooked whole and served upon a great improvised wooden platter, for no china dish of sufficient size had been procurable.

The guests took the places about the table, Anita beside Caligula. The latter began the fun by emitting a profound groan as soon as all were seated.

"Observe," said he, calling attention to the great fish. "In the language of the immortal Irishman, 'here we are confronted by the opportunity of a lifetime and too replete with soup to do it proper justice.'"

JOAQUIN AND JUAN MAKE CONTRIBUTIONS

“Cheer up, Cal,” said Doctor Murray. “You have already provided us with the proper element in which a fish may live and prosper.”

Caligula alternately enlivened the occasion with his jests and chattered in Visayan to little Anita. The liberal scale on which each course had been provided led the guests to look forward to the close of the dinner with jocular foreboding, but the little walks which intervened between courses as the guests made their way from one residence to another helped to settle the past and prepare for the coming course. The evening was calm and beautiful. A full moon lit the way with brilliant splendor and added a magic charm to the Oriental beauty of the night. The heavy perfumes of the tropical plants were all about them, and the witchery of the south seas was at the height of its enchantment.

Caligula was not the only one whose protecting sympathy Anita enjoyed during the evening. As the group was walking out toward the mission compound where they were next to enjoy the *pièce de résistance* with the Wallaces, Miss Burton felt a little warm hand steal into hers, and recognized little Anita who had found her out in the merry group and sought thus, although unconsciously, to manifest her sense of the kindness she had received at the hands of the little teacher. Since the day some weeks ago when she had taken Anita to the dispensary, Miss Burton had been devoting herself to the further study of the native language with such good effect that she now found herself able to carry on a conversation with the child.

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

“ Anita,” said she, “ how did you happen to be at Mr. Crum’s house tonight? ”

“ Oh, Mr. Crum is a very good friend of mine, and I go there often. He told me of the wonderful American *fiesta* you were going to have tonight and asked me to come. I like to hear the Americans laugh, and he said he thought they would laugh a lot tonight.”

“ What a lovely little red frock you have on. I have never seen you in it before,” pursued Miss Burton, who may perhaps be justly suspected of being willing to draw the child out.

“ Yes, isn’t it pretty? I often stroke it to see how nice and soft it is. Mr. Crum gave it to me. I keep it at his house, for grandmother would take it away from me and sell it to buy *bino* if I took it home.”

“ Mr. Crum has been very kind to you.”

“ Yes, yes. I don’t know what I should do if it were not for him. Whenever grandmother beats me I run away and stay in his house,” and with this the little child poured out the whole story of the night when she had taken refuge upon the sacks beneath the stairs, and of the effort Mr. Crum had subsequently made to get her away from her drunken grandmother.

By the time they reached the mission compound Miss Burton had fallen into a reverie. Her face was wreathed in a pleasant smile, and she clasped little Anita’s hand with what the little one found was a kinder and firmer grasp. The mild, perfumed breezes of the night seemed to have a mellowing effect upon Miss Burton’s temper, for certain it is

JOAQUIN AND JUAN MAKE CONTRIBUTIONS

that there was a kinder note in her responses to Caligula's fun-making.

It had fallen to the lot of Doctor and Mrs. Murray to provide the desert. Mrs. Murray was a famous cook, and the cake provided was such as to bring back the best memories of former days to the expatriates. It was something of a test to provide the finishing touches to a feast wherein each of those providing a course had done his best, and Doctor Murray had foreseen that the guests would arrive at the final stage of the dinner in much the same condition as the big python in the woods hard by which had recently strained its capacity by swallowing a goat. He had therefore facetiously placed at every plate a small pill-box containing one or more sugar pills. In the case of the lieutenant, however, who had distinguished himself at every course, the box was completely filled with the little pellets.

"What's this?" said the lieutenant, after having disposed of two pieces of Mrs. Murray's delectable cake. "Life-savers, as I live. We are safe in the hands of the *medico* and may indulge to our heart's content." With this he possessed himself of an additional slice of cake and after having disposed of it, swallowed the whole contents of the pill-box, announcing for the benefit of the table:

"Let every one partake and receive complete absolution for every diatetic sin. Doctor Murray's marvelous marbles for masticatory maladies."

"No," cried Caligula, seizing his opportunity. "The lieutenant has mistaken the object of these pill-boxes. True, the little pills will doubtless ward from

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

us the digestive disturbances to which we might otherwise be a prey, but the boxes will serve another use."

Doctor Murray shared no less than the others in the curiosity with which the termination of Caligula's speech was awaited, for the placing of the pill-boxes at each place had been a mere jest upon his part.

"I learned today from Señor Braulio Pobar," went on Caligula, "that an effort is being made this week to secure the additional funds needed to complete the evangelical church building which has been so long under way. We all appreciate the sterling worth of the men who have sacrificed so freely in the support of this movement, and I said to Señor Pobar this afternoon that I believed the Americans in San Jacinto would wish to help. My proposition is that any who wish to do so enclose their contribution in the little box which Doctor Murray has so opportunely provided. If you have come unprovided with money, write the amount of your subscription on the inside of the lid, and sign with your initials. I have only to add that there is need of one thousand pesos to complete the building without debt."

The suggestion of Caligula, which came as a complete surprise both to Doctor Murray and Mr. Wallace, met with unanimous approval, and for a moment the guests were busy with pencil and boxes.

It was then suggested that the boxes be rolled up to the end of the table where Caligula sat so that he might have an opportunity to compute the results,

JOAQUIN AND JUAN MAKE CONTRIBUTIONS

and much to the gratification of all the fund was found to amount to one thousand and five pesos. Caligula was unanimously deputed to bear the contribution to the pastor.

When the gathering broke up a few moments later, it fell out quite naturally that Miss Burton should find herself by the side of Caligula Crum on the homeward walk, nor did she make any effort to avoid him.

"Mr. Crum," she said, "I liked what you said and did tonight. It showed a genuine sympathy with a very worthy enterprise."

"Miss Burton," replied Caligula earnestly, "may I assure you that it was not mere impulse. I have been greatly impressed with the earnestness of the group of evangelical Christians at this place. I happen to know that they have suffered and sacrificed much for their faith. They have caused me to do some earnest thinking, for they seem to have a purpose in life which has hitherto been lacking in mine."

Little Anita, whose hand was firmly clasped in Miss Burton's, could not understand what was being said, but she furnished the cue for the latter's next words.

"Anita has been telling me how kind you have been to her. I am sure you have carried a great deal of sunshine into her darkened life."

No wonder that, after having left Miss Burton at the house which she occupied with two other American young women teachers from the high school, Caligula went on his way caroling lustily,

Who is so happy, so happy as I!

CHAPTER X

WALLACE AND MURRAY GO TOURING. THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE. DEACON TOMAS SWIMS THE RIVER

IN the starlight before the dawning, when the heavy dew lay upon the grass and the night breeze still stirred coolly in the myriad spears of the bamboo thicket, Eustaquio rubbed now his sleepy eyes and now the sleek flanks of the pony which Mr. Wallace and Doctor Murray used jointly in their itinerating tours. Eustaquio preferred regular hours, and it was unaccountable to him that Americans should affect such early habits when undertaking a journey as to compel him to experience the chill of the hours before the dawning. However, he proceeded with his grooming while the animal munched away contentedly on the measure of rice he had given it previously.

In the meantime the carriers had arrived at Mr. Wallace's front porch and were disputing about the division of the loads.

"This is mine," said a young lad of perhaps nineteen, pouncing upon the folding cot belonging to Mr. Wallace and the suit-case lying beside it. He was a lad of sinewy frame, and placing his bamboo carrying-rod across his shoulders he suspended the cot from one extremity and the suitcase from the other,

WALLACE AND MURRAY GO TOURING

balancing the rod upon his shoulder in an effort to make the load ride to his satisfaction.

"It's not yours. It's mine," said a burly carrier heavier in frame but evidently with less physical endurance than the younger man.

"Hold up," said Mr. Wallace, emerging at this moment from the front door. "I'll settle this matter. Pedro, those two are your load. Roque, that's yours. Simeon, you take these." With this he indicated the load each was to bear. "And mind you," added he, "every man keeps his own load right through the journey. No changing about, and each man is responsible for everything in the load. There mustn't be so much as a match missing upon our return. And you must keep up with the procession, for we shall want everything when we halt each night. Pedro, take particular care of the tea-kettle tied to your bundle."

"They feel weak in their legs, for they haven't eaten."

"All right, here is a *medio peso*, Pedro. Start them off and halt for breakfast in about an hour. You men ought to have eaten before you came. But Pedro will give you a good breakfast and see if your legs won't stiffen up."

At this moment Doctor Murray came swinging down the path, accoutered ready for the journey. He was clad in a khaki suit, leather leggings, heavy shoes, and a pith helmet, and in this rough outfit was ready to meet whatever might be encountered on the mountain trail which lay before them.

"Hallo, Wallace," said he. "Don't trouble about

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

the *cargadores*. I'll speed them on their way. You take the horse first, and I will walk ahead."

"Hi, Pedro," continued he to the young man, "why don't you carry a man's load?" With this he picked up the lad's carrying-stick laden at each end with bed and bundle and hastened toward the gate at a swift trot, Pedro ambling after him with a pleased grin.

Relinquishing the load to the carrier he walked on with the group, chatting away about the condition of the roads they were to traverse, the best place to stop for meals, the number of hours each stage of the journey would occupy, and other items of special interest to the *cargadores*. He had jested with Pedro about the size of his burden, but knew well that it required some endurance to bear such a load hour after hour under the hot tropical sun. Only those who were trained to such work through long years could support the fatigue.

Mr. Wallace finished his breakfast and said good-by to Mrs. Wallace and the curly-headed little Agnes, who had been awakened by the bustle and climbed up on her father's knee for the good-by kiss.

"Dood-by, daddy," said the child, kissing the tips of her two fingers and laying them on his lips, cheeks, and forehead in succession. "Come home soon."

"All right, little rose-leaf," said the father. "You must keep mother happy until I come home. Won't you?"

"How long do you think you will be gone?" inquired Mrs. Wallace.

WALLACE AND MURRAY GO TOURING

"About five days, I should think," was the reply.

"They will be five years to me. Little Agnes and I will think of you all the time and ask God to bless your journey."

An unusually intense affection bound together this husband and wife. In college days they had been thrown together as students preparing for foreign missionary service. The sympathetic regard naturally growing from a single purpose had rapidly deepened into a true and abiding love, and now that they were unitedly working out their long-cherished plans upon the actual field of service their affection was cemented and strengthened daily by the difficulties and deprivations which they were bravely meeting together. If stronger tie were needed, little Agnes furnished it with her winsome manner and little loving ways.

At the door Eustaquio was waiting with the horse which he had by this time fed, watered, and prepared for the journey.

"I want to ride on horsey, Daddy," cried little Agnes.

Eustaquio could guess what the little one wanted, and gently lifted her to the saddle in front of Mr. Wallace, where she kicked her little legs against the pony's side, saying,

"Get up, Sin, get up."

Sin accordingly got up, ambling leisurely down the roadway toward the gate. Sin never sinned in the direction of speed. He had been christened Cinamon on account of his peculiar color, which was half-way between a rusty brown and a dull magenta,

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

but the temptation to shorten his honorable name to Sin had been inevitable when once his peculiarities were understood. Sin stopped at the gate. Indeed, stopping was one of the things he did best. Eustaquio had followed and lifted Agnes to the ground after she had given her father another rose-leaf kiss, and Mr. Wallace went on his way.

The road was hard and firm. Traveling could not have been better. It still lacked a half-hour of sunrise, and as Wallace rode easily along between the mango trees and bamboo thickets he congratulated himself upon the early start the party had succeeded in making.

There was a certain joy and exhilaration about the ride through the early morning air. The dew was still upon the leaves, and a cool breeze fanned Wallace's cheek. The blood was tingling in his veins, and he succeeded in stimulating Sin to a mild gallop. He was anxious to get forward as quickly as possible so as to overtake his companion, Doctor Murray; and to his satisfaction in less than an hour he caught sight of the latter on the white ribbon of roadway in the distance.

"Hey, Doc," he shouted as soon as he was within ear-shot. "It's your turn to ride."

"No," replied Doctor Murray. "You ride a little farther and tie old Sin by the roadside when you get ready to walk. The carriers have gone on ahead. Look out for that man Tomas. He needs prodding occasionally."

Doctor Murray had stopped and turned to his approaching friend as he said this. Mr. Wallace

WALLACE AND MURRAY GO TOURING

stopped also, and immediately the animal which he bestrode turned around with its head to the backward trail.

"Just look at this animal," said Wallace. "He manifestly wants to go home."

"Well, he's got to put a good many miles behind him before he will be permitted to turn again in that direction. Pity we haven't two horses."

"The fact is," replied Wallace, "that I saw quite a good animal the last time I was in Daw a month ago. He belonged to the *Presidente*. I believe he would like to sell him. Suppose we have a look at him when we get to Daw, and if you agree with me as to his merits, I think I shall buy him."

"Let's hope he will have a different disposition than Sin."

Wallace rode on again, but as soon as he was hidden from view by a group of bamboos which sheltered a bend in the road he dismounted, and tying the horse proceeded on foot. It was now the turn of Doctor Murray who arrived at the spot a little later to utilize the joint steed and thus through the long morning they continued, using the old circuit-riders' "ride and tie" plan.

It was the third morning of their journey into the hills. The friends were now riding side by side, for they had succeeded in purchasing a second horse at Daw which marked the first stage of their journey.

During the morning the road broadened, and the friends were able to ride abreast. The rhythmic motion of the horses, the sparkle of the early sun, the crystalline quality of the morning air, still cool

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

from the shadows of the night, the quickened circulation and sense of alert consciousness were all conducive to clarity of thought. It was on such occasions that the two missionary associates found pleasure in reviewing the status of the work in which they were engaged, and out of such conversations would come plans for the future, the solution of problems, and the answer to many a puzzling question.

"Doc," began Wallace, as they jogged steadily on toward the hills, "what do you consider the biggest feature of our work here in the Philippines to be?"

"I've thought about it a good deal," was the response. "From a superficial view one would say this remarkable movement among the peasants from the interior villages. Of course you know about the petition signed by 13,000 of them which was sent a few years ago to the Mission Headquarters in America asking for Christian teachers. They are a rugged class of people, who at least in a measure think for themselves. Emancipation from the yoke of Spain means a good deal to them, and they are now ready for spiritual liberty."

"Are you satisfied with their organization and progress?"

"That's just it. There is a real delight in preaching to these people and observing the ready response they bring to the message, but it is the aftermath I am thinking of. Who is to perfect the church organization in these inland villages and give them the teaching and shepherding they need?"

WALLACE AND MURRAY GO TOURING

"At least they have a good leader at Santa Petronila where we shall arrive this afternoon. Deacon Tomas is a vigorous character. He reads the New Testament day and night, and governs the religious life of his village with wisdom and firmness. By the way, he will be waiting for us at the river and will help us across."

"The problem of leadership is a very serious one for the most part in these villages," continued Doctor Murray, "and for my part I hardly see my way through it."

Wallace was silent for a moment and then replied:

"I think our first task must be to encourage every village to have its little school. The village fathers have not yet sufficiently realized the value of education, but in Santa Petronila they have a very satisfactory school already running. I talked with the provincial superintendent, and he was glad to give them a teacher when he found they had already erected a good school building of bamboo and nipa."

"But what hope have we of providing these villages with the pastoral leadership they need? Tomas is a good fellow, but his educational attainments are well-nigh confined to the ability to read the New Testament."

"You are right, Murray, but I believe there is a solution of the problem. Of late I have begun to think that our dormitory will at least in a measure provide the men we need. The lads staying with us are among the keenest in the high school and normal, and already quite a number of them have definitely committed themselves to Christian service."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when they caught sight of the river from an eminence which gave them a broad view in every direction. For a long time the ponies had taken pretty much their own gait, for the day had turned out to be intensely hot, and the friends had learned by experience the unwisdom of pushing the horses upon a long journey. Upon gaining sight of the river they urged the ponies into a brief trot until after a period of ten minutes or so the unusually dense growth of the vegetation indicated that they were near the edge of the stream. The last hundred yards of the path led tortuously through the tall grass. In previous rainy seasons the road had been washed out and undermined until the approach to the river was broken with gullies and channels, besides being hemmed in and hidden by the grass.

Wallace, who was leading, gave a sudden exclamation.

"Hullo, we must dismount here," and accompanying the word with the action he slipped out of the saddle and throwing the rein over the pommel he permitted the animal to negotiate alone the steep washed-out cleft which led suddenly to the pebbly river-bed below. Squatting at the edge of the stream was Eustaquio, who had preceded the two friends. He rose to catch the rein of the first horse, securing also the bridle of Sin as that animal reluctantly scrambled after his companion down the irregular channel. Mr. Wallace and Doctor Murray accomplished the descent without difficulty, the ground being hard and dry, and the passage of many pre-

WALLACE AND MURRAY GO TOURING

vious feet having worn natural steps on the side of the gully.

The stream was about a hundred feet wide and spread cool and inviting between banks lined with palms, bamboo, and the lush grass of the river-bottom. Upon the further bank was a group of small bamboo huts. Mr. Wallace's lusty "Halloa" soon brought a group of men and women to the riverside, among whom he recognized Deacon Tomas who had come from the village of Santa Petronila to meet them.

"Thanks be to God; there you are, Pastor," called the deacon across the river. "Wait just a little, and we will bring the raft over to you."

With this a middle-aged peasant detached himself from the group and made his way a short distance up the stream to the place where a large bamboo raft was tethered, upon which he embarked.

Jumping from the raft as soon as it touched the shore Tomas clasped the hand of the missionary, uttering expressions of the utmost satisfaction at the arrival of the company.

"*Hola*, Tomas," said Wallace, "and how goes the work? We have been wanting to visit you for a long time and now, here we are. This is the *medico*, Doctor Murray. He is much interested in what I have told him of your village and wants to see it for himself."

Tomas pressed the Doctor's hand warmly and would have carried it to his lips according to ancient custom, but the Doctor, who had learned how to forestall such an impulse without giving offense,

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

took Tomas' hand in both of his own and gave him the warmest greeting.

"The Doctor is doubly welcome," said Tomas. "We have heard how the kindness of Jesus leads him to cure all sorts of sick people. We have some patients at Santa Petronila and shall be very grateful for his aid."

It was necessary to make two trips with the raft to carry over both men and horses. Eustaquio and Tomas led the horses. A woven bamboo gangplank was placed to enable them to walk aboard, and the passage was accomplished without mishap. The carriers had preceded them and were sitting at ease in front of a little bamboo shop, their loads deposited at the side, refreshing themselves with the juice of the ripe coconut.

After resting a few moments the party prepared to continue its journey under the guidance of Deacon Tomas. The latter suggested that, as they were now leaving the main road, and the paths would be uncertain and difficult, it would be well for them to part with the ponies, leaving them in the village by the riverside to be recovered upon the return journey.

The further journey of the two friends was to carry them in among the villages where the children's homes were found, and they were bearing many messages from the little ones to their parents and friends.

Deacon Tomas was the father of Nemesio, the mischievous lad whose fall from the bamboo scaffolding had resulted in tetanus.

WALLACE AND MURRAY GO TOURING

"Tell me," said he, "how is my naughty lad, Nemesio, getting along?"

"Nemesio is doing fine," responded Mr. Wallace. "Miss Shubert tells me he is a changed boy. Have you heard how ill he has been?"

"Yes indeed. I visited him once while he was lying ill in Mamma Shubert's room. What a woman of God she is. He would be dead today if it were not for her care."

"I know, Tomas, she cared for him most faithfully."

"Señor Pastor, you don't know half what she did for him. Day and night she watched by his bed. She seemed never to tire and never to sleep. Nemesio told me when I saw him last that he is often tempted to get into mischief and then suddenly the worn, white, tired face of Miss Shubert comes to him as she bent over him in his delirium, and he knows he must never add another line to that sweet face."

Toward evening a gentle rise led them above the low level of the rice paddies. At this point a corduroy road had been constructed by laying the trunks of the *burri* palm across the path. It was not very easy to travel, but at least served to keep the traveler from sinking deep in the mud during wet weather.

The stirrings of a light breeze rustled the heavy fronds of the palms which lined the way. Between the slender trunks of the overarching coconut trees the sun could be seen rapidly approaching the horizon. A golden glory well-nigh tangible seemed to

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

fill the air of the late afternoon. The brilliant greens of the foliage shone in its light as though swimming in a sea of amber radiance. No one who has ever lived in the Philippine Islands can forget its gold and green glory. It is friendly and stimulating. The heart mounts high, and the imagination is ready to recognize the possibility of every good thing in the quiet, radiant beauty of such an afternoon.

The amber turned to rose-pink as the friends followed the path through the woods. They were weary, but there was an atmosphere about them which lifted them above bodily fatigue. The breeze had freshened and was very refreshing as it fanned their faces. Suddenly there fell upon the air a sound so delicate as to seem little more than the rose tint of the sky blending with the stillness of the evening. But as the breeze freshened it came again, rising and falling, swelling and dying, until they could clearly distinguish the tones of a song wafted toward them from the distant hillside.

Father, I stretch my hands to thee.

"What is it, Tomas? Where does the song come from?" asked Doctor Murray.

"It is from our village," replied he. "We shall be there soon. But they are not expecting us just yet."

"What are they singing, Tomas? Are they having a service?"

"Only even-song, Pastor. We gather when we can at sundown to sing and pray. The people love to sing the songs of the gospel."

WALLACE AND MURRAY GO TOURING

The travelers now approached the banks of a shallow stream which lay between them and the knoll upon which the village was built. It was merely an expansion of the brook watering the rice paddies, but at this point it was quite wide and presented a formidable barrier in the path of the travelers.

"Well, Tomas," said Doctor Murray, "this seems to be where we take a swim."

"No Señor, you wait a moment, and I will show you how to get across."

Running down the bank a little way Tomas disappeared in the shadow of the overhanging foliage and emerged at once dragging along the edge of the stream a roughly improvised raft constructed by lashing together four heavy bamboo trunks. It had all the appearance of a sufficiently insecure craft, but Tomas seemed to take it for granted that it would suit the purpose, and the friends hardly felt like expressing any feeling of distrust which they might have felt in their hearts.

"So this is the barge of state, is it?" inquired Wallace. "All right, Deacon, here goes." With that he stepped gingerly upon one end of the group of poles, which swung away from the shore under the impact of his weight. It was as much as he could do to preserve his balance, and in order to render this the easier and to avoid an involuntary bath he instinctively assumed a squatting position.

"You too, *Señor Medico*," ejaculated Tomas. "I will hold this end while you embark. *Abaw!* you are as heavy as a water-buffalo."

The latter remark was elicited by the ominous

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

way in which the end of the raft sank as the doctor stepped aboard.

"Here," said Tomas, "a little more toward the middle. There, now we have it balanced."

Doctor Murray had assumed a position similar to that of his friend, which brought the surface of the raft just about even with the water.

"Good-by to us when you get on, Deacon," cried Murray. "We seem to be down to the Plimsoll mark of this craft."

"Keep your heart at rest, *Señor Medico*. Hold on to this bush for a moment, and I shall be ready."

It now became clear that Tomas did not propose further to burden the frail craft. Hastily divesting himself of his coat and shirt, he tied them into a bundle, which he laid upon the raft. He then rolled the loose legs of his trousers up well above the knees. The disposition of shoes and stockings did not trouble him, for he was barefoot. Nor did his deaconly dignity seem to prove an embarrassment to him.

"Steady now, *Señores*," shouted Tomas, and with this he waded out into the stream and was soon swimming diagonally across, yielding somewhat to the current, as he pushed the raft before him.

The gathering dusk threw the opposite bank into deep shadows, and it was with some uneasiness that the friends tightly clutched the bamboos beneath them in an effort to preserve their precarious balance. As they reached the middle of the stream the light of a torch appeared flickering among the trees of the opposite shore, and loud shouts of welcome

WALLACE AND MURRAY GO TOURING

rang over the water as a party of the villagers from Santa Petronila made their way down to the landing to meet the visitors.

In a few moments Tomas skilfully guided the head of the raft to the little beach upon which the newcomers had gathered, and the two missionaries landed without mishap.

Crowding about them, the villagers were not slow in extending a whole-hearted welcome.

"*Abaw!* How glad we are to see you."

"Señor Pastor, we have looked for you for months."

"Doctor, our sick people are wearying for you."

"This will be a great night in Santa Petronila. We shall hear much teaching from the word of God."

"We have a fat pig roasting upon the spit over the fire."

Such a greeting was not a new experience to the two friends. The Filipino is naturally hospitable. If there is one Scripture injunction which is better observed than another throughout the archipelago, it is the command "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." The fine courtesy of such a reception is never marred by the thought that the host has little to offer.

The missionary friends had often been the recipients of this generous kindness, and knew well how to meet it. As the men and women from the village pressed about them, warm handclasps and words of cordial greeting were exchanged. There were smiles and laughter, kindly questions and hearty responses.

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

Tomas led the way up the gentle incline toward the village. Other leading men of the group walked beside them, chattering all the way on the many themes of interest which this pastoral visitation brought to their minds.

"You have never seen our new chapel, Pastor. See, it is in the very middle of the village. It is shaded on every side by the coconut trees. It took us four months to build. Every man in the village helped in cutting the wooden pillars and the bamboo for the framework."

"We women threaded the nipa leaves to thatch the roof." This from the wife of Deacon Tomas.

"And we carried the *paud* to the chapel," shouted young Islaw, the young brother of Nemesio.

By this time the night had fallen. A brilliant light was streaming from a building which crowned the knoll. The palm leaves of the thatch, still green and glossy, attested its newness, and the visitors would have guessed that this was the chapel even though they had not recognized at once the neat and graceful architecture affected by the hill-villages in building their houses of worship.

CHAPTER XI

THE MEETING AT SANTA PETRONILA. THE GOATS EAT THE PASTOR'S BREAK- FAST. THE ROBBERS' CAVE

FOLLOWING the friends into the chapel came almost the entire population of the village, and according to custom they prepared to hold a service at once. While Mr. Wallace and his companion might perhaps have preferred to rest awhile and to eat supper before the meeting, they well knew the custom of these hill-villages which dictated that the evening meal should be well-nigh the last event of the day. Moreover, they realized the anxiety with which their coming had been anticipated, and knew that such an occasion as the present was an event of major importance in the life of the village. They knew that the words spoken at such a service as this would be treasured and repeated over and over again, and realized that it offered a rare opportunity for imprinting the living words of the Master upon the hearts of their hearers.

Islaw had been for a few months in school at San Jacinto and had learned many of the evangelical hymns. Apparently he had been installed as song-leader in the village, for his father immediately called upon him to take charge, and mounting the bamboo platform he recited the opening lines of a

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

song which had already become a favorite with the village. It was a Visayan translation of "Beulah Land."

It was a weird performance and would have sounded very strange in the ears of the missionaries had not former experiences accustomed them to hear the old familiar hymns rendered with strange variations.

The Filipino is musical by nature, and the hill people had learned many gospel hymns in their visits to the Home School. Without accompaniment and without music, they would sing them over and over again as they gathered in almost nightly prayer-meetings. The fancy of the untrained musician would often suggest a variation from the original, or perhaps memory might play him false. The result was that many of the old hymns underwent strange transformations and at times assumed a truly Philippine character.

The singing was followed by prayer, Scripture reading, and then earnest, plain talks, both by Mr. Wallace and Doctor Murray on Scripture themes. But the exercises were far from completed at the close of these addresses.

"Pastor," said Tomas. "Antonio wants to be married, but he is ashamed to ask."

"Bring him and his bride along, Tomas. What makes him ashamed?"

"He ought to have been married years ago, but he did not have the money."

"Why did he not come to me?"

"Ah, Pastor, he did not know you would marry

THE MEETING AT SANTA PETRONILA

him. The priest wanted twenty pesos, and he could not get such a great sum together."

"Well, where is he, Tomas?"

"He is coming now, Pastor."

With this there entered a group of people through the main entrance of the church. In the lead was a middle-aged man with a comely-looking woman, somewhat younger, leaning upon his arm. Upon her other arm she carried a little baby and a child of some three years grasped her skirt. Evidently the couple was impressed with the importance of the occasion, for they marched solemnly up the aisle as though to the strains of a wedding or perhaps a funeral march. Tomas continued his explanation.

"Antonio and Maria both wanted to become members of the church, for they have learned to read and understand all about the gospel, but I told them they must be married first. They are ashamed, for they have all these children. But I told him you would understand."

"What sort of a man is Antonio, Deacon? Has he been faithful to Maria and the family?"

"Yes, indeed, Pastor, and he would have been married long ago, only the babies came and needed clothes, and there were so many things to buy and little to buy them with."

The simple ceremony was speedily over, and afterward the audience crowded around Doctor Murray who improvised a clinic on the platform at the rear of the chapel. There were few present who did not find occasion to seek medical aid either for themselves or for some relative. Indeed, Doctor Mur-

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

ray often thought that in these village clinics not a few of his patients presented themselves from curiosity, and if they had no physical ailment, did their best to think one up.

Islaw was happy to assist Doctor Murray as he received the patients.

"What is the matter with this young man, Islaw?" A rapid colloquy with the patient ensues, then Islaw explains,

"It's his stomach, Doctor."

"Stomach, eh? Why his stomach is all right."

"No, no, he says it must be his liver." A rapid percussion of the liver follows with examination of the eyes and tongue.

"Islaw, this man is a fraud. There is nothing the matter with him."

The patient is turning disconsolately away when a smile passes over his face, and he turns volubly to Islaw again.

"All right, Doctor. He knows now. There is a tooth loose, and it aches sometimes."

"Let me see it." Open goes the great mouth, and sure enough a loose molar presents itself with a great decaying cavity in it.

"Hand me the forceps, Islaw." A firm grip, a tug, a grunt from the patient, and a murmur of admiration from the audience.

"There you are. Now he will be all right." And the patient goes away satisfied to have occupied the center of the stage during such an interesting operation.

Medicine for dysentery, malaria, indigestion, head-

THE MEETING AT SANTA PETRONILA

ache, rheumatism, and a variety of other affections is rapidly dispensed.

They were a weary American couple who were led at last from the chapel to a little bamboo house adjacent where supper had been prepared. The pig had been roasted at an improvised fireplace beside the house, and smelled incredibly good. Beside succulent pieces of roast pork, there was fried chicken and, of course, great plates of rice.

Wallace and his companion were hungry enough not to be too particular about table manners, and they were glad to sit together on the bamboo floor holding a chicken joint in one hand and a tin tablespoon in the other. The latter instrument had been furnished as a special mark of honor to the visitors, most of the company helping themselves by means of their fingers to the rice in the common dish.

"*Señores*," said Tomas, "we have here in the house two straw hammocks strung from the rafters. They are at your disposal."

"If you don't mind, Tomas, we will set up our little cots in the chapel. It is splendidly built and new. I should think you would be very proud of it. We shall certainly sleep soundly there."

"But are you not afraid of the night air, Pastor? The walls are open above."

"No, Tomas. We are accustomed to the air, and shall sleep the better for it."

"Then, good night, *Señores*, and God keep you."

The little army cots seemed like veritable friends tonight, for it had been a long hard day. As the two friends stretched themselves luxuriously to rest

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

in the stillness of the now deserted chapel, it was with the feeling that the work was worth all the pains it cost. To have brought new spiritual content into the lives of these simple villagers, to have given them a better understanding of "the Light that lighteth every man which cometh into the world," was a privilege which rendered worth while the devotion of a life.

Dimly the outlines of the chapel emerged from the stillness and shadow of the night. A heavy dew beaded the grass and fell in occasional punctuating drops from the eaves of the buildings. The raucous crow of a hoarse rooster shivered the brooding stillness of the impending dawn. Beneath the bamboo cottage where Tomas had his home a meager goat raised its head and scrambled to its feet awakened by the cry of its noisy neighbor. Already Tomas was stirring above. A little wood-fire crackled on the earthen fireplace. Tomas dipped his spoon into the pot of rice cooking above it, and carrying the spoon to his mouth decided that the morning meal was ready for his visitors. Lifting the pot from the fire he carried it to the closed door of the chapel in front of which he had already placed a wooden bench furnished with two enameled plates and the spoons which had done duty at last night's supper. In a moment a steaming breakfast awaited the guests.

Peering through the half-open window beside the door he observed that the visitors were still breathing deeply and regularly as they lay wrapped in the gray army blankets upon their cots. Tiptoeing

THE MEETING AT SANTA PETRONILA

gently away in order not to awaken the weary sleepers, he bore the pot with the remainder of the rice up the rude bamboo steps which led to the living-room of his own house, where Islaw and his mother were now sleepily preparing for breakfast.

Unfortunately, Tomas had forgotten the goat which had awakened at the crow of the rooster. This enterprising animal had now been joined by a neighbor from the house across the way, and together the two were diligently seeking breakfast. Old Billy knew where the smell of cooking rice usually came from, and he looked wistfully upward in the direction of Tomas' living-room. He knew the nature of the pot which his master carried likewise, although his knowledge of its contents was confined to the burned remnants which he was frequently permitted to lick from the bottom of the pot after the family had concluded their meal.

Could it be possible that the accustomed savory odor assailed his nostrils from another direction. It was worth investigating. Followed by his companion from the next house Billy started out on a voyage of discovery. They had not far to go. Incredible as it seemed, here was a delicious meal placed ready for their enjoyment. Truly Tomas must have experienced a change of heart since he chased Billy away from the roast pig the evening before.

Billy placed two feet upon the bench and began to nibble at the steaming rice. We cannot assert that he called to his companion, "Come on, old chap, here's our meat," but we think it probable. Cer-

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

tainly the neighbor's goat was not long behind Billy in placing his fore feet on the bench and his nose in the plate. A goat's palate and a goat's esophagus seem to be proof against high temperatures as well as tin cans, and the two animals attested their satisfaction by spasmodic twitchings of the stub tails which stood straight up behind them as they swallowed the breakfast intended for the travelers. It was at this point that Mr. Wallace awoke, stretched his arms, sat up on his cot and looked out of the window.

"Hi, wake up, Doc! You are missing something."

"What is it, Wallace? It can't be morning yet, surely."

"It certainly is, and Tomas seems to have staged a circus stunt for our entertainment. Look at old Billy wading into that dish of rice, and his companion too. Their jaws go as rhythmically as though they were set to music. I must say Tomas feeds his goats high."

"Hold 'em, Wallace. Don't let them get away. I want a picture of that, if there is light enough." Fortunately the camera was lying beside the head of the cot, and Doctor Murray focused it at once on the two animals intent on their meal in the swiftly gathering light.

Just as the shutter clicked a wild shout rent the air, and Islaw came tumbling down the ladder of his house uttering a torrent of vivid Visayan. A sudden burst of laughter came from Mr. Wallace who had caught the purport of the lad's excited words and gestures.

THE MEETING AT SANTA PETRONILA

"Well, Doc, it's a good thing you got the picture. It's all you will get of it."

"What do you mean, Wallace? What more should I want?"

"You don't seem to realize that it was your breakfast the goats were putting away."

In the meantime Islaw had rushed violently upon the marauders, putting them to instant flight by vigorous slaps upon their flanks, and was now contemplating ruefully the empty plates.

"*Abaw*, father. The goats have eaten the Pastor's breakfast."

"Miscreants, *ladrones*, varlets!" shouted Tomas as he came running to the scene of the crime with the utmost consternation depicted upon his face. "And we have just finished eating the remainder of the rice in the pot!"

"Never mind, Tomas," called the mother from the veranda, "we will cook some more at once, but see that you be careful the goats do not get it this time."

While the second breakfast was being prepared the friends had time to make the necessary arrangements for continuing their journey. As soon as the rice was ready, the family of Tomas and many of the neighbors, who by that time had gathered about the chapel, joined with the missionaries in a reverent service of thanksgiving to God. It was from the observance of such simple devotional opportunities that the villagers were being led to remake the habits of their lives.

The dew had well-nigh disappeared from the leaves

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

when the two missionary friends, accompanied by Tomas and Islaw, set out for the foothills and the steeper mountains beyond. The really arduous part of the journey now began. From a road often broad enough to accommodate the rude peasant's cart of the country, the way soon narrowed to a mere foot-path which led over the rolling hills, through copses, and down into shady dells.

Toward noon the party halted at a place well suited for encampment. The path led to the summit of a little hill higher than any they had yet encountered. It was crowned with a graceful grove of coconut trees. Their spreading foliage interlacing some fifty feet in the air provided an effective protection from the sun, while the slender trunks permitted the breezes to circulate unimpeded in the free space below.

From this point of vantage the friends were able to look back across the ground which they had traversed and count the many smoke-wreaths which indicated villages or hamlets.

Eustaquio and his companions in charge of the outfit of the caravan arrived at the little grove very soon after the missionaries. Eustaquio needed no special instructions, for he knew his duty well. A simple but skilfully contrived fireplace was soon made with the aid of several large stones. The little kettle came into play, and the cloth was spread on a flat rock. The food-box yielded a sufficient supply of eatables, and within a very brief space of time Eustaquio was able to lay before the friends steaming plates of pork and beans, bread and butter, tea

THE MEETING AT SANTA PETRONILA

sweetened with condensed milk, and as a dessert, canned white cherries.

It was while they were disposing of the pork and beans that a distant hallo was heard from the mountain side followed by a burst of song. Some one was evidently approaching their encampment, and observing the smoke of the fire, was making his coming known in this way. The voice was masculine but tuneful, and to the satisfaction of the friends they were able to recognize the air of one of their own gospel hymns.

The singer approached nearer and nearer and in a few moments emerged into the open space about the fire. It was Benigno, one of the leaders from the village of Kasangalang perched upon the very summit of the mountain. Benigno was a young man of about nineteen, heavy-set, rugged, and vigorous in health. The Philippines is the land of youth, and it is not uncommon to find vigorous young men even among the peasantry in positions of leadership.

"Hallo, *Señores*," he shouted. "I thought it might be the pastors' camp."

"Welcome, Benigno," replied Mr. Wallace. "Come and join us."

The famous fifty-seven varieties are almost unknown to the Filipino, but the latter is always ready to try a new dish, and Benigno did full justice to the pork and beans. Squatting upon the ground opposite Mr. Wallace, he was upon the point of plunging his fingers into the platter of beans when Eustaquio, knowing his untutored ignorance and divining his intention, clutched his arm hastily from behind.

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"*Abaw!* Don't do it, animal!" hissed Eustaquio. "Don't you know you are eating with gentlemen?" With this he thrust into Benigno's hand a spoon, and the latter observing the use which was being made of the implement by his hosts endeavored to follow their example.

"We must be getting on," said Wallace at last.

"Let me walk with you?" petitioned Benigno. "I have something to say to you."

"Very well, Benigno," was the reply. "Eustaquio will see that the men get the things together, and we ought to be at your village of Kasangalang by tonight."

"If you don't mind going a little out of the way I should like to show you something, Señor Pastor. I came on purpose to meet you."

"We will go any way you choose, Benigno. You are the guide."

Now began the real ascent of the mountain. The path wound in a tortuous manner between interminable miles of *cogon*. The latter often grows to the height of six feet or more. It is rough and coarse, and the edges of the grass easily produce long painful cuts upon the hands of the unwary traveler who pushes his way through the jungle growth. The succession of hills still continued, but they became steeper and higher. As the afternoon wore on, the pace and the difficulty of the ascent began to tell upon both of the American travelers, unused as they were to mountain climbing. Hill followed hill, the nearly vertical sun beat down pitilessly upon them, the perspiration poured from their

THE MEETING AT SANTA PETRONILA

bodies. Wallace was a better climber than the doctor and was a little way ahead.

"Wait, Wallace," called Murray at last. "Let us sit down and rest a while."

"What's the matter, Doc? Is it too much for you?"

"I'm afraid I am not much of a hillman. My heart beats all over my body, and there is raw, salty blood in my throat."

After a brief halt the friends started on again, and much to Doctor Murray's relief a little farther on Benigno stopped them and said,

"This is the place I wanted to show you."

Benigno had previously cut several bunches of resinous cane, one of which he now proceeded to ignite. The friends noted that it burned with a bright yellow light, although giving off considerable smoke.

"Come," said Benigno, "follow me." Saying this, he thrust aside a cluster of bushes growing out of the hillside and revealed a rough hole in the ground. Crouching upon his hands and knees he disappeared from view. The astonished friends proceeded at once to follow him and found themselves in a dark narrow cavern. Although the entrance was so constructed as to be quite hidden from view by the bushes the cave speedily expanded in dimensions sufficiently to enable the explorers to stand erect.

The sides of the cavern were very rough. The floor was broken and uneven. Following Benigno they made their way through a winding passage which they judged must carry them far into the

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

center of the mountain. The smoking torch preceding them was sufficient to enable them to avoid the many pitfalls in their path. There were holes, fallen rocks, and little pools, but Benigno held straight on, warning them of every obstruction and danger. Presently the passage grew wider, and just as the friends had made up their minds that they must have reached the very heart of the mountain, they suddenly emerged into a great grotto. The splendor of the scene almost deprived them of breath. From the lofty ceiling to the jagged floor crystal facets flung back vivid coruscations and scintillating reflections from the light of the torch carried by Benigno. It was a veritable Aladdin's palace. At certain points the stalactites and stalagmites almost met, at others the weight of the crystal had broken pieces away, leaving new facets sparkling above.

It was a beautiful sight and well worth the extra pains which the friends had been put to by taking the longer way to the village. It was not until Benigno warned them that the torches would be consumed shortly that they could bring themselves to leave the wonderful cavern. Gathering as many of the broken crystals as they could conveniently carry, they followed Benigno into a passage leaving the opposite side of the chamber. The broken pieces of stalactite which they were carrying proved to be quite an embarrassment to their progress, for they were very heavy, and they abandoned all except the best specimens.

The passage leading out of the cavern proved to

THE MEETING AT SANTA PETRONILA

be much shorter than the one by which they had entered, and they were very soon standing on an entirely different part of the hill. Before proceeding farther the friends sat together at the mouth of the cave which like the entrance was entirely hidden by bushes. It was evident that Benigno had something upon his mind which he was anxious to communicate to them.

"Pastor," said he, "you remember that when you made your first visit to the mountain, you learned that I had been friendly to Luis the bandit."

"Yes, Benigno, but you promised me that you would have nothing more to do with him."

"True, Pastor. But it was a very difficult promise to keep. Most of the men in our village had been associated with him, and many of us lived by the business."

"It is a bad trade, Benigno. It brings about violence and will surely lead Luis to the gallows some day. No true follower of our Master can live by despoiling his fellow men."

"Yes, Pastor. I believe it, and I have kept my promise. None of the men of Kasangalang go with Luis on his raids any more."

"How are you making your living now, Benigno?"

"We have burned a *kaingin*, Pastor."

"What is a *kaingin*?" broke in Doctor Murray.

"It is one of the most primitive of agricultural plans," responded Wallace. "The peasants burn the trees from a virgin hillside and plant their crops in the fallow soil thus exposed. For a few years this gives them an abundant harvest."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"But surely it is a wasteful expedient, is it not?"

"Yes, certainly. As soon as the soil is partially exhausted, they leave and go elsewhere to repeat the process."

"If this plan were followed widely, it would soon destroy all the forests in the archipelago."

"You are doubtless right," responded Wallace. "And I have been trying for some time to get the people of this and other villages to take up homesteads under the new law and settle down permanently to till the soil according to modern methods. I hope they will do it soon, but, of course, even *kaingin* is better than banditry, and the village upon the hilltop is already a trophy of Christian faith. From a village of bandits they have become a village of self-respecting farmers."

"Has Luis been troubling you again?" inquired Wallace turning again to Benigno.

"He has tormented us all through the year. Every time he comes this way he stops a day or two at the village and tries to persuade us to join him again. Last week he made a raid into the plain, but before he started he said to me that if I would not go with him he would return in a week or two in the dead of night and set fire to our village. We have had to set guards, and keep a continual watch night after night."

"When do you expect him?"

"I do not know exactly when he will come. I have shown you this cave because it is here that he and his men hide when the soldiers are out after them."

"Well, Benigno, do not let your heart be troubled

THE MEETING AT SANTA PETRONILA

about the matter. I have reason to believe that Luis will not trouble you much longer. The information you have given me will be useful."

Dusk was now beginning to fall. But the exit from the mountain had brought them in full sight of the village. Perched at the very summit of the hill the cluster of neat cottages could be seen, and above the newly erected chapel the Stars and Stripes were waving in token that the visit of the missionaries was anticipated.

Wearily the friends climbed the remainder of the steep ascent to the warm welcome which awaited them in the light and cheer of the village. Just as in Santa Petronila, the chapel had been decorated and every preparation made for their reception. The story of the evening services need not be repeated. Thoroughly worn out by the events of the day, they were glad to go to rest in the chapel at last, leaving instructions to Eustaquio to prepare for an early start on the morrow.

CHAPTER XII

THE HOME SCHOOL GOES TO THE BEACH. NEMESIO GETS INTO MISCHIEF AGAIN

NEMESIO's little soul yearned for mischief. He had been good a long while—a preternaturally long while for Nemesio. Moreover the scar from his accident was disappearing and perhaps the spiritual impression produced by that experience was wearing away.

But Mamma Shubert was a woman wise in the ways of youth. She well knew that much mischief has its fount of origin in a natural gift for leadership combined with the restless activity of animal spirits. Hence Mamma Shubert foresaw the possibility of Nemesio falling from grace, and so far as human prescience would permit took measures to forestall such an unhappy event. She made Nemesio a captain.

The occasion requiring leadership was an annual event of some importance at the Home School. During the public-school vacation it was Miss Shubert's custom to translate herself, and her charges, bag and baggage, from the beautiful home on the hill to the beach beside the shimmering summer sea three miles distant.

Change is always welcome to youth, and the announcement of the impending exodus was hailed with great joy by the entire group of children assembled at the brief even-song meeting which fol-

THE HOME SCHOOL GOES TO THE BEACH

lowed supper. Shouts of "Hurrah" in English mingled with Visayan expletives of satisfaction. Miss Shubert permitted a large degree of freedom in these little gatherings, desiring to cultivate the spirit of fellowship and cheer.

"When shall we go, Mamma Shubert?" broke in Paz, the heroine of the cabbage-patch.

"We shall go the day after tomorrow," replied Miss Shubert, "and tomorrow we shall be busy packing up everything that we shall need at the beach. We must take the pots, pans, spoons, dishes, food, fire-wood, and heaps of other things. I want you all to help. The carabaw cart will take the heavier things, but you can each carry a little load."

"Good, Mamma, that will be fun. I'll carry the clock," shouted Eugenio. He was of an inquiring turn of mind and had long wanted to get at it.

"No, no. You will carry the load you are given. I shall assign captains to each twenty. The loads for each company will be arranged by the captains, but they must be evenly distributed and not too heavy." Miss Shubert well knew that under ordinary circumstances she could trust to the sense of justice of her little captains to make an equitable division of the burdens. "The captains," she continued, "will be Paz, Serafina, Eugenio, Pedro, and Nemesio. Thursday morning they will come to me, and I will point out the things which are to be carried by each company."

There was a dreamy look in the eye of Nemesio that night as the group broke up after the evening singing and Scripture reading. The march to the beach

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

appeared to him to possess dramatic possibilities. And had he not been appointed a captain? Responsibility rested upon his shoulders.

Nemesio's historical studies had not yet familiarized him with the career of Napoleon, but his day dream bore him along into the very image and spirit of "The Little Corporal." He felt himself destined to greatness and could see himself leading an army amid the plaudits of the multitude. It was a thoughtful and distrait Nemesio who went quietly to the boys' dormitory a little later. Miss Shubert was highly gratified and felt that she had been in danger of doing the lad an injustice.

"After all," she reflected, "there is nothing like placing responsibility upon the shoulders of young people to steady them and give them poise."

The procession started for the beach very early through the slanting sunshine of the appointed day. It was cool and fresh, though sunny, and the children got an early start. Miss Shubert had decided to see them all off before she herself set out for the beach. The previous year she had undertaken to make the journey in the carabaw cart which carried the heavier baggage, but the vagaries of the steed were such that she had decided to trust herself no longer to such an uncertain mode of progress, preferring rather to don her faithful sun-helmet and her heavy walking-shoes and make the journey on foot.

The cart having been dispatched, Miss Shubert followed the procession, content with the world. The children had long disappeared in the distance. She

THE HOME SCHOOL GOES TO THE BEACH

was happy to have completed the taxing preparation for the transfer of the home to the beach so easily. Never had things gone so smoothly. The children had worked with a will. Nemesio had been particularly helpful. He had been here, there, and everywhere, all over the house, fetching, carrying, doing up bundles, and proving himself useful in a hundred ways. When the loads were assigned to the various companies he had said at once,

“Oh, Mamma Shubert, we could carry more.”

“No, never mind, Nemesio,” she had replied, “these loads will be large enough for your company.”

“But Mamma, we are strong boys, and we want to do our share. Shall we add these wash-basins to our load?”

“Very well, Nemesio, you may take the basins if you wish.” So these necessary utensils had been added to the heap of household articles which had been set aside for division among the members of Nemesio’s company. Miss Shubert reflected happily that the after-effects of the accident were not wearing away so rapidly as she had feared would be the case.

In passing the house of Señor Manuel on the main highway, Miss Shubert nodded brightly to him as he stood in the doorway. She was a little puzzled when he returned her salutation not merely by his usual courteous smile, but by a broad grin and some laughing reference to her procession which she did not quite catch. But every one seemed to be in a good humor this morning, and each one smiled or laughed aloud in passing. At one of the street corners a

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

horseman suddenly passed her. It was Caligula Crum, and he too was ready with a smile and a word of cheer.

"Great stuff, Miss Shubert, a splendid publicity stunt."

Miss Shubert did not at all understand what Caligula referred to, but he seemed in an unaccountable hurry and was over the bridge and lost in the distance before she could ask him what he was talking about. So like a wise woman she proceeded upon her way trusting to time to explain the inexplicable.

The bridge led the main highway over the river and provided a point of vantage from which could be gained a view of the plaza, flanked by the great Catholic Church, the extensive provincial high-school building, and the *municipio* or town hall. Down one of the streets branching from the other side of the plaza Miss Shubert observed Caligula and his pony just disappearing from view. She paused for a few moments to gaze on the broad sweep of the winding river as it passed in a horseshoe curve through the center of the town. She thought, as she had thought many times before, what a beautiful and attractive plaza it was, how well the old Spanish architecture fitted the tropical surroundings, and what a splendid addition the new concrete bridge made to the town, uniting so admirably the two portions of the city which in previous days had felt severely separated by the broad river.

But her meditations were suddenly interrupted by a tumult which came to her ears wafted upon the

THE HOME SCHOOL GOES TO THE BEACH

morning breezes and apparently from the direction of the narrow maze of streets beyond the plaza about the market-place.

"Surely that must be the children singing," said she to herself. "But I don't recognize the tune. And what are they doing in the direction of the market anyway. They should have followed the road taken by Mr. Crum."

Miss Shubert was a woman of decision. She stood not upon the order of her going, but hastened down from the bridge and across the plaza in the direction of the school. Every step of the way the uproar seemed to grow more distinct and the shrill treble of boys' voices raised vigorously in an unfamiliar air dominated it. Miss Shubert's orderly soul was deeply perturbed, and she hastened her steps. As she turned into the side street she believed she could recognize the words of the refrain shouted at the top of boyish voices:

Home School boys
Make lots of noise;
They beat all the world for their
Weight and size.

Miss Shubert was well nigh running when she came out upon the street paralleling the market, and then the whole horror of the scene burst upon her.

Captain Nemesio was in his glory. The business of the market was for the moment suspended, and Captain Nemesio and his troop held the center of the stage. San Jacinto lined the street with an ad-

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

miring audience of men, women, and children. Marching backward toward her, a broom stiffly poised in front of him in the approved fashion of the drum-major, was Nemesis. But a glorified Nemesis! A feather duster ornamented his cap, one of the bright red blankets from the dormitory served as a uniform caught in at the waist with a piece of rope. With all the force of his little lungs he led the chorus, and following him two by two marched the twenty lads assigned to his company. The foremost ten were evidently the band, for in addition to the red blankets they were equipped with the wash-basins upon which they beat a vigorous tattoo with improvised drumsticks of bamboo. The second division of the company were the soldiers who kept time to the beating of the drums, joined in the shrill chorus, and carried brooms over their shoulders as weapons of defense. Nemesis had bound each lad's load about his shoulders like a knapsack so that he might be free for the military evolution. Nemesis was having the time of his life. The applauding crowd added to the hullabaloo. In addition to the bright red uniforms which had at once caught the fancy of the Philippine crowd who always love a procession, there were banners. How Nemesis had succeeded in fabricating these great placards in secret it would be difficult to say, but here they were, borne by standard-bearers, before and after the procession.

Miss Shubert was horrified to see her own name at the head of one of them in great printed letters. It read,

THE HOME SCHOOL GOES TO THE BEACH

MISS SHUBERT'S UNBEATABLES

while the other bore the legend in Visayan words,

BE OUR FRIEND. SMILE OR WE BITE

Miss Shubert was winded. The last block of breathless haste, followed by the sudden apparition of Nemesio and his host, had been too much for her.

Fortunately there was situated at the corner of the street a little shop kept by one of the members of the San Jacinto church. Its proprietor had joined the amused and interested crowd who were viewing the oncoming procession, but happening to turn at the moment Señora Benita caught sight of Miss Shubert hurriedly approaching, and observed at once that the latter was near the point of exhaustion. Her sympathetic soul went out to her.

"*Abaw*, Miss Shubert!" she exclaimed. "You have been running too hard and are about to faint. Drop down quickly into this chair." And with this she placed her arm about the shoulders of her little American friend and gently placed her in the comfortable bamboo armchair which was her own usual point of vantage for dealing with the many customers who visited her on the way to the market.

Miss Shubert was only too glad of the timely aid and sank speechless into the chair, just in time to be a helpless witness to the dramatic climax to Nemesio's prank. Just as the procession was approaching the corner of the street a rapidly driven calesa emerged from the intersecting way and turned into the main road flanking the market. It was

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

driven by a white-coated Filipino *cochero*, and seated in the vehicle Miss Shubert was dismayed to observe her friend Miss Burton. Dismayed, because just at the moment when the calesa turned into the market road Nemesisio's little army arrived apparently at the high peak of their enthusiasm. The Captain had given the order to "charge." The band put forth its maximum effort, the wash-basin drums rent the welkin, the song resounded with redoubled volume:

Home School boys
Make lots of noise;
They beat all the world for their
Weight and size.

Coincident with the shout the whole troop broke into a run, every broom pointed like a fixed bayonet, the tail of every red blanket waving in the air, the populace lining the way adding to the tumult with wild applause.

No wonder that the overwhelming hubbub together with the rush of the advancing army struck terror into the heart of the little half-broken pony. Suddenly throwing back his ears, stretching his neck forward its full length, he took the bit in his teeth, and bolted down the road toward the beach which Caligula had taken a few moments before. The calesa rocked from side to side, now on one wheel, now on the other. The driver made vain efforts to secure control of the animal. A stall by the roadside was overturned, little children ran shrieking from the path, a lean Oriental pig was so bewildered that it lay down and permitted the carriage to pass

THE HOME SCHOOL GOES TO THE BEACH

over it, escaping the horse's heels and the wheels of the vehicle by a miracle. The driver's cap caught the wind and flew through a shop window. Miss Burton's face went white with terror. She braced her feet against the floor of the carriage and grasped the sides convulsively with her hands. The Home School carabaw cart was overtaken and passed in a flash. Thank God that the wheels of the two vehicles merely grazed each other instead of locking together! They were now beyond the street of San Jacinto on the road to the beach. On each side stretched the rice paddies. Any unlooked-for obstacle in the road might cause the frightened horse to swerve and precipitate carriage and passengers down the bank. Miss Burton wondered how long it would be before the end.

At this moment a horseman appeared upon the road some distance in advance of them. Miss Burton thought she recognized Mr. Crum. The wild galloping of the frightened steed drawing the calesa had attracted his attention, and he had drawn to the side of the road, half turning to see who it was who drove so furiously.

As the calesa approached Caligula recognized that the vehicle was out of control, but it was only a brief moment before it reached him that he became aware that one of its occupants was Miss Burton. In spite of Caligula's avoirdupois he possessed an agile mind. In a flash he recognized the great danger in which his lady-love was placed. A false step, an unseen obstacle, a break in the road might spell sudden catastrophe. But Caligula was ready

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

for the emergency. It passed across his quick mind that the situation was created for him. Were ever the powers so kind to mortal man? Gathering the reins short and tight in his right hand and leaving the other free, he spoke a low word to his horse and urged the latter into a rapid trot in the same direction as the runaway, keeping well to the side of the road. As the vehicle approached he urged his own horse to a faster pace until the two animals were running side by side, when Caligula was able to lean over and firmly grasp the bridle of the frightened fugitive, gradually bringing its pace down until it stopped in the road, lathered with sweat and trembling with excitement.

Fortunately for Caligula and perhaps for herself, Miss Burton was not of the fainting kind. She had preserved her presence of mind, but was thoroughly shaken by the terrible experience now happily over. For a few moments she could do no more than sit still in the carriage and try to recover control of her shaking nerves. Then she quietly thanked Caligula for the courage and readiness with which he had sprung to her aid.

"I was on my way," she continued, "to the beach. Miss Shubert has invited me to stay with her for two weeks at the Home School beach house during these very hot days."

"But how came your horse to run away?" inquired Caligula.

"I believe I do not quite know. He was doing very well at first, but just as we turned into the market road, a group of children, whom I thought I

THE HOME SCHOOL GOES TO THE BEACH

recognized as coming from the Home School, came charging down the road in red blankets. Nemesio, the little boy who was so ill with tetanus, seemed to be leading them. They were running so wild and making such a noise that our horse suddenly bolted."

"That's just like Nemesio. I know the little sinner. I don't know whether to take a bamboo cane and dust his jacket for him for putting your life in danger, or to take him to Macaw's and treat him to cake and candy for giving me the opportunity of coming to your aid. I think I'll do both."

"But, Mr. Crum, it was a very dangerous thing for you to do. Your horse might have been pushed from the road or thrown to the ground by the calesa. You have certainly risked your life for me."

This seems to be a good point at which to leave the conversation between Miss Burton and Caligula. The former had had enough of adventure with Filipino ponies for the time being and refused to mount Mr. Crum's steed, so they continued the journey to the beach on foot, Caligula leading his mount by the bridle and the calesa with Miss Burton's belongings following at a walk in the rear.

But we left Miss Shubert in distress and must return to her. The culminating burst of enthusiasm from the little army combined with the disastrous results as Miss Burton's horse broke away from the restraint of the driver, loosened the shackles of Miss Shubert's tongue and as the vehicle dashed down the road she uttered a sharp cry:

"Nemesio, what have you been doing? Look, the horse has run away!"

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

Nemesio's back was turned to Miss Shubert, but her familiar voice brought him to the right about very promptly, especially as he saw the consternation written on the faces of his followers and heard the ejaculations of the excited crowd.

"Oh, Mamma Shubert, Mamma Shubert," he exclaimed in a shaking voice. "I didn't mean to do it. But I thought it was such a good chance for a procession, and we never have processions."

The frightened soldiers, forgetful of their military garb, gathered about Miss Shubert in the door of Señora Benita's shop. All were anxious to explain and to exculpate, but Miss Shubert recognized that this was no time or place either to receive explanations or for a judicial inquiry. Appalled at the possibilities of disaster, her thought was chiefly for the runaway.

"Come," she said, "we must go at once. Nemesio, you run to the hospital for Doctor Murray. The rest of you take off those blankets and follow quickly to the beach. We must see what has happened to Miss Burton. I am so afraid they will be overturned."

"Now don't you worry, Miss Shubert," said sensible, level-headed Señora Benita. "The road to the beach is a very good one, and the pony will just run himself out and do no harm. Come along. I will go with you, and your mind will soon be set at rest. God will take care of Miss Burton."

Señora Benita left her shop in the care of her little daughter Felisa, and set off with Miss Shubert upon the beach road, the children following in the rear. It was at least encouraging to find no evidences of

THE HOME SCHOOL GOES TO THE BEACH

wreck and ruin in the path, and after a time they caught up with the calesa, which had halted to give the driver an opportunity to mend a part of the harness that had proved unequal to the strain. From him they learned the story of the rescue, and Miss Shubert's heart was relieved of a heavy load of apprehension.

Miss Burton and Caligula were seated upon the steps of the beach house when they arrived, in earnest converse.

"*Abaw*, Mr. Crum," exclaimed Señora Benita, as soon as they were within speaking distance, "you are certainly a brave American. I should have been frightened to death. But then the life of the fair Señorita was at stake. No wonder you were so brave. What a romantic rescue."

Fortunately for the blushing Caligula he was relieved of the necessity of replying by the solicitude shown by Miss Shubert for Miss Burton's well-being.

"You must have been terribly frightened."

"I was indeed, Miss Shubert. I feared every moment that we should be overturned and killed or injured. I never was so glad to see any one in my life as when Mr. Crum appeared in the road like an angel on horseback."

"The driver of your calesa told us about the rescue. It was a daring thing to do, and the driver said Mr. Crum handled his horse with great skill."

"Truly," broke in Señora Benita, "I should like to see that clever horse who helped Mr. Crum save the fair American. I think he also is worthy of thanks."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"Where is your horse, Mr. Crum?" inquired Miss Shubert; "we must see that he is properly taken care of and has a good feed."

"He is right here——" began Caligula and looked around in rather a nonplussed manner, "or at least he was a few moments ago."

Certainly no horse seemed to be visible about the house. "I am afraid I must have forgotten to tie him," continued Caligula.

"Isn't that he," inquired Señora Benigna with a twinkle in her eye and extending her hand toward the beach road.

Sure enough, a saddled but riderless horse was making his way at a brisk trot toward the town, and Caligula recognized with chagrin that the preoccupation which had led him to neglect tying the animal would probably give him the labor of walking back to town.

But Miss Shubert was quick to catch the significance of the situation, and turned his chagrin into rejoicing by inviting him to spend the day with them, suggesting that he walk back in the cool of the evening, and adding that the horse would doubtless return quite safely to its own stable.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC. DOCTOR MURRAY DOES HIS BEST FOR JUAN

It had been a long, hot, wearisome day. Mrs. Wallace stood upon the veranda and looked anxiously down toward the hospital. She could observe her husband in earnest conversation with Doctor Murray at the door of the dispensary. He had just come from a market-day service in the town of Pontevendra some fifteen miles distant, and had stopped to chat with Doctor Murray who was concluding the afternoon rounds in the hospital.

Mrs. Wallace was concerned for her husband's health. The long, trying journeys into the hills day after day under the hot tropical sun were beginning to have their effect even upon his vigorous constitution. She herself was showing the results of the pitiless summer heat in the worn lines which were appearing upon her sweet face.

She turned with a sigh to the plants upon the veranda.

"Joaquin," said she, "the plants are looking very dry. Are you sure you have watered them lately?"

"Yes, indeed, Señora. But I did not give them a very big drink, because you know the water in the great tank is getting very low."

"Well, Joaquin, I think you might give them a little more tonight. The rains will begin soon."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"Me help Joaquin, Mamma," piped up little Agnes appearing from behind the plants. "Me give all the little flowers a little drink. Then they will say, 'Fank you, Agnes.'"

"Yes, darling. Run along and help Joaquin. Daddy will be here in a few minutes, and then you can have a ride on his back."

"The little flowers!" thought Mrs. Wallace. "She is just a 'little flower' herself." She uttered another sigh as she noted how frail and fair the little one looked as she ran away with her hand in that of Joaquin. The dreadful summer heat had taken its toll of the child's strength, and there was a transparent pallor about her face which almost frightened the missionary mother. Ah, how gladly they would make the sacrifice of personal ease, comfort, and even health for the sake of the great cause, if that were the only price they were called upon to pay; but to watch the little blossoms of the home fade and wither! This was the supreme missionary sacrifice. Well, the Master knew. They were all in his keeping. The rains must surely come soon. Little Agnes needed them as much as the foliage plants.

Mr. Wallace was turning away from the dispensary door and saying good-by to Doctor Murray. In a few moments he joined his wife upon the veranda. His features were touched with an unwonted gravity.

"I am afraid you have bad news, dear," she greeted him.

"Dearest," he replied, "we must be strong and

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC

put our trust in God. We have some wonderful promises to lean upon. 'Thou shalt not be afraid . . . for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.' "

"Then the cholera has come?"

"Yes, I am afraid so. In Pontevedra there are many cases. Most of the wells are dry, and the few remaining cisterns and wells seem to be contaminated."

"But Pontevedra is fifteen miles away. Perhaps it will not reach San Jacinto."

"I fear it is a vain hope. There have been a number of cases of obscure bowel disease within the past week which the authorities have said nothing about, but Doctor Murray says that he has seen several unmistakable cases today."

Mrs. Wallace's cheek blanched. She could not but think of the little frail flower, her power of resistance gone, ready to fall a prey to the prevailing infection.

"Isn't there anything we can do to avoid infection?"

"Yes. I have been talking with Doctor Murray about it. It is relatively easy to avoid cholera, but it takes unceasing vigilance."

"Tell me what he said to you about it."

"Well, perhaps the most important thing is to see that the water is thoroughly boiled."

"Yes, I have always tried to impress the importance of that upon Joaquin. He is supposed to boil water every morning and place it in the earthen bottles to cool. But I am afraid he is not so care-

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

ful as he should be. Once or twice I have found the wriggling larvæ of mosquitoes in the drinking-water. Perhaps it was contaminated after being boiled."

"I would not trust Joaquin with this task while the cholera epidemic lasts."

"No, I will see to it myself every day. It is difficult to make Joaquin realize that water is not necessarily boiling because it steams, and that it ought to bubble for full three minutes before it is entirely safe. He wants to get it done in a hurry so that he can empty it into the cooling-bottles and go away to rest."

"We must be careful about the vegetables from the market, too. Doctor Murray says this is a frequent source of infection."

"There is not much to be bought in the way of vegetables just now. I think we had better get along with canned and dried vegetables for a time. I will tell both the boys to stay away from the market."

Doctor Murray had closed and locked the dispensary, but instead of making his way to his own home which lay on the other side of the compound he took the path toward the Wallace house and ascended the broad steps which led up to it. A smile wreathed his features as he greeted Mrs. Wallace. It brought instant comfort and encouragement to her troubled heart.

"I am glad to see that you can smile, Doctor," she said. "I was afraid you would be overborne by the burdens of the day, especially with the outbreak

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC

of cholera. I know they have kept you going steadily the whole day. Do you think the danger from the epidemic very great?"

"We must not let it depress us too much, Mrs. Wallace. The cholera is here, and there have been a few deaths. We must combat it with all our might and main, but it is best to keep cheerful. The danger is not great if we take wise and careful precautions."

"Mr. Wallace and I have just been discussing what we ought to do. It is good to see you so strong and confident."

"Why the fact is, Mrs. Wallace, that confidence is one of the most important elements in fighting any disease, but particularly cholera. There is danger of panic among the more ignorant. The very name of the disease seems to strike terror into their souls. One of my constant battles is to keep up the hearts of my patients. Occasionally they will just insist upon dying, in spite of all I can do."

"Have you had very many cases of suspected cholera yet?" inquired Mr. Wallace.

"Not many," was the response. "I was smiling as I came up the steps at the recollection of Señor Aguila's panic. He called me out of bed early this morning. I found him very much perturbed. He was perfectly certain that he was going to have cholera. He said he had awakened in the night with vague pains in his stomach and came to the conclusion at once that he was doomed. He thought he had better prepare for death, and so he lit a lamp and looked all over the house for a Bible. Not being

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

able to find one, he occupied the wee sma' hours in reading the Bible Dictionary. I was able to reassure him regarding his condition, fortunately."

Even in so grave an hour a little humor seemed not out of place, and the smiles which Doctor Murray's story produced were accompanied by a corresponding relaxation of nerve and spirit.

"Thank you, Doctor, for cheering us up. We mustn't get morbid about the situation. It gives us a new opportunity to counsel and aid the people about us," said Mr. Wallace.

"I came up to add what I think I forgot to tell you in the dispensary," continued the doctor. "It would be well for you to keep your people within the compound as much as possible for the present. Infection is likely to be found anywhere, and they had better avoid it. I must be going now. There are still two or three patients over at my house whom I must see before the evening meal."

It was the following noon when it occurred to Mrs. Wallace that she had not seen Juan's cheerful face about the house all the morning. He and little Agnes had become such friends that the child's merry laughter might be heard mingling with the cripple's gentle tones at almost any time of the day. She was always happy to play about the sala while Juan was polishing the floors, chattering away happily to the lad. They would discuss gravely the serious themes of the gospel in which Juan had become greatly interested. She would play little pranks upon him, and no one would be so happy as Juan at her merry games.

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC

"Joaquin," said Mrs. Wallace, "where is Juan? I haven't seen him since morning prayers. I hope he hasn't gone away. You know I warned you both to stay at home."

"Señora, Juan was very sorry. He wanted to speak to you and ask your permission, but you were very busy, and word came from a friend of his in town that he was very ill and wanted to see Juan."

"I am very sorry he went, Joaquin. You know there is cholera around, and it is very dangerous. Juan might become infected and bring it home to the rest of the family."

"Here he comes, Señora. See, he is safe," and Joaquin pointed out of the window to the road at the foot of the steps where Juan was shuffling his way toward home. It was a slow and difficult process for the crippled lad to make his way up the hill, but in a few moments he appeared upon the veranda, his brow bathed in sweat by the effort of the walk from town in the hot sun.

"Juan," began Mrs. Wallace, "where have you been? We have been very uneasy about you. You know I asked you not to go to town while the cholera is here."

Juan's face was the picture of distress. Mrs. Wallace's unfailing kindness had fully won his heart, and the tone of displeasure in her voice brought tears to his big brown eyes.

"Señora, I could not help it. I had to go. My friend Gil was ill. I have been visiting him for weeks, and he had learned to read parts of the Testament. They told me today that he was taken

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

violently ill. I found him in a cold sweat. His eyes were half closed. But he knew me when I spoke to him of Jesus. I stayed with him all the morning."

"And is he better, Juan?"

"Yes, Señora. He is dead and at home with Jesus."

"Dead, Juan!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallace, her face mirroring the terror which was suddenly depicted on Joaquin's feature. "Then it was cholera?"

"Yes, Señora. They said he was taken ill yesterday morning."

"But Juan, you have been subjected to the danger of infection. Why did you go?"

"I had to go, Senora. He knew so little of Christ, and he was dying. Perhaps I shall have cholera, but I had to go."

"Quick, Joaquin," Mrs. Wallace began hurriedly, "heat a great boiler of water. Get Juan some fresh clothes. He must bathe and be disinfected. You must burn the clothes he has on."

It was not until some time later that peace descended upon the household when Juan, cleansed, disinfected, and reclothed, sat in the kitchen at the rear reading to Joaquin while the latter dried the dishes after the delayed noonday meal.

The cholera epidemic proved to be more serious than had been anticipated. It was clear that more than one of the dwindling wells had become infected. The question of water supply became a very serious one. Fresh water was selling for twenty-five centavos a five-gallon petroleum tin. The municipal authorities had become awakened to the serious

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC

danger of the situation and had asked Doctor Murray's assistance in dealing with it.

It was only a day or two later when Mr. Wallace met Doctor Murray in the road leading to the hospital as the latter was returning from a round of visits. His face was filled with trouble. Greeting the doctor cordially he inquired about the progress of the epidemic.

"I think on the whole it is declining," was the response. "There are fewer cases on the other side of the river. Just now the worst section is right here at our own doors. You remember we have often spoken of the unsanitary conditions of the huts in the *barrio*, stretching down toward the river. Today we have taken several cases from this *barrio* to the hospital."

"I wish there were something I could do to help you," said Wallace. The bond between these two friends was a very close one. Each had a deep regard for the sterling qualities of the other, and so far as possible they endeavored to carry on their work together.

"You are helping me every day. The cheer you bring to every one in the hospital, nurses and patients alike, is a great asset. The very sight of you seems to do them good."

"I feel very reluctant to add to your burden at this time, Doc, but I am afraid I shall have to ask you to come and see Juan."

"What? Juan, the cripple? Is he ill?"

"I fear he is very ill indeed. This morning he complained of vague pains in his abdomen. Then he

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

began to vomit, and now the pains and cramps extend throughout his limbs."

"Sounds bad. Let's go up and take a look at him."

The two friends found Juan lying upon a mat placed upon the floor of the guest-room. Mrs. Wallace, recognizing the possibility of his illness proving to be cholera, had taken every precaution for his isolation at once. Most of the furniture had been removed from the room, and the few simple preparations needed for Juan's comfort had been made. One glance was sufficient to indicate to Doctor Murray the nature of the case, and Wallace's solicitude read the diagnosis in his expression.

"It is a genuine case, Doc?"

"No doubt of it, Wallace, and a bad one."

Here Juan broke in with a question in the native tongue:

"I've got cholera, haven't I, Doctor?"

"Well, what if you have, Juan? Keep up a good heart, and we will soon have you on your feet again. I discharged three patients cured today."

"Doctor, I knew I was going to have it when I sat by Gil. I could see myself fading away as he did, I am going to die."

"Now don't talk like that, Juan," interrupted Mr. Wallace. "There is no reason why you should die. Doctor Murray has cured many cases and will cure you."

"Señor, I know Doctor Murray is a very skilful *medico* and if any one could cure me, he could. But something tells me that I shall not recover. I am not afraid. You have taught me about Christ."

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC

"Juan," said the doctor, "you have no right to talk like that. God gave you your life, and you must fight for it. There is much we can do to help you. See, I have the medicines and apparatus here. You must help us by determining to get well."

Turning aside with Mr. Wallace the doctor continued:

"There is no time to be lost. We must have sterile water at once. He is in the active stage of the disease. The question is whether we can carry him through the stage of collapse."

Already a startling change had taken place in Juan's appearance. The face had a pinched and drawn look. The cheeks were hollow and the eyes sunken. For an hour or more Doctor Murray worked over Juan and then left him in the care of his friend, promising to return later.

After the doctor had left a consultation took place between the missionary and his wife as to the best means of caring for Juan. It was clear that Joaquin was not to be trusted with such a case. The capable little Filipino nurses at the hospital were so overburdened that it was quite out of the question to call upon them.

"I must take care of him myself," finally said Mr. Wallace. "We must not take the risk of extending the infection further by committing him to the care of any of our native friends. Their background does not permit them to realize the essential necessity of the most painstaking care of the hands, clothing, and surroundings."

"But dear," said Mrs. Wallace, falteringly, "I am

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

afraid to have you undertake it. What would happen to us all if you should be taken ill?"

"There is small danger of that," replied her husband. "Doctor Murray has given me full instructions. The infection is carried by water and food. If I use diligent care in cleansing my hands in the disinfectants, I shall be all right. This afternoon Juan's friend, Doroteo, was inquiring for him and wanted to be permitted to care for him. But I sent him away. He said he would come back again this evening. I will let him talk with Juan. He may be able to bring the poor lad some encouragement."

Just at this moment a step was heard upon the veranda and Doroteo, the young man of whom Mr. Wallace had been speaking, appeared at the door of the sala. Doroteo was one of the preachers connected with the native church. At the first view his appearance was not prepossessing. His mouth was large and his teeth prominent, while his eyes were sunken in deep hollows. But there was something kindly and genuine about the expression of the grotesque features. Few among the adherents of the new faith in San Jacinto had shown a deeper understanding of the word of God and the spirit of Jesus than Doroteo. His first halting and stumbling efforts to speak of his new faith had gradually given place to an ability to speak readily and fluently, and he had become a preacher of great power. It was he who had done much to develop Juan's interest in the Scripture.

"Señor," said he, "I have come again as you suggested. How is Juan? May I see him?"

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC

"I fear Juan is very ill, Doroteo. I am glad you have come. I want you to see him. He seems to have gotten the idea that he is going to die."

Doroteo was making his way toward the guest-room door when Mr. Wallace checked him. "Wait," said he, "I do not think you had better go into the room. Come around on the veranda outside, and you can talk to him through the window."

The conversation between the two friends was long and intimate. Between the paroxysms of pain Doroteo endeavored to comfort and help the lad. He was utterly unable to shake his conviction that he was about to die, however.

"Why should I want to live, Doroteo?" said Juan. "Look at my legs. I shall always be a cripple."

"But think of the good you may do, Juan. Think of the friends you may lead to Christ."

"Ah truly, Doroteo. That is the one thing to live for. But somehow I think the little an ignorant beggar like me can do is finished. I have tried to be faithful. There are many friends of the old days whom I have been teaching to read out of the New Testament. I shall meet them later on, but it seems to me that I must go first."

Later in the evening Doctor Murray returned and renewed the injection of quantities of sterile saline solution. This was the principal treatment used, for it was before the days of cholera serum. The battle went on through the night. Mr. Wallace stayed close by Juan's side ready to render any slightest aid which might serve to relieve the lad's suffering or offer hope of improvement. The rapidity with which

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

the case developed was startling in the extreme. The rounded curve of muscle and tissue disappeared. The body seemed to shrivel visibly. The wasting of the tissues and the waning of the forces indicated the terrible nature of the toxins set free in the body. The following morning chills intervened, a cold sweat appeared upon the forehead, the muscles became rigid, and Doctor Murray very much feared that Juan's end had come. But toward evening the patient rallied, a degree of warmth was restored to the limbs, every symptom seemed to abate.

"If all goes well," said the Doctor, "we shall have Juan out of the collapse very soon, and then we can begin to restore his strength. Cholera patients often recover very rapidly."

"It is worth fighting for to feel his pulse come up in this fashion," replied Wallace. "Don't you think he is likely to live now, Doctor?"

"I see no reason now why he should not recover. We have pulled him through the dangerous period. I will go now. He seems to be resting quietly. It will do him good to sleep. You ought to go to bed yourself. You are worn out."

"All right, Doctor. I shall lie on this cot beside him tonight."

After Murray had left, Wallace watched beside Juan for an hour or more. The lad's eyes opened, and Mr. Wallace spoke to him kindly.

"How are you feeling now, Juan?"

"I am feeling fine, Señor. Perfectly comfortable and happy."

"You must try to sleep tonight, Juan."

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC

"Yes, I shall sleep, Señor. If I should never wake will you tell little Agnes how much I loved her and thank Señora for taking me into her house and teaching me so much that is good? I could never understand heaven until I came here, but now I know that it must be like this. I think I shall be gone in the morning."

"Don't talk like that, Juan. You are over the worst, and the Doctor says you will live. Go to sleep now and wake up stronger."

"Good night, Señor. I shall sleep well."

In a few minutes he dropped into a deep slumber, and Mr. Wallace lay down on the cot and was soon sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. It was in the chill of daybreak that he awakened and hastened to look to his charge.

Juan lay there with a smile on his face, but there was something startlingly still and peaceful about his appearance. Wallace was at his side in a moment. The still form was cold, and the pulse was absent. Awakening Joaquin, Wallace sent him immediately for Doctor Murray. The latter came at once and confirmed his friend's fear that the end had come.

"But why did he die?" inquired Wallace in a puzzled tone. "Last night he was so much better that we felt sure he would live."

"The fact is that to all intents and purposes he was cured last night, but the will to live had gone out of him."

"After all, perhaps it is well. The poor lad could never have been straight and strong."

CHAPTER XIV

JOSÉ TAKES A LITTLE NAP AND GIVES LIEUTENANT ROBINSON INFORMATION TO HIS ADVANTAGE

It was half past eleven in the morning. The excruciating sun was approaching its meridian. José Buenaventura, clerk of the court, immured in the recesses of the municipal building, almost succumbed to the paralyzing influence of the heat. Laying down his pen and gazing around the office, he noted the motionless lizards as they lay upon the walls with fixed glassy stare, too much overcome to dart at the soporific flies. Clearly one could not transcribe weighty municipal documents in such weather as this; moreover, José thought he knew of one little spot where, even on such like days, the unwinking sun could not penetrate.

Retreating from his official den, José sought the banana-planted courtyard, and here, with the banana plants sheltering one side and beneath the overhanging second story of the massive stone building, was a spot of purple shadow. Above was a window, deep set in the masonry and protected by great curving iron bars which, by the amplitude of their bulge, prevented possible marauders from coming within several feet of the window. Under the massive coping, José, familiar with the place from many a noon-day doze, composed himself to quiet rest.

JOSE TAKES A LITTLE NAP

When he awoke the sun had passed over to the other side of the building and was beginning to percolate gently through the banana-leaves.

“*Caramba! Hombre!* Did I not tell thee that it was by the good offices of the *presidente* of Kamarag that we escaped?”

Without doubt the words came from the open window above. From the very first syllables José recognized the speaker, and the picture of him as last he had seen him, came vividly before his memory. A large, bony, swarthy-faced man, fierce *mustachios*, heavy eyebrows drawing the forehead into a perpetual frown, an overbearing expression; here was a man ready to swallow swords at a moment's notice. Hair that was grizzled now, but jet-black in his youth; years ago he had suffered a great disappointment, and it had planted its impress upon his passionate face; a man with a past and not a savory one. He had been among the first to rise against Spain; with his comrades he had gathered in a secret place at midnight, and there had drawn up a document of dreadful import, setting forth what they were to do to Spain in memory of the many sufferings she had inflicted upon them. He still displayed with pride the jagged scar upon his knuckle which marked the place from which the blood had been taken to sign the document. Since the dispersion of this band of *insurrectos* he had lived in the mountains, gaining a livelihood by periodical raids upon the cities of the plain and coast, and had earned for himself the name of *Luis de los Montes* or Luis the bandit.

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

José had cause to know this man, for it was he who had been the cause of his misfortunes. A raid had been made by Luis' band upon the inland town where José had formerly lived, and the water-buffalo and cattle had been driven off to the mountains, among them the animals which were the staple of José's property. It was a common proceeding, and one made possible by the close connection of the *ladrone* bands of the mountains with the officials of the various towns and villages. The custom was to keep the stolen animals in the mountains for a time, changing their brands and then driving them to another town where, by the connivance of the local officers, false deeds were made out for the animals, and they were sold for the joint benefit of the men of the mountains and the interested officials. Hence it was with a start of interest that José heard the hoarse voice of Luis proceeding from the window. Evidently Luis was here to dispose of a herd of animals acquired in this way, and they were quarreling over the spoil. From the sound of the voices José gathered that among other minor officials, the town clerk, Señor Perez, the prospective purchaser of José's images, was present.

"Pestilence! He has helped in the game, and he must have a share in the reward. Do I not tell thee that I had almost fallen into the hands of the American constabulary officer when Felipe warned me? Of a surety he must share. We were encamped at Bayo expecting to move the next morning, when a courier came from Felipe telling us to hasten away at once, for the *teniente* was on his way. Five times

JOSE TAKES A LITTLE NAP

has this American lieutenant hounded me from my camp; offspring of a pig!"

"Very well," responded a second voice. "He shall share then, but now give the clerk the new brands."

"Let us see," said Señor Perez, "the brands are an arrow with a half circle."

"*Peste!*" ejaculated the mountain bandit. "Beast of the field, have I not said that those are the old marks, and would you have us all spend ten years in the prison? The brands are a full circle with a cross-bar, which we easily made from the old brand, and it is done so skilfully that no one could detect the change."

"Very well then, Señor. I have made the change, and the papers will be ready. Your share will be sent when the animals are disposed of."

"The holy saints grant that it be a large one."

"But look you, Señor Luis," said the unknown voice. "Is it well for you to come down to San Jacinto in this manner while the lieutenant of constabulary is in town?"

"Bah! A copper cent for the *constabulario!* I will brave him to his very beard."

"As you please, *amigo mio*, but remember that more liberties than yours hang on your capture."

"Have no fear, Señor Officer, the lieutenant will not catch me. I go—but never mind where I go for the present. It is enough that my rascals and I will be safe in our cavern below the mountain village of Kasangalang a week from tonight. *Adios*, good friend, and to you, Señor Clerk."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

“ *Adios, Señor Luis! May the saints send a dark night. Vaya con Dios.*”

With these words José heard the door open and shut, and the three men evidently left the room together. In his hidden retreat José pondered as to his best course of action. Clearly the thing to do was to apprehend the bandit band. But how? Some of the city officials appeared to be in league with the malefactor; single-handed José could not hope to accomplish anything, but it occurred to him that he could at least go to the constabulary officer, who would be glad of information as to the movements of Luis.

José emerged from the banana-shaded courtyard by a back door and making his way around to the front, crossed the plaza to the headquarters of the constabulary which were located next to the municipal building on the other side. Ascending the wide staircase to the officers' quarters, he inquired for Lieutenant Robinson, and was shown into a side room which presented a strange appearance to José's eye. There were the usual cane-woven bed, huge armchairs, and hardwood table, but upon the wall was stretched a great net which José, being unfamiliar with tennis, supposed to be a fishnet. In its meshes were arranged in artistic disarray a great many photographs of people and places. José had never seen so many together before, and wondered whether the Señor kept them there to sell. There was also, in a silver frame, a picture of a beautiful American lady with sweet eyes and a merry smile, which would certainly have smitten José to the heart,

JOSE TAKES A LITTLE NAP

had he not been so deeply enamored of the fair Dolores. In a few moments the door opened and an officer of the constabulary entered.

After inquiring courteously for his health, José approached the object of his visit.

“Señor Lieutenant,” he began, “would you care for information as to the whereabouts of the gentleman known as Luis the Ladrone?”

“Would I?” replied the constabulary officer. “I have been lying awake nights for a year trying to figure out some way to lay hands upon him.”

“I seem to remember that a reward was offered for information leading to his capture,” continued José, who even in his zeal for the law, did not forget the main chance.

“Why certainly,” responded Lieutenant Robinson. “There is a reward of five hundred pesos offered to any one who will furnish such information. But his friends are close-mouthed and his enemies afraid of him, so that the offer of the reward does not produce much effect. I am beginning to despair of getting hold of him,” he concluded with a sigh.

“Good, Lieutenant,” said José, dramatically. “Your man is in San Jacinto today.”

“What!” exclaimed the Lieutenant, leaping from his chair. “That thief in San Jacinto. How do you know? Where shall we find him? Quick, man! He must be captured.”

“Softly, Señor. I do not know where he is just now.”

“What do you mean, *hombre*, why do you play with me? Tell me what you know.”

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

“Then if the Señor will listen. Luis is to meet his men in the mountains a week from tonight. They will take refuge in a cavern below the mountain village of Kasangalang. You may readily intercept them as they enter or leave.” José recounted to him what he had heard under the window of the municipal building.

The American could hardly wait to hear José to the end of his story before hurrying away to lay his plans for an expedition to capture the *ladrones*. José's story coincided completely with the information he had already received from Mr. Wallace regarding the cavern which had been revealed to the latter and his friend, Doctor Murray, by Benigno. The Lieutenant had made careful inquiry regarding the location of the cave, and being quite familiar with the mountain region in which it lay, he was confident that he could find the entrance and exit with little difficulty. In any case the pass leading to the mountainside would furnish an admirable place for an ambushade.

As José emerged from the portal of the Constabulary Headquarters, he came upon the American pastor and Señorita Dolores in conversation.

“Good afternoon, José,” said Mr. Wallace. “Miss Dolores and I have been speaking about the little blind girl Anita. Isn't she a friend of yours? It seems to me I have heard you speak of her.”

“Yes,” responded José, “she often comes to our house when she is in distress, and I have found her, in spite of her neglected appearance and life of beggary, a child of very sweet disposition. Her blind-

JOSE TAKES A LITTLE NAP

ness grieves me greatly, and I have been wondering whether Doctor Murray could not help her. I have thought of asking him."

"You are late, José. It seems Miss Burton has anticipated us. Dolores has just been telling me that at Miss Burton's request he has been treating the little one's eyes for some time."

"Yes," added Dolores, "and very soon she is going into the hospital, and Doctor Murray thinks he can help her to see at least a little."

"José," pursued Mr. Wallace, "have you any idea what made her blind? The condition is unusual. Doctor Murray could not get her to tell him about it."

"I too have asked her the cause, Señor Pastor. But she seems to have been through some terrible experience and fears even to think of the subject."

"Well, we must hope and pray that the Master who gave sight to so many blind in his day will give Doctor Murray wisdom to restore little Anita," said Mr. Wallace, then adding as the young teacher turned away toward the bridge:

"Good evening, Dolores. We shall look for you at choir practise tomorrow night."

Left alone with José, the pastor inquired kindly of him,

"Well, José, and what have you decided to do about the images?" José's head dropped.

"Señor Pastor, it seems very hard for me to decide. I need the money so badly, and just now there arises an additional need." Falteringly José told the story of his love for Dolores and the earnest desire he entertained of making her his wife.

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

“José,” responded the pastor, “believe me, a home built on such a foundation will never prosper. Follow God, and he will bless your love; and depend upon it, if you trust him, there will be a way out of the difficulty. ‘Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.’”

A little later, as he sat in his bedroom preparing for the night’s rest, José closed the Bible which he had been reading, knelt at the side of the great bed, and told his heavenly Father about Dolores just as simply as though he had been talking to his closest earthly friend. He arose from his knees, comforted and soothed.

“Perhaps,” thought he, “I may get the reward for offering information about Luis in case the lieutenant captures him.”

CHAPTER XV

THE DROWNED IDOLS. THE CAPTURE OF LUIS. ANITA ENTERS THE HOSPITAL

JOSÉ had fought his battle and gained his victory. There had never been any real question in his soul as to the right course to pursue in respect to Señor Perez's offer to purchase his images. But sometimes the desire of the heart drowns out the voice of the soul by its clamorous demands. José had been greatly helped by the counsel of his friend, Mr. Wallace. He was now bent upon settling the matter so decisively that there would be no further possibility of yielding to temptation.

It was drawing toward midnight when José emerged from the door of his house carrying a burden over his shoulder and made his way toward the river. He shivered in the chill of the night air. It was a night of brilliant moonlight, but somehow the moon did not seem to help José very much. It was surely not an hour for honest men to be stirring. But certainly José's appearance was not over-honest. Haste, silence, and a well-filled bag sat heavily upon him and seemed to stamp his enterprise with the seal of night and the baleful light of the moon's indifference. At least there was nothing indifferent in his hurried movements. Crossing the bridge, he turned rapidly into the path following

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

the windings of the river, and passed into the shadow of the forest skirting the river-bank.

What else does the blasé old moon see as she gazes down upon San Jacinto tonight? What sounds are these which rise fiercely and accusingly to her peaceful sphere? Surely these sights and sounds cannot penetrate her understanding, or she could never preserve that calm indifference. The shrill screams of a young child, the coarse, brutal oaths of a creature wearing human shape, but ah! how disfigured, how distorted by passion and bestial indulgence! Three piercing cries, the sound of oaths and vituperations, and the door of the wreck of a house, standing by the river-bank, bursts open, and out rushes a little child, weeping passionately, and away into the night; while the woman, maddened by passion and liquor staggers after her. Through the underbrush of the roadside, into the damp, unwholesome moisture of the *nipa* morass the child hurries, onward and away, anywhere to escape from the maddened virago who threatens her, until she too comes to the little river-path and passes on into the shadow of the forest.

It would seem that there are other persons who appear to be of but indifferent honesty stirring in San Jacinto tonight, for half a mile farther, as little Anita cowers, trembling and shaking, in the shadow of a banana-plant, fearing to hear again the hoarse cries of her drunken pursuer, stealthy figures, flitting in the pale moonlight, also stop in the banana-plantation and hold subdued colloquy.

“Did you see?” says one.

THE DROWNED IDOLS

“What?”

“The man who just passed along the river-path.”

“No. Who was it?”

“Surely it seems to me that it was our friend, José, and he was carrying a bag. Now why should a new-made *protestante* be out at this time carrying a bag? They tell strange things about the *protestantes*. This may be something in our line.”

“Well, let us follow him and relieve him of the bag.”

“No, we will wait until Luis comes. It will be only a few minutes. We were to meet him here and might miss him if we do not stay.”

To little Anita, crouching in the shadow, terrified by the vision of the old hag who had pursued her, neither bandits nor night prowlers, could add to her terror; but she had caught in the conversation a well-known name, José. They said he had passed up the river-path and was gone a little way before. If she could only find him there would be safety. A dead banana-leaf rustled as she crept carefully into the path again; a pebble rolled noisily down the bank into the river, but the men were busily discussing their recent operations in San Jacinto and heard nothing. A little farther along, and she rose rapidly to her feet and ran along the river-path, listening all the time intently for any sound. About a mile further, and she emerged suddenly into a path of moonlight, and a subdued voice fell upon her ears. Gladly she recognized José's voice.

“It is better so, better so. Yes. Here is the sweetly carved Saint Joseph and the lovely Maria

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

with the *mantilla* made when mother had cholera, and here the little Santo Niño and the little San Roque, and——” but here the thin voice of Anita broke upon José’s preoccupation, and he looked up startled.

It was a singular task which occupied him. From the bag which had aroused the cupidity of the night-prowlers, he had drawn out one by one a succession of images, some of them richly caparisoned in gold and purple robes, some of them worn by time and shabby, and others, especially one large image, bright and new. Reverently he had handled them and laid them aside, for while he had learned that God is not worshiped by images of wood and stone, the work of men’s hands, the traditions and teachings of years had not entirely lost their power over him. It was the last link that bound him to the old life. He had remembered again their value and had thought of the five hundred pesos which he must lose if he consigned those images of his worn-out faith to a watery grave. He had recalled the times when he had bowed before those pieces of wood and tinsel and tried to realize the presence of a loving Father and Divine Lord in them, and then he had looked up to the majesty of the silent night with its infinite star-dotted spaces; and the pitifulness of those pieces of wood and cloth beneath the immensity where God dwelt, made him despise them and wonder how there could ever have been a struggle in his heart at parting with them. Into his soul came the word of the Lord, “Lo, I am with you alway,” and upon him fell that peace which passeth all understanding.

THE DROWNED IDOLS

What need of images and pictures to embody and typify God when he himself dwelt in the heart?

As José thus meditated the entreating cry of Anita broke upon his reverie, and he turned in astonishment to see the little blind girl whom he had so often befriended, close behind him on the bank.

"Why, Anita! What brings you here at this time?" said José.

"Oh, Señor José, we must hurry, for some bad men are coming, and they mean to take away your bag."

"Well, little one, I have no further use for it. But it is true I would rather dispose of it otherwise."

"But they are coming quickly, Señor."

"Then we must hasten, little friend."

Quickly José thrust the images into the sack once more, weighted it with some large stones, tied the mouth, and loaded it into a small dug-out boat which was tied to the stem of a palm on the bank of the river. Steadying the frail bark, he spoke kindly to the child.

"Come, *Anita mia*, get in," said he, and immediately thrust vigorously with the paddle until the boat was well into the midstream, when solemnly, and without any trace of struggle or hesitation, he heaved overboard the bag which had so long weighted him and paddled away down the stream, out of the shadow of the forest, with spirits light and heart rejoicing. Don José was a free man.

Having disposed of the errand which had taken him abroad at such an unseasonable hour, José had leisure as he paddled down the stream to inquire

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

more carefully into the story which Anita had poured out so hurriedly.

"Tell me, little one, about the men whom you overheard. Who were they?"

"Truly, I do not know, José. But they used dreadful words, and they spoke about you and said you were a *Protestante*, and that you must be going to do something wicked."

"They judged by their own intentions, child. Evil men are always ready to believe evil of others."

"Oh, I know they were wicked because they spoke about taking away your bag."

"Do you think they were very far behind you?"

"I don't know. I ran quickly when I heard them say you were here. They said they must wait for Luis."

"Luis!" ejaculated José. "Then I know very well who they were. They belonged to the band of thieves who have committed so many robberies lately. But I think their career is nearly ended, for if I am not mistaken, Lieutenant Robinson and the constabulary are already far up in the hills preparing a reception for them."

"I was so afraid of them," added the child, "that I did not know what to do until I heard your name, and then I knew that if I could find you I should be safe."

"But how came you to be in the forest at such a time of night? You ought to be wrapped snugly in your blanket at home."

"I was at home, José, and asleep. But in the middle of the night Grandmother came bursting into

THE DROWNED IDOLS

the hut, and I woke up frightened. She had been drinking and was like a wild woman. She shrieked at me that I must give her more money, and I had none. So she grasped my shoulder and began to beat me, but I wrenched away and ran."

"Well, you must not go back home again tonight. Stay with me, and we will see what can be done in the morning."

Thus it came that a little later when Luis de los Montes joined his companions in knavery, and they hastened together along the path in search of José and the bag, they were doomed to disappointment, for neither José nor bag were visible, and the ripple of the river over the drowned idols told no tales.

After hunting for some time along the banks, Luis became impatient with his followers and declared that they must push on into the mountains, in order to get well along toward safety before day-dawn; so leaving the chase of the chimera with the bag, they took the trail leading to the pass between the mountains.

The way was a rough one. First through the *nipa* morass where the stagnant odors of pools offended the nostrils, along the river-bank where the fire-flies played in great swarms about the almond trees, like sparkling Milky Ways; then climbing the steep faces of rocks and forcing their way through the underbrush of the forest until they emerged once more on the mountain road, far up toward the clouds, and hoped they were out of danger.

Had it not been for the little incident of José and the images, Lieutenant Robinson would surely have

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

been too late, for most vexatiously, two of his horses had fallen lame early in the journey, and they had had to walk a large part of the winding road which led to the pass by the regular route; but thanks to the delay caused by José and the time spent by Luis and his companions in stalking that specter, the company had time to take up their position well ambushed in the trees before the arrival of those whom they were awaiting.

They had not long to wait until out of the darkness emerged the party they were expecting, and at the word of command the company of constabulary men arose up around the *ladrones*. Luis and his companions were taken entirely by surprise. Jaded with the way, attacked by overwhelming numbers (for Lieutenant Robinson had not risked failure from inadequate forces), unready and unsuspecting, Luis did not dare add the crowning indiscretion of resistance to his ill-fated trip, but submitted to be bound and placed upon a horse, after which he and his crew were conducted back over the winding road to the prison in San Jacinto.

Hence glad news awaited José in the morning. All San Jacinto was ringing with the news of the capture of the *ladrone* leader, Luis de los Montes. Great was the glory which accrued to the lieutenant of the constabulary, but when the details became known, José himself came in for a good share of the glory, and a message from the lieutenant asking him to drop around to headquarters created quite an agreeable flutter in José's bosom.

Standing once more before the picture of the

THE DROWNED IDOLS

American señorita whose kind eyes gazed at him from out their silver frame, José received the thanks of the lieutenant for his part in the capture.

"You see, Buenaventura," for the intoxication of success had made the lieutenant communicative, "this means a lot to me. I shall receive promotion, and upon my salary as captain I shall be able to send to the United States for this lady to come out and be my wife," and lifting the picture from its nail, he gazed long and tenderly at it.

José broke into a ringing laugh. "*Abaw*, Señor Capitan," said he, "to think that one mountain bandit should be the price of two lady wives. For I also may petition for the hand of Dolores, if the promised reward is forthcoming."

Lieutenant Robinson assured José that the five hundred pesos would be his beyond a doubt as soon as the necessary report could be made to Manila.

"After all," remarked José, "it is poetic justice. Luis took my cattle and carabaw years ago, and now he is giving me a wife in exchange. I really think, Señor Luis," he added softly to himself, "that I have the best of the bargain."

Anita was anxiously awaiting José upon his return from the constabulary headquarters. She was torn between her fear of returning to her drunken grandmother and fear of what the latter might do to her if she failed to return.

"What shall I do, José?" she said pitifully. "What shall I do? I am afraid."

"Don't be afraid, dear," responded her friend. "We will take care of you."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

“But I must go back home quickly, or I shall be beaten.”

“No, little one, you must never go back there again. I am sure the law would not force you to remain in the care of a relative who abuses you so. You shall have a home with us.”

“Oh, do you think, José, that they would ever let me come to live with you?”

“Yes, I feel sure we can manage it. Let us go and talk with Mr. Wallace about it, and perhaps we shall see Doctor Murray too.”

“He said I was to go into his hospital some day, if they would let me, and he would try to make me see. Do you know, José, I have been praying a new prayer every day for a long time.”

“What is it, dear?”

“You remember you told me the story of a man who was blind like I am a long time ago, and how he was sitting by the side of the street one day and Jesus came along, and he cried out, ‘Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.’”

“Yes, I remember. And Jesus was sorry for him and gave him back his sight?”

“Well, that’s my prayer too. ‘Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.’ I think of it first thing in the morning and lots of times during the day, and then if I wake up in the night, sometimes I say it out loud, ‘Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.’ And I believe he will, José.”

“Surely he will, dear one. Come, let us go over the bridge and see the pastor.”

On the way to the mission compound, José and

THE DROWNED IDOLS

Anita found it needful to pass by the house of Señor Manuel. The latter spied them from the window and came hurrying out in great excitement.

"Have you heard the news, Señor José?" he began.

"What news, old friend?" was José's inquiry.

"Fine news. You know how often our friend, Doctor Murray, has been good to the poor people in the hour of their need, and how many mothers and little babies he has helped. Well, God has been good to him and given him a little one of his own."

"Splendid. I must go and tell Doctor Murray how glad we are. It is a boy, of course?"

"Why, no, not quite, but it is a very nice little girl. They have given her an American name. What is it? Something like flowers, I think. Yes, I have it. It is Florence."

"Oh, how I wish I could see that dear little baby," broke in Anita. "I shall call her *Bulak*."

"Oh no, Anita," said José, "the English name Florence is prettier than the Visayan *Bulak*."

"Never mind. I shall call her *Bulak*."

As it happened, Mr. Wallace was away from home when the friends arrived at the compound, and Mrs. Wallace was at the hospital caring for her friend Mrs. Murray.

"You had better go to the dispensary," directed Joaquin. "Doctor Murray is there, and you can see him. At least, I think you can, but I don't know, he is very busy and goes up-stairs every few minutes to look at that new baby."

The flood of patients could not be stopped even

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

by so important an event as the arrival of a new baby in the Murray home, hence it was some time before the turn of José and Anita to enter the consulting-room arrived.

Doctor Murray greeted them kindly.

"I am very glad to see both of you," said he. "I have been thinking of little Anita a great deal lately."

"And we are glad to see you too, *Señor Medico*," responded José, "and especially glad to felicitate you on the arrival of your little daughter. May she live long to be a blessing to you. May we inquire for the health of your lady wife?"

The conversation had been carried on so far in Spanish, and Doctor Murray hastened to respond in kind to the stately courtesies of his friend José.

The little blind child had been holding tightly to José's hand with her face turned wistfully in the direction of the doctor.

"I am glad you called her *Bulak*," she broke in timidly.

"But her name is Florence," said Doctor Murray.

"Oh yes, but that is *Bulak*."

"I see," said Doctor Murray. "You call her *Bulak*, the Visayan word for flower."

"Yes, she is a little flower. I shall see her some day."

"Come and see her now," said Doctor Murray, forgetting for the moment the child's blindness. "I am just going up-stairs."

Together they made their way to the upper story of the hospital, where were the wards and private

THE DROWNED IDOLS

rooms. Nurse Appolonia came forward with her finger on her lips.

"Hush," said she, "Señora has fallen asleep, and Miss Stearns does not wish her awakened."

"These friends want to see the new baby, Apolonia."

"Oh, that is easy, because Miss Stearns has just bathed her and placed her in her crib. It is in the next room. You can see her without waking Señora."

Pushing the door of the adjoining room gently open she disclosed Miss Stearns standing by the little cot where she had just laid the freshly bathed baby.

"More visitors," said she. "I think half San Jacinto has been to see the little one. We might make a profitable business if we were to charge ten centavos for each look."

"But this is my good friend Señor José Buena-ventura, Miss Stearns, with little Anita, and they are both very much interested."

"Well, let them come. It won't make any difference. The baby is sleeping."

José gazed with reverence upon the little fresh bundle of humanity.

"God is good to you and to us, *Señor Medico*," he said. "We shall all love the little blossom dearly for your sake and her own."

Little Anita had drawn near to the cot and had turned her face in the direction of the child with a pitifully wistful expression. In a moment she whispered to José:

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

“Do you think I might touch her cheek? I can only see with my fingers.”

Miss Stearns overheard the whispered question and replied quickly:

“We wouldn’t let any one else in the hospital do it, child, for this baby is going to be protected from all infection. But we will just let you stroke her cheek this once.” Taking the little one’s fingers she guided them to the baby’s face and Anita gently stroked the smooth cheek.

“I was right. I was right,” she exclaimed. “She is just like a flower. I have felt them often. I shall call her *Bulak*.”

José then related to Doctor Murray and Miss Stearns the events of the night and spoke of his desire to take little Anita into his own home.

“I rather think,” said Doctor Murray, “that if we were to make a complaint to the municipal authorities of the treatment the child had been receiving, they would take her from her drunken grandmother and consign her to your care.”

“How ought we to go about it?” inquired José.

“I’ll tell you what,” continued Murray. “I have been intending to take her into the hospital as soon as possible to see what we can do for her eyes. We have room for her now. Suppose we take her in here and see what we can do for her. Then we can see the city officials while she is here and try to make permanent arrangements for a proper home for her. I feel sure the city officials will not object.”

Turning to Anita, he said:

THE DROWNED IDOLS

"What do you say, Anita, to living with us for a little while."

"It is what I have been praying for, Señor. And you will make me see again?"

"We will do the best we can, dear. We will try a little operation and with God's help, perhaps you may see a little."

"I know it will be successful. I have dreamed about it many nights."

"Where shall we put Anita?" inquired the doctor, turning to Miss Stearns.

"We have a very nice bed in the woman's ward close by the window. Appolonia will take her away and prepare her for entrance."

The little blue-uniformed nurse who was now the proud possessor of her nurse's cap, the badge of at least partial achievement, was delighted to have Anita committed to her care. Every one in the hospital knew the little blind girl. They were much interested in her case and had been eagerly looking forward to the time when she should enter the hospital.

Anita had learned something of the hospital routine in previous visits and submitted quite readily to the usual bath given every patient upon entrance. Appolonia took away her clothes, which were not overclean, and gave her one of the clean, neat dresses worn by the walking patients in the wards. During the process the girls carried on an interested conversation and exchanged their personal views upon many subjects.

"*Abaw*, Anita! I am glad you have come into the

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

hospital at last. We have been expecting you a long time."

"I was afraid my grandmother would never let me come. Indeed she does not know I am here, and when she hears of it she will certainly try to take me away."

"Don't you worry about your grandmother. Miss Stearns will deal with her. She can do anything. Your grandmother would run away quickly if she looked cross at her. Miss Stearns is the kindest person, but she says a hospital is a place for discipline, and she expects obedience."

"She is big, isn't she?" asked Anita.

"Yes, she is quite tall."

"I knew it by her voice, but I know she has a very loving heart. She let me touch the baby. That was good of her."

"You don't realize half how good it was. Wait until she begins to teach you about being clean. She only did it because you were blind."

"Yes, I could feel that. She knew I could only see with my fingers. Tell me what is Bulak like?"

"She is little and wrinkled and pink, and she has the dearest little nose and lovely blue eyes. But they are shut most of the time. She is two days old now, and she has been asleep nearly all day and night."

As evening was falling Anita stole into the room where the baby's crib had been placed beside Nurse Appolonia. She did not attempt to touch the child again, but sat on the floor by the crib listening intently to her gentle breathing.

After the simple evening meal Miss Stearns gath-

THE DROWNED IDOLS

ered all who were able to attend on to the broad veranda at the front of the hospital. Here she read to them one of the stories from the New Testament, and after applying it to their various needs, she led in prayer, telling the Father all about the work of the day, mentioning the nurses by name, and not forgetting to ask a special blessing upon the new little blind patient.

Anita's last thoughts as she lay in the soft white bed near the window were of little Bulak. She fell asleep wondering what the little one would look like when her eyes were opened and she could see her as others saw and not through the tips of her fingers.

CHAPTER XVI

LITTLE AGNES IS TRANSPLANTED INTO THE GARDEN OF GOD. THE TYPHOON

“WHAT is the matter with you, Joaquin? You look as glum as though the carabaw had kicked you.”

The speaker was Señora Benita whose little shop was hard by the entrance to the market. Señora Benita herself was very happy today, for her young daughter Felicia had just been elected president of her class in high school, and Benita was sensible of the honor done the family.

“Everything goes wrong today, Señora. I put my new brown shoes on this morning to come to the market because it looked as though it was going to clear up and be fine, and now it has started raining again. I ought to have left them at home.”

“Why that is nothing to be gloomy about, Joaquin. Your shoes will dry, and you can shine them again.”

“But that is not all. Macaw charged me a *peseta* extra for the bright purple silk handkerchief which I did not buy last spring. He said the price had gone up, and I ought to learn not to put things off, and that he was doing it for my own good.”

“Cheer up, Joaquin. What is the use of worrying about a *peseta*. You get all your living at Mrs. Wallace’s and a lot of money every month besides.”

“Ah, but Señora, that isn’t all. I want to get married and need money.”

LITTLE AGNES IS TRANSPLANTED

"Well, now you are talking. But even that is not hopeless. Take my advice. Cheer up, and don't do it."

"I did not mean to tell you about that, Señora. Nobody knows it. Pericola would be angry if she knew that I had told you."

"Pericola! You don't mean to say you are going to marry that girl. Don't you know that she is in debt to Señor Perez, and that he will never let her go?"

"Yes, of course, Señora. That is one of my troubles."

"Joaquin, lad. You listen to me. Leave Pericola alone. If you must marry, take one of the good Christian girls in our own church."

"Señora, I can't. I love her too much. It makes me sad to think of her."

"Well, Joaquin. You are a lugubrious soul. If I were you, I would cast aside all these troubles and be happy. Don't you know that the apostle Paul says, 'Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice'?"

"That's all very well, Señora, but he didn't have all my troubles."

"Well, what else is the matter?"

"Mrs. Wallace told me to get fresh vegetables, and I have been looking all over the market, and there doesn't seem to be any."

"You foolish lad. Why didn't you come to me before? I have three kinds of vegetables that I have been keeping for Señora Wallace. Here are nice new sweet potatoes, green beans, and squash."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

A glimmer of satisfaction lit Joaquin's face as he thanked Señora Benita for her thoughtfulness in laying aside the coveted vegetables for his mistress, but it soon faded, and his habitually gloomy expression reasserted itself.

"I declare," said Señora Benita, "I don't know what to make of you, Joaquin. I've advised you about your shoes, counseled you in your love affairs, and quoted Scripture to you. But you seem just as dull as ever. What is on your mind now?"

"Señora. We are all very sad up at our house. Don't you know that little Agnes is ill?"

"Why no, tell me about it." Benita's face became at once the picture of grieved concern. Little Agnes was dearly loved by the whole town and especially by the members of the evangelical church. The fact that she was the only daughter of the parents who were giving themselves so unsparingly to the task of blessing and helping the people of San Jacinto would have been sufficient to insure her a warm place in every heart. But besides this her delicate flower-like beauty and the sweet winsomeness of her baby ways had endeared her to her Philippine friends. With Benita she was a prime favorite, and she returned the latter's affection most heartily.

"She hasn't been very well since Juan died," replied Joaquin. "She loved him very much even though he did have crooked legs."

"Ah, poor Juan!" exclaimed Benita. "I remember seeing him carry her on his back. She would play that he was her horsey."

"Yes, and when Juan died she asked Señora Wal-

LITTLE AGNES IS TRANSPLANTED

lace where he had gone. She said he had gone to heaven. 'Will he see Jesus?' Agnes asked. 'Yes surely,' replied Señora. 'Goody,' said little Agnes, 'then Jesus will make his legs straight, and he will be able to walk all over heaven.' "

"What is the matter with little Agnes?"

"Doctor Murray says it is dysentery. There is a great deal of it in town."

"Ah then, we need not worry. Doctor Murray has cured thousands of cases of dysentery."

"But you don't understand. She is very, very frail and can't stand illness very well."

"Tell Señora Wallace I am very sorry indeed and would like to come to help take care of Agnes if I might. Take her these *ilang-ilang* leaves. See, they are full of my love. See what a wonderful perfume they have when you crush them."

Taking Joaquin's new silk kerchief from his pocket without ceremony Benita pressed the fragrant leaves into it and thrust it into his hands together with the bundles of vegetables.

It was a damp and soggy Joaquin who arrived a little later at the mission house on the hill. It had been raining almost without intermission for two weeks, a steady tropical downpour. The rice paddies on every side were swimming lakes, the roads in the interior were mired deep, and in many places covered with water several feet deep. The deep green foliage which had responded like magic to the coming of the fall rains, wept continuous streams upon the sodden earth below. The atmosphere was rainsoaked and heavy. The furniture in the house

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

was covered with a beaded moisture and the books in the library were beginning to accumulate a green mold.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace were sitting down to their noonday meal. Agnes had recently graduated from the high chair of her baby days, and it stood alone in the corner. But the empty third place at the table was eloquent of her absence.

"Go and have lunch, Mamma, and tell Daddy to cheer up. I shall soon be all right," she had said a few moments before. But Mrs. Wallace had small appetite for the chicken which Joaquin had fried so carefully. A great dread filled her heart. With all its superficial happiness and brilliant sunshine she could never quite think of this tropical land as home. Such fearful dangers lurked beneath its luxuriant beauty. Such dreadful storms overtook its laughing landscapes, leaving death and destruction in their wake. Such dread diseases appeared with awful suddenness, striking down near and dear ones.

As Mr. Wallace took the place opposite his wife he said gravely:

"You must keep up a brave heart, dear. Doctor Murray will do all that may be done, I am sure."

There were unshed tears in the mother's eyes as she responded: "Oh yes, yes, I know. But I cannot help being afraid. She is so white and frail and dysentery is so deadly."

"Yes, dear, yes. But God is with us. He knows all about it and will surely help."

There was silence about the table for a moment and then as with bowed head Mr. Wallace gave

LITTLE AGNES IS TRANSPLANTED

thanks for the meal, he found it impossible to hold back the cry of both their hearts: "Father in heaven, remember little Agnes in thy mercy and grant her thy healing touch."

Late in the evening Doctor Murray made his last visit for the day.

"Doctor," said Mr. Wallace, "I want you to tell me what you think of the case."

"Old friend," was the response, "we must put our trust in God and do our best. He will certainly help us."

The rain continued all through the night and during the following day. A leak had developed in the roof above the bedroom. Little Agnes was lying on a white cot in the center of the room. Her gentle patient face was drawn with pain, and the half sleep into which she had fallen was broken with frequent low moans.

With the falling of the night Doctor Murray came again prepared to remain, for the little one's pulse seemed feebler, and the distressing symptoms characterizing the disease were repeated more frequently. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Wallace thought of preparing for bed. The gravity of the doctor's face and the growing weakness of little Agnes warned them that the outcome of the disease must be decided in one way or the other before many hours passed. The rain fell ceaselessly and monotonously, its heavy impact reverberating like growling thunder among the rafters above the room. A patch of growing dampness in the ceiling above indicated another leak in the roof and focused in a steady drip, drip, of

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

moisture. It became needful to move the little cot to another part of the room. The night wore on. A large part of the time Mrs. Wallace spent on her knees beside the cot alternately watching the agonized form of the little sufferer and sending up silent petitions for aid.

Mr. Wallace paced back and forth in the long room with silent tread, unable to rest or do other than await in stricken pain the outcome of the battle for the little one's life.

The dark hours ebbed and with them the strength of the little sufferer. Doctor Murray arose from his chair by the bedside to prepare fresh medicine. His friend, unable longer to endure the strain of agonized waiting, came and stood by his side, placing his hand upon his shoulder:

"Tell me, Doctor," said he. "Is there any hope?"

Doctor Murray turned full towards his friend in the dimness of the room. Looking into his face and grasping him firmly by the hand, he replied with a breaking voice:

"Wallace, you must know the truth. Little Agnes is going home. She will be with Christ before morning."

Sorrowfully the heavy rain beat upon the iron roof and fell in torrents from the eaves. The night wore on, the darkness ebbed, and as the first faint glimmerings of dawn stole in through the casement the sufferings of the little one ceased, and she lay motionless and quiet, a little white flower transplanted into the garden of God. In the corner of the room lay Joaquin's new silk handkerchief, its con-

LITTLE AGNES IS TRANSPLANTED

tents, the crushed *ilang-ilang* leaves, spilled upon the floor and filling the air with a poignant fragrance.

The day had dawned grey and damp, but the rain had ceased for the time. Sympathetic visitors were passing up and down the concrete steps which led to the mission house. A helpless sympathy? Far from it. Probably there is no element of so great value for the soothing of distress when calamity, affliction, or death touches the missionary's home than the ready and heartfelt sympathy which is freely poured out by the friends to whom he has so often ministered.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace had stood by many a Filipino death-bed and now in the hour of their grief the accumulated affection of years manifested itself in the wordless handclasp, the broken assurances of love, the little inconsequential gifts which came to them from every side.

Señor Manuel, the builder of the church and among the most faithful of the members of the San Jacinto congregation, was at the house early in the morning.

"Pastor," said he. "I know that only Christ can comfort your hearts at this time. But we all loved the little blossom. Will you let me make all the arrangements for caring for the funeral?"

"Manuel," was the response, "I well know your affectionate heart. You will relieve me of a sorrowful task if you will do so. I must try to comfort the dear little one's mother."

Manuel's church was crowded to the doors that afternoon. The rain still held off, but there was

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

mourning throughout the city. Not only the members of the evangelical church were present, but many who had never been into the edifice before. The entire American colony was there. Macaw was there with his Chinese friends. The city officials were there, the rich, the poor, the young, the old, all gathered to do honor to the sorrowing friends whose service to this land was rendered at so heavy a price.

The light was fading toward the close of the day which had been so heavy with sorrow. The sky was still thickly overcast, and a vigorous southwest breeze had arisen. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace had returned from the little plot of land not far from the mission compound where they had laid the little one to rest.

Doctor Murray had been unable to accompany them as he had been called to an urgent case in the town. Returning from the visit he ascended the steps leading to his associate's veranda.

"Wallace," said he, "the storm signals are set. They have had word by wire from Iloilo that a typhoon is on its way here."

"Thank you, Murray. It was kind of you to tell me. We will see that all is made snug. How are Mrs. Murray and the baby getting along?"

"The baby is doing splendidly. She is gaining rapidly. Does not do anything but eat and sleep. But Mrs. Murray is not so well. I am uneasy about her."

"The fact is she is worn out, Doctor. No one ever worked so indefatigably as she."

LITTLE AGNES IS TRANSPLANTED

"She loves the work, Wallace. As a matter of fact she is a born doctor, and her nurse's training gave her a foundation upon which she has built until she has become quite as skilful as the average practitioner."

"I was very much afraid she was going beyond her strength during the hot weather, Murray."

"It was best for her, Wallace. She could see the need, and with her ability to help it would have worn upon her more to refrain than to throw herself into it. That was the reason I arranged the special consulting-room for her and turned over most of the women patients. She loved the work and was absolutely invaluable in it."

"You have not taken her home yet?"

"No. Miss Stearns can take care of her more readily in the hospital than she could if we were to remove her to our house."

"You are not really alarmed about her?"

"No, but convalescence is slow. The heat of this country conduces to anemia. She is getting along gradually, however."

The wind was increasing rapidly in violence, and Doctor Murray now ran hastily down the steps and toward the hospital, while Wallace with the aid of Joaquin and Eustaquio proceeded to shut the great oyster-shell windows and the double doors leading into the sala from the veranda.

Activity was welcome, and both he and Mrs. Wallace kept themselves as busy as possible about the house.

Severe storms were not infrequent, and tempests

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

even approaching the typhoon in violence had visited the town many times during the residence of the missionaries in San Jacinto. The Wallaces knew therefore what to expect.

The rain which had held off during the day began to fall again. The fierce blasts beat the boughs of the neighboring trees against the house. As he was shutting the door Wallace noticed the giant bamboos bend almost to earth before the fury of the gale. The house was now tightly closed and the doors and windows barred, but the searching wind found every nook and cranny and created such currents of air within as to threaten the petroleum lights unless carefully protected.

The little passage to the detached kitchen was swept with torrents of rain. Suddenly the back door opened and Joaquin and Eustaquio burst into the dining-room, drenched to the skin.

"Señor," began Joaquin, "we are afraid to stay in the kitchen. It is about to blow away."

"That is all right, boys. Stay here with us," responded Mr. Wallace.

There was a painful tenseness about the atmosphere. The missionary tried to dispel it by speaking of other matters, but the violence of the storm rendered it impossible to think of anything but the immediate peril.

"God pity the sailors tonight," said Mrs. Wallace. "Let us hope there are no boats near shore. It would drive them to destruction."

"Señor," said Eustaquio, "do you think the house will stand it? Shall we not be blown away?"

LITTLE AGNES IS TRANSPLANTED

"Don't be alarmed, Eustaquio. The house is well built. God will take care of us. He is a refuge in the time of storm. Perhaps it will abate shortly. I don't see how it can do otherwise. It seems inconceivable that it could grow worse."

Indeed there seemed some reason to believe that the worst fury of the gale was over. There was certainly a lull. At this moment there came a vigorous knock at the back door. Joaquin hastened to remove the fastenings. Nemesio, one of the lads from the Home School, came tumbling in, driven by the force of the wind. Hardly waiting to get his breath, he began:

"Doctor Murray sent me to say that the palm-leaf roof of the Home School building has been blown away in fragments, and that Miss Shubert and the children have all gone over to the hospital. He says that he thinks the hospital is safer on account of being more sheltered, and he would like to have you come if you fear there is danger to this house."

"Thank you, Nemesio," responded Mr. Wallace. "It was brave of you to come over here through the storm to bring the message."

"Oh, I liked it. The wind almost blew me into the rice-field, but I struggled through."

"Well, tell Doctor Murray I think the storm is abating, but that we shall be glad to come if it seems needful."

With this message Nemesio dashed out into the night again, his little soul elated at being given dangerous service.

Before long the tumult of the storm seemed to be

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

redoubled in its violence. The husband and wife had seated themselves at the table and were encouraging the two lads to eat heartily, though they themselves had small appetite for food. Suddenly a violent crash was heard in the study. Mr. Wallace and the boys opened the door and entered the room to investigate. They discovered that one of the heavy shell windows had blown completely from its casement, and the rain and wind were driving wildly into the room. Together they endeavored to replace the window, but the vigor of the tempest was such that every effort proved unavailing. Finding it impossible to stop up the great gap left by the window, they returned to the sala, abandoning the study to the storm, after carefully closing the doors of the bookcases in the vain hope that the books might be preserved.

Mrs. Wallace was standing by the dining-table preserving the lamp from being extinguished.

"What shall we do?" said she. "It seems as though the house must surely go."

"Do not fear," replied her husband. "The pillars are strong. Perhaps the roof may go, but I do not think it will be a total wreck."

Even while he was speaking, however, it became clear that the tempest was augmenting rapidly. The wind shrieked wildly about the house, and the rain fell in heavy torrents upon the roof. Conversation was almost impossible. A violent pounding above began.

"What is that new noise?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Wallace.

LITTLE AGNES IS TRANSPLANTED

"I fear a part of the iron roof has broken loose. We must go and see."

"Do not go, husband," said the wife, terror-stricken. "You will be killed by the falling iron."

"We must try to make it fast if we can," was the reply.

Before any action could be taken, however, it was clear that part of the iron binding which held the roof at the peak had given way. The wind swept in through the open space, causing the whole roof to thrill and tremble with its violence. Every fresh gust wrenched and tore at the fastenings which bound the corrugated iron to purlin and rafter. At one moment a complete section of the roof would be raised forcibly from the rafters only to be slammed back into place with a noise like thunder. Mr. Wallace and the lads ascended to the space above the rooms and endeavored to secure the iron sections. Passing a stout rope about one of the purlins they tried to make it fast below, but with every gust of wind as it penetrated beneath the roof they were lifted from their feet, and when the fastening was finally secured the first gust of wind snapped the rope like a thread.

The chief danger of the situation lay in the possibility that sections of the iron roof might be driven inward with such violence as to wound severely or kill any one of the little company whom they might strike.

Driven from the dining-room and sala by the wind and rain which were entering more freely with every moment, the group took final refuge in the bedroom

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

on the lee side of the house, but the rain soon penetrated even here. To add to their anxiety they could see sparks flying from the kitchen and feared that the stove had been overturned. It was some comfort, however, to reflect that the rain would certainly prevent a conflagration. The only remaining light was a lantern which had been placed beneath a chair to prevent its light from being quenched.

It was a great relief when at last the iron roof broke entirely from its moorings and went sailing away in pieces over the adjacent rice-fields. While the rain and wind continued with great violence, the cessation of the noise produced by the banging of the iron against the rafters brought the sensation of a great calm.

A little later the storm itself showed symptoms of abating, and the little group made their way hurriedly from the exposed hill down to the hospital. Here Doctor Murray welcomed them heartily. The roof of the hospital still held, and while the driving spray seeped in from almost every direction, the building afforded some shelter at least from the violence of the tempest.

A light in the little private room showed Mrs. Wallace the white face of her friend, Mrs. Murray. The latter was lying upon the wheeled stretcher.

"We are so glad to see you, dear friend," she said. "The storm has been very, very dreadful, and I was afraid something had happened to you up on the hill."

"But what about you, dear?" returned Mrs. Wallace. "How have they kept you dry?"

LITTLE AGNES IS TRANSPLANTED

"Why, to tell the truth we are none of us very dry, but they have done the best they could. They put me on the wheeled stretcher, and when the rain was driven in on one side they wheeled me over to the other. I have been almost all over the hospital."

"But what have they done with baby?"

"Do you see the closet over in the corner? Little baby Florence is on the lower shelf where they usually keep the linen. It seems almost the only dry spot in the building."

"What have they done with all the children from the Home School?"

"They are in the wards. The patients' beds have been pushed toward the end, and the children are huddled together on the floor, the boys in one ward and the girls in the other. It seems incredible, but Miss Stearns says most of them are asleep."

It was a terrible night. Toward morning the storm decreased considerably in violence, and although the rain still fell in torrents, it was not now accompanied by the violent winds which had threatened to reduce the hospital to the same condition as Mr. Wallace's house.

Curiously enough, the dreadful experience did not produce the unhappy effect upon Mrs. Murray that her husband had feared. Now that she was assured of the safety of her friends, she seemed stronger than for days. Indeed the excitement of the experience seemed to act as a stimulant. Her bright, peaceful face was a help and inspiration to all. Mrs. Wallace could not refrain from speaking to her about it.

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"It is good to see you so hopeful and bright, dear."

"I have had a wonderful experience," was the response. "I seemed to have an inner assurance that all would be well. Another thing has helped me, too. Do you hear that singing?"

Sure enough, Mrs. Wallace could hear a low voice singing one of the Visayan hymns from the next room. "Yes, what is it?" she said.

"There is a woman next door whom we have thought for some time must surely die. But the last day or two she has become very much better. She is greatly interested in little Florence, and every time the baby cries she sings a snatch of one of our hymns. It seems to quiet the baby at once. I have learned a great deal about the tenderness and thoughtfulness of our Filipino sisters since I have lain here in the hospital."

"I too have been realizing as never before what their sympathy means to us," responded Mrs. Wallace.

Hand clasped in hand the two friends sat silently in the dim light of the little room. Many were the hours of sorrow and stress they had passed through together, and there was little need of words to assure the bereaved mother that the pain of her loss met a deep response in her friend's heart.

"Well, dear, you must sleep now if you can. The storm has decreased a great deal. The rain on the roof sounds soothing and monotonous and will lull you to rest." With these words Mrs. Wallace softly opened the door and passed into the adjoining room. Miss Stearns had done her best to prepare a dry and

LITTLE AGNES IS TRANSPLANTED

comfortable place for her to rest. As she lay down upon the couch she found it well-nigh impossible to realize the crowded events of the day, but endeavored to quiet the turmoil in her heart and mind, by repeating over and over again to herself: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

CHAPTER XVII

AFTER THE STORM. JOAQUIN TAKES A WIFE

THE sun ascended into a cloudless sky upon the day following the great typhoon. There was a freshness and sparkle to the air seldom found in tropical climates. It was as though the entire atmosphere had been put through an intensive cleansing process which removed from it every baleful germ and mote of dust.

As Mr. Wallace ascended the hill and looked off toward the sea, every detail stood out in startling clearness. On every hand could be discerned ruin and destruction. The mission house had suffered as severely as any structure in town, probably owing to its exposed situation. Its walls were blown in. Its corrugated-iron roof was completely gone. The pieces of iron, wrenched and distorted almost beyond description, could be seen five hundred feet away in a rice-field, whither they had been carried by the wind. The graceful clumps of bamboo which had added so much to the attractiveness of the mission compound, were ragged and torn, many of the largest trunks having been snapped off. Branches of trees lay across the road, sections of bamboo wall had been blown from many of the smaller houses, and their interior was exposed like the toy house of a child.

AFTER THE STORM

Little Anita had shown less fear perhaps than any person in the hospital during the storm. She had slept peacefully during a great part of it. That morning she had stolen quietly into Mrs. Murray's room while Appolonia was giving her the usual morning care.

"Good morning, Anita dear," said Mrs. Murray from her bed. "How glad I am to see you. Were you afraid during the night?"

"No, Señora," responded Anita timidly, "not at all."

"Weren't you, Anita? It was a dreadful storm. Most of us felt very uneasy."

"Oh yes, Señora. If I had been in the little old roof where I used to live I should have been frightened to death. But this is such a big strong building."

"The wind blew in under the iron roof, though, Anita."

"Yes, but I knew we should be all right. God would not let anything happen to us because he has brought me here to make my eyes well, and the *Señor Medico* has not yet had time to operate upon them."

"We were planning for the operation to take place tomorrow, Señora, but I expect it will have to be put off for a little while," interjected Nurse Appolonia.

At this moment Doctor Murray entered the room. "Hallo, Anita," he said, "are you paying a visit to Señora?"

"I came in to see little Bulak, Señor Doctor. I can hardly wait to really see her."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"Well, cheer up, little girl," responded the doctor, "here she is by the side of her mother. Feel what a little roly-poly she is. You shall see her too, please God, very soon."

"The operation must be put off for a while, dear?" inquired Mrs. Murray.

"Only for a few days. Just as soon as we get the present confusion straightened out we will go ahead with it."

"There, Anita, dear, the long days of waiting will soon be over. We must pray God that the operation may be entirely successful," said Mrs. Murray, addressing the child who had seated herself on the floor at the head of the bed.

"It is only a very little operation anyway," continued Doctor Murray in Visayan. "The little window is blocked up. We must see if we can cut another little window in the iris so that the light can get in."

The little blind girl sat by in the silence of a deep contentment while Doctor and Mrs. Murray continued their conversation in English.

"I had been wondering what we ought to do with this little girl when she is ready to leave the hospital," said Doctor Murray. "We certainly must not let her go back to that dreadful grandmother of hers."

"Don't you think it might be possible for Miss Shubert to take her into the Home School?"

"I had thought of that and talked with Miss Shubert about it. She would love to have the child, but they are certainly very much crowded. She has

AFTER THE STORM

taken on child after child until the extreme limits of her appropriations have been reached."

"Might it be possible for us to take her into our own home?" inquired Mrs. Murray, hesitatingly.

"I knew you were harboring some such kind thought. I could just read it in your eye," replied her husband. "But I fear the additional care would be too much for you."

"I am getting rapidly stronger."

"Yes, I know you are making good progress now, but the anemia still continues, and you will have your hands full with little Florence. Anyway, I do not think it will be necessary."

"Why? Have you found another home for her?"

"I have been talking with José Buenaventura. He is very fond of the little blind girl. They have been friends a long time. Besides he is hoping to establish a new home of his own before long. Latterly Dolores seems to return his affection, and he believes his income is now sufficient for him to marry. His affairs are straightening out admirably."

"And would he take the little girl into his home?"

"Yes. He feels sure that Dolores would welcome her both for his sake and her own. The child has a very sweet and winsome disposition."

While Doctor and Mrs. Murray were talking of José's projected marriage, another conversation on a somewhat similar theme was going on. Joaquin had been assisting Mr. Wallace and the boys from the dormitory in spreading out in the sun the books and other articles damaged by the rain. The broad verandas of the hospital were almost covered by the

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

opened books and papers and the clothing which needed thorough drying to prevent mildew. The work was accompanied by a good deal of merriment. There is a joyous strain about the Filipino make-up which leads them to work with a will in any task which engages their interest and to which they can bring enthusiasm and good nature. But none the less, beneath their cheery words and helpful work, Mr. Wallace was able to sense the deep sympathy which filled every heart for himself and Mrs. Wallace in the sorrow which lay so heavily upon them. The activity forced upon them by the destruction and confusion which reigned on every side was perhaps the best anodyne they could have had.

Joaquin took this opportunity to say timidly to Mr. Wallace in the Visayan tongue,

“Señor, I should like to speak with you.”

“All right, Joaquin. What is on your mind?”

“I need seven pesos, Señor.”

“But you’ve had your pay for this month and part of next, Joaquin.”

“I know, Señor. But I must have some money.”

“Tell me what is the matter, lad. What is the money for?”

“It is for the priest, Señor.”

“The priest!” ejaculated Mr. Wallace in great astonishment. “What on earth do you want to give money to the priest for?”

“I want to be married, Señor.”

“Now look here, Joaquin. You have been with us three years. Haven’t you been satisfied? Have we not always treated you well?”

AFTER THE STORM

" Yes, Señor. I have been very happy."

" It is true you have not yet united with the evangelical church, but you have attended the services very regularly, and I was hoping you were beginning to understand something about the gospel of Christ."

" Truly, Señor, I think I do."

" Then why go to the priest to be married? Don't you know I can marry you just as well as he? "

" Yes, Señor, but I have paid him three pesos already, and I must pay him seven more."

" But, Joaquin, why pay him ten pesos when I can marry you for nothing? "

" You are very good, Señor, but I can't help it."

" What do you mean by ' can't help it ' ? "

" She won't let me, Señor."

" Who won't let you? The young lady? Who is she? "

" Pericola. She works for Señor Perez's family. They tell her she will not be properly married unless the priest does it."

" But why don't you tell her you want me to marry you? "

" It is no use, Señor."

" Look here, Joaquin, lad. This is a moment of peril for you. If you let her govern this matter, she will boss you all the rest of your life. Talk it over with her, and explain to her how glad we shall be to have her come here and make her home with us. We will build you a little bamboo house on the compound, and perhaps she can help Mrs. Murray take care of little Florence."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"Very well, Señor. I will tell her just what you say. But I'm very much afraid it won't be any use."

"Well, you go to her at once and talk it all over."

Joaquin's face was perhaps a shade less lugubrious than usual as he hastened to do Mr. Wallace's bidding. His backbone had been somewhat stiffened, and he went about the task with somewhat more than his wonted determination.

Later in the afternoon the diffident suitor came back to Mr. Wallace manifestly crestfallen and discouraged.

"It is no use, Señor Pastor."

"Why, Joaquin, what did she say?"

"She liked very much the idea of coming to live with us, but she said it couldn't be done."

"But why?" reiterated Mr. Wallace, somewhat exasperated.

"She says she owes the Perez family twenty pesos and has owed it to them for many years. She can never get out of debt because before she pays what she owes, she needs money for something else. They let her have a few pesos more, and so at the end of the year the debt is just as big as ever. You know they are very strong Romanists, and the priest has told them not to let Pericola go."

"So that's the situation, is it? Well, you take my advice, and insist on Pericola leaving that house and coming here to be married."

"I can't, Señor. She owes all that money."

"Joaquin, I'll tell you what we will do. We will give you the twenty pesos for a wedding present. Pericola shall pay her debt, and I will marry you."

AFTER THE STORM

"But they don't want the money. They want to keep hold of Pericola."

"You take the money and offer it to them, and bring Pericola away with you."

"They will never consent, Señor. Besides she is afraid."

"Do what I tell you, Joaquin. Now is the time to assert your own wishes, or you will never be able to call your soul your own."

"What shall I do, Pastor?"

"Take these two ten-peso bills. Put them in an envelope marked, 'For Pericola's debt.' Leave it in Mr. Perez's study this evening, and then tell Pericola she is to come away without saying a word to any one. I will marry you at once and then they cannot undo it."

"I'll try, Señor."

"Don't merely try, Joaquin. Just tell Pericola that she is coming with you, and that is all there is about it. It's a case of sink or swim for you."

The busy day had worn to its close before Mr. Wallace saw Joaquin again. Many hands had been engaged in the task of setting things to rights in the hospital. A new provisional routine was established and order had appeared out of chaos.

The short twilight was over, and the friends were resting after dinner when Joaquin appeared upon the veranda in the dusk. Beside him was another dim figure.

"Here is Pericola, Señor," said he.

The two advanced into the lamp-light, and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace were glad to see that she was a

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

far more agreeable young woman, to all appearances, than they had been led to believe from Joaquin's story of her decided stand.

"Pericola," said Mrs. Wallace with a welcoming smile, "we are very glad to see you. Joaquin has been with us a long time. Any one whom he loves will have a welcome here."

The young girl broke into a winning smile at Mrs. Wallace's kind words. But tears seemed trembling in the depths of her dark brown eyes.

"Oh, Señora, I was afraid. But I am very glad I came."

The simple wedding ceremony was soon over. It was witnessed officially by Miss Stearns and Nurse Conching, but all the members of the hospital staff were interested spectators, and afterwards a simple feast was improvised in the kitchen at the rear of the hospital in spite of the disorder incident upon the recent storm.

CHAPTER XVIII

ANITA, JOSÉ, AND CALIGULA FIND HAPPINESS. THE BEGGAR'S HOARD. THE GENERAL BLANCO LEAVES PORT

SIX weeks had passed since the terrible typhoon which had laid waste the city of San Jacinto. They had been weeks filled to overflowing with strenuous activity for the friends upon the mission compound.

A heavy thatch of nipa-palm leaves had replaced the corrugated-iron roof which had been carried away from the mission house in the gale. "After all it is really very much cooler than the iron, although it stains our drinking-water a dark green color," Mrs. Wallace had remarked. The débris of the storm had been removed from the roads, broken trees had been trimmed, and paths repaired. As though in contrition for the devastation produced by the storm, nature had been prodigal in her efforts to obliterate all that was unsightly. Fields and woods were covered with a living green. The broken trunks in the bamboo thickets were hidden beneath an intricate meshwork of spear-shaped emerald leaves. The Home School building rejoiced also in a new palm-leaf roof, while the hospital had been set to rights and was pursuing its routine as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

It was Saturday afternoon, and choir practise was in full swing at the house on the hill. Miss Dolores

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

Santecilla, who had entered heartily into all the work of the church, was directing the music, but the daughter of the pastor, gentle-faced Serafina Pobar, was presiding at the organ. Of course, Caligula Crum was present. It would have been a difficult matter to keep Caligula away from any gathering which included musical features. Some of the young men from the dormitory as well as several of the high-school girls were members of the choir. Mr. Wallace had been talking to them about the work of the coming Sunday.

"It will be a very special occasion," said he. "We must make the service as rich and beautiful as possible. There will be several unusual features."

"Tell us what they are, Mr. Wallace. Unless you are keeping them for a surprise," said Timoteo.

"I'll tell you this much. There will be two weddings, a baptismal service, and Miss Burton is going to sing for us."

"Two weddings!" ejaculated the irrepressible Felipe. "That's really extravagant of you, Timoteo. I should think one would be enough for you."

"Not guilty!" exclaimed Timoteo. "But I think I know one of the couples." Here he glanced toward Mr. Crum who was quietly humming to himself:

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine.

"Righto, my lad. I proudly confess it," responded Caligula, breaking off his tune. "It is a great triumph of mind over matter. My morning sprint has prevailed. I find myself three inches narrower

ANITA, JOSE, AND CALIGULA FIND HAPPINESS

amidships than a year ago. The young lady could not resist my devotion and perseverance. But a word of advice to all of you. Don't let it gain on you in the beginning. It's far easier to keep your waist-line from expanding than it is to overtake it if it ever gets out of hand."

"We must enlist some one to direct the choir," continued Mr. Wallace. "Whom shall we have?"

"What is the matter with Miss Dolores? Cannot she direct it as usual?" inquired Timoteo. "Isn't she going to be there?"

"Oh yes, Dolores will be there, but she will have other affairs to occupy her attention," was the response.

"Then perhaps we can guess at the other couple," said Felipe. "Señor Buenaventura is a very lucky fellow. First he got a lot of fame out of the capture of the bandits, and now he is getting a fair bride."

Timoteo had had but little experience in leading music, but he possessed a good tenor voice, and with coaching from Miss Santecilla it was decided that he would be able to conduct the musical part of the program for the following day. Dolores had already trained the choir in several specially chosen anthems. It was decided that the program should include selections in the three languages, English, Spanish, and Visayan.

"We must not forget," said Mr. Wallace, when all had been arranged, "that the service will bring us a great opportunity. There will be many people there who do not usually come. Some of them will

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

be hearing the gospel for the first time. We must take advantage of the occasion to impress upon them if possible the simplicity and beauty of the Christian faith as we understand it. We must create an atmosphere of prayer, and hope that the service may bring light to many darkened eyes."

The eventful day dawned gloriously bright. The Home School children were up early and vibrant with excited anticipation.

"Children," said Miss Shubert after breakfast, "I want you all to do us credit today. There must be no noise or boisterousness. I expect all San Jacinto will come to church today. Perhaps you will be a little crowded, but you must occupy just as little space in the front of the church as you can so that as many of our visitors as possible may have seats."

"You just leave them to me, Mamma Shubert," broke in Nemesio. "I'll see that they behave."

"Very well, Nemesio. You shall be captain." Miss Shubert was not sorry to give the lad a chance to efface the memory of his escapade on the way to the beach.

Miss Shubert's prophecy proved fairly accurate when the time came for the morning service. All San Jacinto seemed to have turned out and besides this, delegations had come from surrounding villages. Long before the doors were opened the people began to gather. When the children from the Home School came marching down the road in orderly array, it was necessary for Captain Nemesio to send two boys ahead as scouts to make a way through the crowd about the doors. He was a proud lad as he

ANITA, JOSE, AND CALIGULA FIND HAPPINESS

paced ahead of the procession. All recollection of the previous disastrous experience had vanished from his mind. He had already instructed his lieutenants, and in a quiet and orderly manner the procession passed between the divided rows of spectators and into the church, where the lieutenants directed each child to the appropriate seat in the front of the church.

The teachers from the High School followed the Home School children into the building and then came Macaw, the baker, and former Lieutenant, now Captain Robinson. The church was soon filled to overflowing, but the two front rows had been roped off and remained empty.

"Hey, Nemesio," inquired one of the boys in a suppressed whisper, "what for are the front seats roped off?"

"Just wait, and you'll see. There's going to be big doings today," responded Nemesio stiffly.

"Well, we've got front seats anyhow, and we shall be able to see everything."

"See all you like and hear all you like. But just let one of you lads open your mouth and say a word after the service starts, and see what I'll do to him."

With this Nemesio subsided into his own seat next the aisle, for the service was about to begin. It was conducted by the Filipino pastor Señor Braulio Pobar, and followed its usually simple but dignified course save that the choir rendered several special selections. Timoteo acquitted himself as choir-leader with great success. He had been thoroughly trained

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

in the special selections for the day, and his natural capacities as a leader responded at once to the significance of the occasion.

After the opening service of song, prayer, reading of the Scriptures, and special music, the pastor gave a short address which was admirably adapted to show the deeper significance of the marriage ceremony which they were about to witness. He spoke of the marriage at Cana which Jesus graced with his presence. He emphasized the conviction that the union of a Christian man and woman was more than a mere civil contract. He spoke of the Master's teaching about marriage and of the beauty of the home sanctified from its very beginning by the recognition of God's presence and love. Señor Pobar never let slip an opportunity to give testimony to the great truths of the Christian faith, and even on the present occasion he felt that it was fitting to speak of the simple evangelical faith which made the Cross of Christ central to every human experience.

After the address there was a stir of excitement among the great company assembled in the church, for all realized that the moment of special interest had come. The pastor's daughter Serafina took her place again at the organ, and as the strains of the wedding-march began those who were in the rear of the church could observe through the windows that a simple procession left the front door of the Boys' Dormitory which was situated next door and made its way toward the church.

Nemesio and his companions not occupying such a point of vantage found the moment trying, and were

ANITA, JOSE, AND CALIGULA FIND HAPPINESS

almost devoured with curiosity as they heard the measured tread of the procession approaching. It was really almost more than flesh and blood could bear and at last, in spite of Miss Shubert's many warnings as to behavior, necks twisted, eyes bulged, deep breaths were drawn.

Up the aisle from the rear of the church lightly stepped a slender Filipino girl dressed in white organdie. But what a beautiful light on the little one's face! How sweet the expression of happy interest! And her step? Nothing tentative, hesitating, or faltering about it now. Assured and light, expressing so surely the joy which filled the child's heart. She walked up the aisle scattering scarlet and white blossoms as she walked.

It was too much for Eugenio as he sat across the aisle from Nemesio.

"Glory be!" he let slip, in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the church, "it's Anita, and she can see!"

Out shot Nemesio's hand. "Didn't I tell you" he began, grasping Eugenio by the hair. He got no further, however.

Caligula Crum, following little Anita, narrowly escaped a similar experience to that which he had suffered so long ago at the Sunday sing as Nemesio sprawled across the aisle in his path. Not for nothing, however, had Caligula been wielding Indian clubs and dumb-bells during the past year. Stretching forth his one free hand he picked Captain Nemesio up by the slack of his garments and placed him in his seat at the side of the aisle without in-

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

interrupting the slow progress of the procession or discommoding the fair lady whose hand rested lightly on his other arm. The little captain lapsed into stricken silence as he realized the enormity of his offense.

The ceremony which followed in which both Señor Pobar and Mr. Wallace took part was a very beautiful one. Solemnly in the sight of God Caligula and Miss Burton took their vows of faith and love, making the simple responses in English while Dolores and José followed the beautiful Spanish service as read by Señor Pobar with their Castilian answers.

The choir was ready with another selection at the close of the wedding ceremony, and the bridal party took the front seats which had been so carefully reserved.

Not yet was the time come for dispersal, however. The great San Jacinto audience was about to witness one of the most touching and impressive services of the evangelical church. Every word and movement was followed with intense interest.

Mr. Wallace made a brief address in Spanish explaining the significance of the ordinance of baptism while Señor Pobar prepared to administer it.

The baptistery was at the side of the pulpit, and those who were to be baptized entered through a side door, having prepared for the ordinance during Mr. Wallace's address.

Softly the choir rendered the Visayan words of the beautiful old hymn which never fails to touch the very tenderest chords of the heart,

Just as I am, without one plea.

ANITA, JOSE, AND CALIGULA FIND HAPPINESS

Now the pastor is speaking :

"Brother Caligula, do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"I have wandered very far from God since the early days when I learned of him in Sunday school. I have wasted a good many years of my life, and God had to bring me eleven thousand miles across land and sea, but at last I have heard his voice. I *do* believe, and I will follow him wherever he shall lead."

No, Caligula did not say all this, but it passed through his mind like a flash as he responded firmly, "I do."

"Then upon this profession of your faith, I baptize you into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

Again the pastor speaks :

"Joaquin, do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Why didn't I come to him long ago? My heart is timid and cowardly. But he must love me for he has given me Pericola, and the first thing she did was to lead me to him."

But aloud he only said, "Yes, Pastor, I believe."

And again the age-old formula which has thrilled and uplifted so many millions of souls is pronounced, while still the music of the choir goes softly on with the baptismal hymn :

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"Pericola, do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Ah, Señor Pastor, truly I believe! It is only a few weeks since I first heard the story, but already it has lifted me out of slavery and given me a new glad liberty."

But again all that the assembly heard was a gentle "Yes."

"Brother José, do you believe that Jesus Christ is your Saviour?"

"It has been a long, hard struggle, Señor Pastor. My covetous heart could not be satisfied to give up all for Jesus. But he has given me the victory, and I know that as there is one God, so there is one Mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus. The images are gone, and my heart is light."

This was José's thought but his answer was simply, "Yes, verily, I believe."

And now the choir has ceased, and the pastor waits. Miss Burton, no longer Miss Burton but the bride of Mr. Crum, ascends the platform and stands by the organ. The time changes and the clear soprano takes up the new measure:

Once I was blind, and now I can see,
The light of the world is Jesus.

Little Anita is the last to be baptized. How happy her face is. The refrain ceases:

The light of the world is Jesus.

The pastor pauses a moment, for his heart is full, and it is difficult to control his voice:

ANITA, JOSE, AND CALIGULA FIND HAPPINESS

“ Anita, dear little sister, dost *thou* believe in the Lord Jesus Christ? ”

“ Do I believe, Pastor? How could I help believing? Did I not pray to him, ‘ Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me ’? This one thing I know, that, whereas once I was blind, now I see; the light of the world is Jesus.”

But aloud, Anita cried, “ Oh yes, yes, Pastor, I believe in him, and I love him, for he has enlightened my heart and my eyes.”

It was Anita’s cry which penetrated to the depths of Mrs. Wallace’s sore heart as she sat with her head bowed in her hands. In a moment she found the tears flowing freely down her cheeks, and a strange sweet comfort seemed to steal into her heart. As she recalled the poignant anguish of that night vigil but a few weeks past when she had knelt by the death-bed of little Agnes, she felt now that she could understand it better. If this was part of the price which must be paid for the privilege of bringing sight to blind eyes and hearts, should she not pay it?

The little house on Calle Tréce de Mayo is now the home of Dolores as well as José. She was sitting before the open window, awaiting with happy expectancy the return of the José of her heart. As she leaned above the railing where the windows slid in their grooves, and looked down the street toward the municipal building, suddenly she heard her name called from the other direction and turning, beheld little Anita, running hastily toward the house, the whole of her little, slender form expressing horror and fear. Hurrying down the wide stairway Dolores

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

met Anita at the door and gently brought her to the room above, where the little one poured forth her piteous story. The peaceful weeks at the hospital had made the old days of suffering and poverty seem almost like a long, bad dream to Anita.

This morning she had ventured away from the hospital, across the bridge and toward the market, curious to visit the scenes and localities which she had frequented as a member of the company of beggars. Fearing no evil she had passed along the road leading to the river *barrio* when she had suddenly come upon the old woman with whom she had formerly lived and who was associated in her mind with so much sorrow. She was seated upon the river-bank apparently waiting for some charitably minded person to pass from whom she could solicit alms. But Anita noted the white, wrinkled face and shrunken form. Moreover she seemed to be in pain for her hand was pressed tightly to her side.

She started upon seeing Anita and called her sharply by name. Perhaps the child would not have recognized her had not the hoarse familiar voice stricken her ear:

“Anita!”

Turning toward the decrepit creature she replied falteringly,

“Is it grandmother?”

“Ay, it’s grandmother. But much you care. Why did you run away and leave me for so long? I might have starved.”

“I could not help it, Grandmother. I have been in the hospital.”

ANITA, JOSE, AND CALIGULA FIND HAPPINESS

"Yes, and they tell me you are no longer blind. Is it true?"

"It is indeed, Grandmother. Doctor Murray operated upon my eyes and gave me sight."

"They do wonderful things nowadays," began the old woman. But she was interrupted by a paroxysm of coughing, her face contracted with pain, and her hand sought her side again.

"You are ill!" exclaimed Anita, her ready sympathy, elicited at the sight of suffering, causing her to forget the cruel years of the past.

"Ill? Yes, I'm ill. I don't know how I shall get home. But much you care."

"But I do care," exclaimed Anita. "See I am strong. Let me help you to get home."

It was a difficult task for the old crone to rise, for she was evidently very ill indeed. But she succeeded in getting to her feet, and leaning upon Anita's shoulder made her way to the crazy roof which Anita had known so long as home.

Here she flung herself upon her straw mat, panting for breath, exhausted by the effort she made to get home.

By this time Anita was thoroughly alarmed. "Oh, you are very ill indeed," she said in a voice quivering with fear. "What can I do for you?"

"Do, child? You can't do anything. I know well that I am near the end, and no wonder. I've been a bad, bad woman. Tell me about the hospital and the new teaching. People say that the *protestantes* have a free religion, and that there is much music in it."

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

"Indeed there is," was Anita's response. "I will tell you all about it." And Anita related the whole story of her association with José and the friends at the mission compound, not forgetting to tell of Miss Burton's song.

"Do you think you could sing me that song, child?"

The little one was very near tears now, but in a quavering voice she sang the song which had become so dear to her:

Once I was blind, and now I can see,
The light of the world is Jesus.

The old woman was about to speak again but her speech was interrupted by another attack of violent coughing, and suddenly a gurgling sound was heard in her throat, and from her mouth there poured a stream of bright red blood.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" exclaimed Anita, and then suddenly the thought of José occurred to her, and pushing aside the sacking which covered the entrance to the hovel she ran swiftly to the house where she had so often found help.

While she was telling her story to Dolores José entered, and as soon as he could understand the facts in the case he took Anita's hand, and they returned hastily to the fallen roof.

The old woman was still breathing, but her face was a ghastly white, and José could barely discover her pulse.

After a time she roused herself with a great effort and indicated that she would like to speak to José.

ANITA, JOSE, AND CALIGULA FIND HAPPINESS

Anita's kind-hearted friend bent his ear to the woman's pallid lips and could just make out her whisper.

"I am not her grandmother. She was left an orphan, and I took her to help me beg. . . She has been a good girl. . . Look in the fold of my dress when I am gone. It is all Anita's . . . I have been very cruel to her. I poured burning oil in her eyes. . . Ask her if she will forgive me."

Anita, too had caught the whispered words. Her tears were falling fast as she took José's place and whispered words of forgiveness to the dying woman.

"Sing it again. My heart is blind," came the faint whisper. Anita sang through her tears the sweet refrain,

The light of the world is Jesus,

and while she sang the eyes of the old woman closed, her form relaxed, and she lay still in death.

José sent the child back to Dolores at once while he himself remained to render the last needed service to the one who had called herself Anita's grandmother. The dying sunlight sped in through the doorway and revealed the sordid interior. In one corner a little stagnant pool showed where the roof had fallen over the sickly channel without. Mud and filth covered the floor, and over by the fireplace a hole had been cut for the escape of the smoke. The sickening odor of *bino* pervaded the room. Two heavy skirts were wrapped about the body of the woman, the upper part twisted into a roll and tucked in at the waist. Unloosening the folds, José

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

felt the hard edges of what were evidently coins, sewn into the upper hems of the garments. When he ripped the seams, a large number of coins of all descriptions fell out upon the straw mat.

There were Spanish and Mexican dollars, some of them dating as far back as 1744, for at that time one found wondrous treasures in the common currency of the Philippines; old reales, almost entirely defaced; Hong Kong dimes and Shanghai pesetas, coins from the Straits Settlements and Japan; even some few of the new silver Conants which the American government had provided to give stability to the Philippine currency. Farther round in the hem of the garment were quite a number of the old Filipino bills and several new, crisp Conant notes.

In the stillness and solemnity of the death-chamber, José counted the hoard: two hundred and seventy-three pesos and twenty centavos in all, the product of many years of the whining mendicancy of the beggar's trade.

José had no hesitation in emptying the beggar's hoard to the last penny, and secreting it about his person. If it was ever to be of any use to little Anita who had toiled and suffered for so much of it, it behooved him to keep it hidden from marauding hands and José felt confident that he could be a better executor than any of the public officials. Afterwards he went quietly to Señor Perez, the secretary of the town, recounted Anita's story and what he had seen at the house, and saying that henceforth Anita would live with him, offered to arrange for the burial of the body. Señor Perez, glad to be re-

ANITA, JOSE, AND CALIGULA FIND HAPPINESS

leased from any further responsibility, readily gave him a permit for the interment.

With the death of the old woman, the last shadow passed from little Anita's life and brighter days dawned for her. José took her into his home, where Dolores cared for her tenderly as though she had been her own. In the new home the days seemed to slip by like a happy dream to Anita. Good food, and sufficient of it, kind words and caresses in place of blows and curses, a comfortable bed at night where she could be sure of sleeping soundly until the morning, these things gave her a new life and the timid, hunted expression entirely left her face; the full lines of youth came back, and Anita's natural beauty and winsomeness asserted themselves.

On a bright morning some weeks later practically the whole membership of the evangelical church of San Jacinto, besides a great group of other friends, gathered at the riverside below the new bridge.

The good ship General Blanco was tied up at the dock, but steam was up, and she was all ready to pull out into the stream. The General Blanco was a vessel of ancient vintage. Every trip which she made between Iloilo and San Jacinto, the public marveled that she did not blow up or break to pieces. She had been aground many times, but Captain David maintained that he could take her to Iloilo overland just as well as by water if need be. Captain David had little or no education. He usually avoided gracefully the necessity for appending his signature to any document by pleading a sore thumb.

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

But Captain David knew every nook and cranny of the coast between San Jacinto and Iloilo, every rock and sand-bar, and every trick and eccentricity of those island waters.

There was a little cabin on the General Blanco, but Mr. and Mrs. Wallace felt no temptation to enter it. They preferred to travel on the roof of the little house which served as a bridge. When their two canvas cots were set up for the night there remained no room for the Captain to pace the deck, and he was reduced to the necessity of conning the vessel from his cane armchair which was placed beside the binnacle between the two cots.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace were on their way to the homeland. After a period of nearly five years of service in this beautiful land they were in sore need of recuperation. They had learned a deep affection for this great field of their choice, but few natives of northern climes can stand the heat of the tropics for more than a few years at a time, and a change was imperatively needed by both of them with opportunity to find in the bracing climate of the north that tonic and stimulus for nerve and cell which is absent in warmer countries. The parting would be a hard one.

The missionary couple stood upon the bridge of the little steamer ready to bid farewell to the great company of friends who had come to see them embark. The General Blanco would take them to Iloilo. Here they would tranship to a larger vessel bound for Manila, where it would again be necessary to change to a steamship bound for Hong Kong, finally

ANITA, JOSE, AND CALIGULA FIND HAPPINESS

taking passage in one of the great trans-Pacific liners for America.

It was with dim eyes that Mr. and Mrs. Wallace looked out upon the multitude of friends whom they had made in the new land gathered here upon the wharf to bid them farewell and to urge them to come back soon. The years spent in the Philippines had been full of new experiences, some of them very trying, some sorrowful, and some glad, but all of them links in the chain which bound them in interest and affection to the land which had become their second home. They were leaving behind also their fellow missionaries whose lives had been so interwoven with theirs as to make them well-nigh one family together.

There was Miss Shubert upon the wharf, sun-helmet and umbrella protecting her from the sun, with the entire Home School gathered around her. There was Timoteo and the group of young men from the boys' dormitory. There were the members of the choir. There was Deacon Tomas from the mountains standing by his mischievous son, Nemesio. There was Caligula Crum and his bride. There was Macaw with a group of his Chinese friends. Pastor Pobar was there with Serafina, the organist, his daughter. There were Doctor and Mrs. Murray with Pericola holding up little Florence for them to see. Scores of others were there also, shouting across the little space of water between the vessel and the wharf their cheery wishes and affectionate greetings.

The whistle blew a long shrill blast. There was

ANITA: A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

a jingle of bells in the engine-room as the Captain gave the signal to start the engines. Slowly the vessel moved out into midstream. Mr. Wallace was waving farewell to old friends whom he picked out one by one from the crowd. Mrs. Wallace could not keep back the tears as she looked for the last time into the faces of these friends who had become so dear to her. The crowd parted a little, and down through the midst to the edge of the wharf came José Buenaventura and Dolores, while between them walked little Anita. Her scarred eyes were filled with tears, but there was a bright glad light in her face as she began to sing the old song she loved so well. The vessel moved on, gathering speed as it went. The wharf receded, the faces of the friends were no longer distinguishable, but at the turn of the river when the waving hands were hidden from view, Mrs. Wallace could still hear Anita's sweet refrain reenforced now by other voices,

The light of the world is Jesus.

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